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**WOMEN'S  
WEEKLY**

SEPTEMBER 8, 1954

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# The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

SEPTEMBER 8, 1954

Vol. 22, No. 15

## THE DEARER "CUPPA"

THE rise in the price of tea has caused dismay among Australia's tea-drinkers.

Housewives are budgeting patiently so that the traditional "cuppa" may be served as desired.

Tea is more than a beverage to Australians. It is hospitality as well as the universal panacea.

Now that the first panic is over, a quiet look at the situation shows that things are not as bad as they seemed.

Statisticians have got to work to prove that the rise can be practically painless.

The average family of four uses half a pound of tea per week, statistics reveal, which will add approximately 6d to the weekly household budget.

Until Australians became mainly a nation of city-dwellers, they were the world's greatest tea-drinkers—now they rate fourth behind Great Britain, Ireland, and New Zealand.

In Great Britain every person—man, woman, and child—drinks 9½ lb. of tea a year, in Eire, 8½ lb., in New Zealand, 7½ lb., with Australia 3 lb. behind Great Britain with an average consumption of only 6½ lb. a year.

And price seems to have little to do with the consumption figures, for in Great Britain the housewife has to pay (A) 7/4 a pound, and, just across the Tasman, New Zealanders pay (A) 8/9 a pound for their tea.

Perhaps housewives can overcome the price rise by checking on their tea-making.

According to experts from the Tea Bureau, every pound yields 175 cups of properly brewed tea.

After the 175 good cups come the second, third, and fourth cups, broken down with hot water, and "dozens and dozens" of cups of the "hot and wet" variety.

## Letters from our readers

NEWS that the natives at the Lockhart River Mission on the east coast of Cape York Peninsula have set up Australia's first aboriginal co-operative society is a wonderful step forward in the lives of this underprivileged race.

J. Thomason, Brisbane, Qld.

I HAVE never been able to find anything disgusting about the human body (S. Morrison, The Australian Women's Weekly, 18/8/54). I think that the transparent woman would be an excellent way of learning about nature's greatest work as we all cannot attend the university.

(Miss) E. Gilbert, Mosman, N.S.W.

I AM very deaf but lead a full, happy life because of the Association for Better Hearing in Waverton, a suburb of Sydney. We learn lip reading, retain our ears, and learn about hearing aids so that we ascertain the one that suits us

## Our cover:

● Maureen ("Little Mo") Connolly, whose picture appears on our cover this week, says: "Tennis has been the most important thing in my life ever since I first picked up a racquet at the tender age of ten." Whatever your grading at tennis, you will find much useful instruction in our series of instalments from her book "Championship Tennis," the first of which we publish in this issue.

## This week:

● Princess Alexandra, now on tour in Canada and the United States with her mother, the Duchess of Kent, is making fashion headlines with her beautiful wardrobe, specially designed for the trip. In this issue, the teenage Princess is shown in a series of pictures taken in lustrous color at her home in Buckinghamshire.

● Two pages in color display some of the wonderful and exciting fashions that Dublin designer Sybil Connolly will bring to Australia for our Irish fashion parades.

## Next week:

● The first color pictures to be published of Dior's sensational new silhouette, the H-look, will be featured next week. These pictures were rushed from Paris, and they will give you the opportunity to judge for yourself what the great fashion designer has decreed for the coming season.

● Another of our teenage sections next week will tell you how our popular teenage chef, Debbie, prepares a delicious but simple menu for a party. Candy Hardy gives, in two color pages, a comprehensive survey of what to wear on summer week-ends.

● Our gardening feature next week tells how to grow herbs, which are so handy for flavoring all kinds of savory dishes. You don't need a garden to grow them. Flat-dwellers can raise them successfully in a window-box.

● Our fiction will include a complete, lift-out novel, "Woman Without Heart," by Margaret Baumann, one of England's most popular writers of romantic fiction. It is the story of a girl who goes to stay at an English country manor, not really for a holiday, as she told her employers and friends, but to avenge a bitter injustice. There will be a long and exciting opening instalment of our new serial "False Face," by brilliant American author Vera Caspary.

best. There are branches of this association in every State in Australia.

(Mrs.) Ada Bardsley, 35 Forsyth Street, Willoughby, N.S.W.

I AGREE with "Neatness" (The Australian Women's Weekly, 14/7/54) about Prince Charles' haircut. It is such a pity that they do not cut it short, make a nice part so that he would look like a real little man.

"Loyal" (name supplied) Quindanning (W.A.).

## THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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address.

AUSTRALIAN tea-drinkers seem to be very badly-mannered. An announcement of a price rise to 5/8 a pound clears the shelves of all available stocks. Coffee drinkers, who uncomplainingly pay more than 10/- a pound for coffee, have never cleared the shelves of stocks.

J. Jensmith, Camperdown, N.S.W.

IT is alarming to read of the hijackers who are preying on our transport drivers, endangering their lives, and thieving their cargo. Can't special police be employed to rid us of this new menace?

J. Musmen, Kew, Vic.

THERE is a great deal of talk about "natural" childbirth—even doctors say it is now in vogue. But does it carry the seal of approval of the B.M.A.? Mothers who want to practise it always seem to have trouble finding a doctor who approves of the method.

(Mrs.) Xania Hughes, Baitwood, N.S.W.



June



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At last she was free to live her own  
life . . . just as Dermot arrived at the farm

# Grandma's Girl

By ENID BOULTER

THE young man had a shock of dark hair, a square jaw, and very wide-awake blue eyes. He climbed the tall steps of the farmstead's rickety front verandah and followed through into the house. The farmer, weathered and stoop-shouldered, led him into an old-fashioned kitchen.

"Siddown," he said abruptly, and yelled for his daughter. "Phina! You're wanted! Visitor come—"

Turning back to his guest, he continued confidentially. "Fact is, we only buried Grandma today. I was on the way back when you stopped me to ask the way to the hotel. No hotels in Axeman's Creek, but you'd be thirsty all right, walking the nine miles out from Arrowee station. Phina'll soon fix you up."

He added, "Things are kind of whichways hete yet awhile, but we'll settle. Grandma was the boss for getting on twenty years, ever since the wife died when young Phina came. We're going to miss her, by golly."

In the doorway suddenly there was a young girl, standing and staring. Startled and breathing fast. The young man had quite a job to keep a straight face. Her heavy fair hair hung in long plaits on either side of a prim parting; her young dark eyes looked enormous.

She certainly was a scarecrow, in a blouse of green-colored stiff silk made half a century ago for a woman twice the build, the tucked bosom sagging into a belt sharply pulled in. Bare feet. And earrings.

Jim Powell said, "Phina, this young fellow's the new schoolteacher here, walked right out from Arrowee station, and he's looking for board. Name of Dermot Bryson. I told him how Grandma's gone you won't have anything much to do hardly, and wouldn't mind fetching him home." He turned back to the stranger.

"She was called Seraphina after her Grandma, but we call her Phina for short. She's not bad at cooking and laundering—Grandma saw to that. You could go further and fare worse." Then he took a second look at his daughter, who apparently was as dumb as she looked.

"Suffering cats! What's the idea of that get-up? Haven't you got anything else to wear?"

Seraphina went scarlet and stuck out a rounded chin. Dermot was by now openly grinning.

"Gran said when she went all her things would be mine! I hate that dark old Sunday dress of mine, and my light one is in the wash. I was only looking to see if she had anything I could finish off."

"If that's not like a woman!" her father shouted angrily. "The minute we're out of the house! Couldn't you've been decent and waited a bit?"

The girl's eyes were stormy. "I've waited long enough for a bit of life of my own. Don't forget, I've been tied to the house for the past five years, ever since she was bedridden. And not even allowed so much as a thought of my own choosing."

"Phina!" Jim Powell said. The floor shook, and the girl went back into silence. She crossed the room to the dresser and began to lay a cloth, get out the makings of afternoon tea, ignoring the visitor. Her little brown hands trembled.

Jim looked round at Dermot. "We'll give you a shakedown in the verandah till Phina gets Grandma's room ready for you. I'd better be getting changed out of my good clothes; I'll be cow-time pretty soon again. I'll be back in a minute; but just ask Phina for anything you want, she'll see to you."

He went out. Dermot crossed his legs and prepared to be sociable. "I hope you won't find that I'm a nuisance round the place, Miss Phina. Bit of a shock for you, getting a boarder so unexpectedly—"

She said nothing. After a pause, he tried again. "I hope you're not annoyed with me because it was your father I happened to stop to ask him the way?"

Phina went on pouring tea. All he could see of her features was the round of one cheek, the curve of her throat, and the tip of one ear. Dermot Bryson wasn't used to being completely ignored. He came from the city, he had education—he had been led to believe that he had personality.

Certainly he had plenty of confidence, as befitted a young man as good as engaged to the prettiest student of the year,



"It won't take two minutes just to run round it with the shears," Phina urged, laughing.

who knew how to dress well and could well afford to, and whose parents were socially important.

He uncrossed his legs and stood up. "What were you doing when we came in that kept you so long? You were all out of breath and scared stiff—"

Phina looked up at him then; another human being, young like herself. Then she looked down at the tablecloth, dark lashes fanning her cheeks, in which two dimples came and went.

"I was dancing," she said. She kept her voice prim. "Grandma didn't approve of dancing. If anything was fun, she didn't approve of it. I was standing out there on the front verandah a long time, watching the cars go down the road and crying— You can't help crying when somebody's died and the sun's shining and the birds are singing and they'll never see any of it any more. And then suddenly it came over me, I knew I was free! I knew I wouldn't ever hear her calling me any more, nothing ever done in time for her, or done the way she wanted it . . ."

She was looking right at him, but he knew that she was seeing something else altogether. He offered her his cigarette-case and flicked a flame to his lighter neatly with a pleased thumb.

Phina's voice was a little lost wind sighing

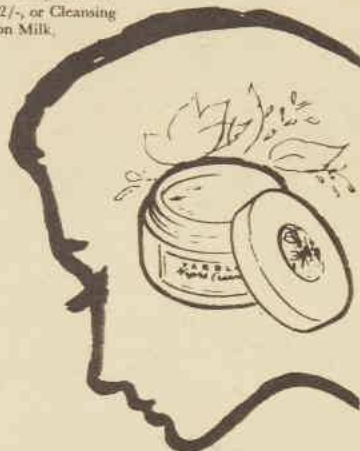
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# THE IRON COBWEB

BY URSULA CURTISS

**O**UT of the week that slid by, while she recovered from gripe and pleurisy, Elizabeth was able to isolate certain sharp moments that stood up like barbs along the strung, strained wire of her fear.

There was the moment when she awoke from a deep, flushed sleep to hear her own voice whispering, "Why are you staring at me?" She whispered it to the clear image of Constance's face, bent close and intent just above her own, frighteningly expressionless.

"Staring?" Constance's mild echo came from across the room. When Elizabeth lifted her head, her heart still beating confusedly, she saw that her cousin was standing in the open doorway to the bathroom, a glass in her hand.

"You've been asleep nearly an hour," said Constance. "How do you feel?"

"Better..." It had been a dream, then. Had to have been, because no one would crouch over a bed like that, just—staring at a sleeping face.

There was the day Lucy Brent came, shedding her sharpness and her lorgnette, warmly concerned.

"You poor thing. There's gripe all over town, if that's any consolation. I won't ask how you feel, because I know you're wretched, but I'm just on my way to town and there must be something I can get you. Books? Here, better write me a list."

Noreen Delaney had just set down Elizabeth's lunch tray. Elizabeth watched and wondered over the lift of the girl's eyes to Lucy before she went silently out.

A dream, a glance... at times, during that week, Elizabeth felt like a suggestible child at the mercy of a malicious elder. Were Oliver and Constance and Lucy right, after all—was she a victim of her own nerves, subconsciously putting off adjustment to the fact of losing her baby?

The odd new peace, the difference in Oliver, the serenity with which the household ran without her argued that she was.

And she might have believed it, if it were not for the envelope of hair-coloring that stood like a montage over every face around her. That was not nerves, but physical fact. Jeep, whose fingers were everywhere, must have torn it from a packet in a woman's purse.

Why, when payment on the cheques had been stopped, would another woman want to assume the name of Elizabeth March?

But payment could not be stopped at hotels, or stores.

Had she an understudy?

The bed that had seemed so blissful became all at once intolerable, in spite of the damp ache of gripe, the stab of pain just under her right shoulder blade. She must have waked a hundred times, out of thought or out of sleep, to a panicky listening for the children.

It didn't help to realise that the logical tools of imposture bore no relation to the romping malice that had gone before: the wrenching apart of the roses, the sickening of the children on Jeep's birthday, the sardonic transposing of her Christmas presents. Because it was, it must be, the same concentrated brain at work; so honeycombed with hatred of her that it was hardly, by now, a functioning brain at all.

"Perhaps tomorrow," said Dr. Malloway, disapprovingly.

Tomorrow turned out to be a day of thaw, blue and windy, with the lawn as soaked and springy as it was in April and the lilacs black and moist and hopeful.

Elizabeth put on a housecoat, out of deference to Oliver's reluctance that she get up at all that morning, and a faint touch of rouge, out of deference to herself, because her face looked so starkly white in the bathroom mirror.

Oliver, worried and still angry at himself for having let her go out into the storm on that critical Saturday, said, "Don't go overdoing it."

"I won't."

"What you'd better do," said Oliver, looking at her earnestly, "is go back to bed and then get up for lunch and go back to bed and so forth."

"I'll see..." She felt stumbly new in this relationship, not knowing how far to trust the warmth, the normality.

"Whatever you do," Oliver downed his coffee, looked at his watch, and stood, "don't go up to the studio. That's probably where you caught cold in the first place..." Is Constance ready, do you think?

"Whenever you are," said Constance from the doorway. Her arms were laden with library books; she over-rode Elizabeth's protests. "Nonsense, it's a beautiful day and the walk back will do me good."

**E**LIZABETH watched them drive away, wondering, as she had wondered every morning during the past week, if today were the day of Oliver's appointment with the sleepily vicious voice on the telephone. Or perhaps he had already taken care of that—until the demand for more money should come again.

She was alone in the house. Noreen had taken the children for an after-breakfast walk, clearly doubtful about leaving Elizabeth.

Noreen had said in a low voice, for Elizabeth's ears alone, "Are you sure you'll be all right, Mrs. March?" And for an instant, meeting the shadowed eyes, Elizabeth sensed the same recognition she had felt in Mair's room on the night the child cried out. It put them both on an oddly different basis. She said without smiling, "I don't know why I shouldn't be, Noreen—do you?"

The girl's eyelids dropped; Elizabeth, watching, thought she saw a faint rise of color in the thin face. But when Noreen glanced up again the oddness, the other meanings might have been imagined.

She said in a defensive tone, "Mr. March is very anxious that you shouldn't get over-tired on your first day up, and I just thought..."

Well, that was all right, thought Elizabeth now, going back to the kitchen for another cup of coffee. And if Oliver had also spoken to Constance, that was all right too, and only normal anxiety. It didn't mean that she was being watched in another sense, and it was foolish to connect it with Oliver's warning her away from the studio.

The swish of her housecoat was loud in the silence. She finished her coffee and wandered idly into the living-room with a cigarette.

Gradually a small uneasiness grew, deepening of the feeling she had had once before: that the walls and chairs and mirrors, hidden from her for a while held a touch, an imprint, a reflection it would have given almost anything to identify. Whose?

The cigarette turned suddenly bitter. Elizabeth rose in a rustle and went to the windows, not wanting to let a thought take possession.

It was always there in her mind, of course; it was like a lens through which she saw everything else. But if it lingered over it, if she let it grow, swelled until it occupied her entire brain and there was nothing in her but a blind blind fear.

It had almost happened, now. Elizabeth, at the window, became slow aware that she had been curling her fingers in and out of her palms in a quickening, tightening tempo, and that the palms themselves were damp. She flinched them hard against the cold glass she thought wonderingly: Anyone seeing me now would think...

Far down at the end of the road, half screened by intervening branches, the nose of a black car pulled into view and halted. A man got out of the car, and then a woman. Something about the man's build, or posture, seemed familiar... and the woman was his cousin.

The man was holding her outstretched hand; when he turned to enter the car again the sun caught a wink of light from his glasses. There was the diamond race of a motor and the black nose withdrew. Constance began to walk briskly up the road towards the house.

"Elizabeth? Oh, there you are, thought you might have gone upstairs to lie down."

Her cousin, coming in, wore a kind and almost young-girlish look that should have sat awkwardly on her big-boned efficient frame but was oddly attractive instead.

Constance set about immediately to rectify it, tightening her rolled-back hair with severe fingers, removing the scarf that the wind had flung over her shoulder. She couldn't do anything about the pink look of—was it exhilaration?

She said, putting away her gloves, "It's a pity you can't get out today, Elizabeth, it's more like April than January. I don't know when I've enjoyed a walk more."

Elizabeth glanced across the room. She said casually, "Oh, did you walk?"

"Yes. I believe Oliver said it was almost a mile from town—but pleasant on a day like this. Now"—Constance settled her glasses with a thoughtful expression—"I thought, for instance..."

Elizabeth listened and didn't hear. She was jolted not so much by the gratuitous lie as by the briskly off-hand air with which Constance delivered it. It occurred to her for the first time that, out of appearance and manner and scrappy background, she had built a character of a woman she had never really known.

Constance had evidently mentioned omelet and asparagus, because that's what appeared at lunch. Elizabeth obediently under her cousin's admonitions.

"You must get your strength back, Elizabeth, and you can't do it on your own."



coffee. It's not only for your own sake, you owe it to Oliver and the children. After all," said Constance, giving her keen attention to a roll, "you never know when you might need it."

The house quieted for Jeep's nap. Constance tiptoed upstairs for buttons to sew on a blouse; Noreen washed the dishes, while Maire sat at the kitchen table and drew queer tripod-like creatures on yellow copy paper.

Elizabeth took a shower and washed her hair. She was brushing it when she heard Maire's long, mounting, infinitely chilling scream.

It caught her in a second's paralysis, locking her muscles, stopping her heart, striking her as incapable of movement as though it had been a bullet finding its mark. It echoed again, and sense and motion returned to Elizabeth. She dropped the hairbrush with a clatter and flung her bedroom door open and ran down the stairs.

Like lightning against the dark, she thought disconnectedly of Oliver saying, "Someday you'll trip and break your neck."

She reached the foot of the stairs and a peculiarly empty silence. She thrust open the door to the kitchen and looked in, her

breath still catching harshly in her throat—at a scene of perfect serenity.

Noreen was drying the dishes, just visible through the narrow entrance to the pantry. Maire stood at the door, her back solemn with attention, her hands flattened against the panes. She was watching something, but nothing about her suggested fear. And yet, that dreadful, long-drawn sound—

Elizabeth went quietly up to Maire and looked out the back door. On the sodden lawn at the foot of the steps, not ten inches apart, two cats faced each other in immemorial attitudes of fury. The grey one with scarred jowls shifted a trifle; his yellow adversary flattened its ears and howled.

Maire's cry, coming from a cat's throat. At Elizabeth's side the child said absently, "Those kitties in a rage, Mama?"

"Yes. As a matter of fact," said Eliza-

*"Mr. March is very anxious that you shouldn't get over-tired on your first day up," Noreen said in a defensive tone, dropping her eyes.*



beth conversationally, "they're oun, aren't they?"

Maire's gaze pivoted to hers. "Oun isn't here." It was half a statement, half a fearful question. The small hands reached confidently for Elizabeth's. "Look, Mama"

She led Elizabeth into the living-room, stopping directly before the front windows; from her air of reassured triumph, she had been here moments ago. She said pleasedly, "See, there's no oun," and waited, her face turned up.

And Elizabeth stood there, more baffled than she had been before. She was sure, because of its singular echo, that Maire had borrowed her cry from a tomcat's howl. But she had shown no fear at the sight of the cats, so it was something else, some related memory. . . .

At a little after three o'clock, she went up to the studio. She found herself slipping out surreptitiously, which was ridiculous, because, although Oliver had advised her not to, she hadn't promised one way or the other.

Nevertheless, she chose a time when Constance was upstairs to say hurriedly, "I'll be at the studio if you need me, Noreen," and made a rapid exit.

It was all wrong to feel this release in the little room on the top of the hill, but she did. When the light grew dull Elizabeth turned on the lamps, coming with a new freshness to her manuscript.

The scene she'd ended on was all wrong. She hunted for cigarettes, found two aged ones in a package between the couch cushions, and sat down at her typewriter to try another approach.

It worked; or partly; in the middle of it she discovered with dismay that she had used her last match. But if she could finish the chapter, she would have what amounted to a third of a book. She tried to concentrate, keeping her eyes away from the remaining cigarette, telling herself firmly that

smoking couldn't be so necessary to her work.

She found that it could. Regrettably, she gathered the scattered sheets from the couch, collected them in a neat and gratifying weighty pile, put them on top of her typewriter, slipped the cover over them, and turned off the lamps.

With luck, Constance wouldn't even know she had left the house—it hadn't been much more than an hour—and there would be no remonstrations from anybody.

There was no sign of Constance when she returned; her cousin was apparently still upstairs. Noreen said that Lucy Brent had telephoned.

"She seemed surprised that you were out at all, Mrs. March. She asked if you'd call her when you came in."

But Lucy didn't answer her phone, although Elizabeth let it ring for moments on end.

That was at four-thirty.

Darkness came, and a damp, thrusting wind. Elizabeth forced herself upstairs to assemble clothes for the cleaner's weekly call; she would not have admitted to anyone her sudden and enormous fatigue. She lay down on her bed and was fast asleep in a moment. She was dreaming.

Elizabeth awoke with a jerk of terror and with Maire's scream still echoing on the air. . . .

"No," said Elizabeth tensely to Noreen. "Let me . . ."

She dropped down on her knees before the living-room windows so that her face was level with Maire's. She put her arms around the rigid body, hoping that the pound of her own heart would not communicate itself. "Show me where it is, darling, show me, and we'll make it go away—"

Maire went tighter. She said in a muffled whisper, "Oun," and plunged her face into

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# It takes a little time

By  
Sherman  
Dixon

Romantic short story complete on this page

MARTHA and Doug always met for lunch on Friday. She would come into the cool oasis of the exclusive Louis Quinze and they'd show her to a table and the wait would begin. Sometimes he would be a half-hour late, sometimes forty minutes.

Then she would see him coming towards her—the quick, boyish smile, the almost naive brown eyes, the casual charm that had won her. "Late again," he would say, smiling and forcing her once again to forgive him.

Then he would order two cold, dry martinis and she would remember that it had been three—no, three and a half years since Doug had first brought her here.

"It can't last with Joan and me," he'd stated frankly at the start. "We're not just right for each other, Martha—never have been. Our marriage was a mistake from the beginning; even Joan can see it now."

There was no lie in that. Martha could see Doug's unhappiness in his frank brown eyes and she knew that the breakup with his wife would come—someday.

"It takes a little time to work these things out," he'd say. "Nobody can manage it in a day."

Martha looked at her watch and knew Doug would be here soon now. Then she thought of Jack Weaver. Jack was never late this way. But then, Jack would never be meeting her here, either. He'd never be a £3000-a-year man, managing his own firm at thirty-three, or at any other age. Jack would always be a free-lance artist, working a little too hard for every penny he earned and never quite earning enough.

Martha took a sip of water from the large frosted tumbler and thought about her birthday last week. She was thirty-one and single, good-looking in a striking brunette way that made men look twice.

And I feel older than Methuselah, she thought suddenly as she saw Doug coming across the room. I've got everything and nothing—and if we laugh and have fun today I think I'll cut my throat.

Doug didn't look gay. She was glad for that. "Let's have a drink," he said, sitting down beside her, "and then I've got a lot to tell you."

She felt a faint stirring of the old familiar hope. It wasn't an overpowering hope the way it used to be, thank heavens—carrying her up to the stars and quickly down to earth again—it was wary and restrained. "Let's have it," she said after the chill reinforcement of the

martini. "Is it a big new account?"

He put down his drink and looked at her. "Joan's going to start proceedings at last," he said.

She felt a numb sense of shock. After all the lonely desperate months, she wondered why she didn't cry with relief or laugh and shout with joy. She simply felt numb.

"I don't know what to say," she said, drawing a long, shaken breath.

The waiter came and served them, and through it all, in a kind of daze, she heard his wonderful plans for them: a luxury trip to Europe; new clothes for Martha from the town's smartest shop; right now, he wanted her to get a new dress for next week, when she'd be meeting his most important client.

And then Doug was looking at his watch, telling her he'd have to get back to work, asking if there was anything more she needed to know or wanted to ask. And she was picking up her bag and gloves, saying, "I'll get the dress this afternoon. But first, I have to tell Jack."

He looked puzzled. "You mean Jack Weaver?" he said.

She nodded.

"Why tell him?"

"Because," she said, smoothing her gloves, "he was the one who put up with me all this time. If I hadn't had him, I'd have been banging on your door, throwing scenes, having a nervous breakdown. I owe him something. He's an awfully nice bloke."

Doug understood.

He always understood. It was the quality she liked most about him.

That afternoon, she left the office early and went to buy the dress. She'd telephoned Jack and left a message. He would call her back later.

"Don't worry about the price," Doug had told her. "Just find yourself something terrific."

She found it right away. It was in the window—a simple black faille, all line and contour, trimmed in French braid.

"Fifty guineas," the saleswoman told her, and she walked back and forth in front of the long mirror, staring at herself. The dress made her look elegant, taller.

"I'll take it," she was about to say, but from the corner of her eye she'd caught sight of the rack against the far wall, that familiar rack she always hunted for in all the stores, labelled: "Reduced for Clearance."

She turned and walked towards it, smiling apologetically at the saleswoman. In a few moments she found a charcoal-grey sheath and took it off the rack.

"This one," she said, handing it quickly to the saleswoman. "I'd like to take this one, instead. It will fit. I don't need to try it on."

The saleswoman didn't argue. She merely looked surprised.

In the dressing-room, taking off the good black dress, Martha felt suddenly foolish. What was the matter with her? A year ago—or even yesterday, for that matter—she would have loved buying a fabulous dress at this shop.

But she'd bought bargains for so long now—smart, well-chosen things—that she felt more certain about the n.

The telephone was ringing when she arrived home. It was Doug. He'd been calling for an hour. "Where have you been?" he asked almost angrily.

She told him—and told him, too, about the dress. He was not in a laughing mood.

"What about Jack Weaver?" he said. "Have you got that all cleared up?"

She explained about Jack, that she'd tried to reach him and couldn't, that he was coming over tonight.

"Well, get it over and done with quickly, will you?" he said.

She wished he wouldn't take that dictatorial attitude towards her. Perversely, it made her want to wait a little, take her time, even slide backward.

"Don't rush me," she protested. And then suddenly she felt a kind of helpless inward laughter. Don't rush me. It was funny, really. She had taught herself to wait, wait, wait. And now, when she wanted to hurry so much, she couldn't seem to stop waiting.

"I'll tell Jack tonight," she said contritely. "I'll tell him right away."

She did tell him the minute he came in. "You know Doug Holding?" she began awkwardly. "He's—he's getting a divorce."

"Is that so?" Jack said quietly. "Doug's been getting that divorce for quite a long while now, hasn't he?"

Martha wanted to say, "Oh, but that sort of thing takes time," but something about Jack's expression stopped her.

As he lit a cigarette she studied him, noting his carefully pressed dark blue suit, the blue eyes and dark whimsical brows, and the easy-going happy-go-lucky manner. There were no surprises about Jack, ever—but there were no disappointments, either.

She waited for the next words she must say, but the words didn't come. Jack sat quietly smoking his cigarette, careful not to look at her. And she thought foolishly: There are worn spots on that chair where his arms have rested, from the nights when Doug didn't call—months when he didn't call.

There were months when I told myself I'd be better off with Jack,

with his quiet companionship, his ability to laugh off most of his own troubles, and mine, too.

The old phrases rushed back at her, phrases she had taught herself in anguish and despair: With Doug I try so hard to be perfect, but Jack is the one who lets me be myself.

Doug can take me up to the stars, but Jack is the one who needs me, who makes me feel worth while...

She'd thought all that for so long. Was she a prisoner of those thoughts? she wondered now. No. She was free.

She wasn't going to tell Jack tonight that she was planning to marry Doug Holding. It would take a little more time—a little more time than Doug would give her, a little more time than she'd ever have.

"By the way," Jack was saying casually, just as he always did, "when are we going to get married?"

"Whenever you want," she said. "Maybe tomorrow, even."

(Copyright)



"Doug's been getting that divorce for quite a long while now, hasn't he?" Jack said quietly.



# The Three Daughters

A memorable short story by PEARL BUCK

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNLOP



MURIEL REYNOLDS was waiting for her half-sister Joanna. They had agreed to meet for lunch in this small French restaurant to discuss the fate of their third sister, Priscilla, who was half-sister to them both. Priscilla was still a child, nine years of age, while they were adults—Muriel six years older than Joanna, who was only twenty.

At twenty-six, Muriel had a responsible position on a fashion magazine, and Joanna looked up to her, while keeping a mind of her own.

The three daughters of Morgan Reynolds were close friends, occasionally brief enemies, and always united in their common possession, their father. They had never lived together, for their mothers were all different women and one by one had divorced Morgan, so that now he lived alone in the big brownstone house, where daughter by daughter, singly and never together, the three girls visited him during vacations or weekly, as the judge had decided, as long as they were minors.

Muriel, being of age, visited him when she wished and when it was convenient for him, which was not often, because she reminded him of her mother. Joanna had one more month to spend with him in the coming summer before she was twenty-one. Priscilla spent each Saturday with him.

Today was Saturday, and Muriel knew that, the day being fine, her father and Priscilla were wandering about the park, hand in hand, feeding the animals in the zoo and buying for themselves the refreshments in which she herself had once delighted when it had been her turn to wander with him through the park.

On rainy days he took his daughters to the movies, or if he felt serious to a museum, where he explained to them the principles of art.

Muriel glanced at her watch. Joanna was late, as usual, although Muriel had made her promise she would not have breakfast at her mother's apartment but would come here and have scrambled eggs while she herself had a lamb chop. She had ordered the lunch and she was hungry, but she would not begin. She was punctilious—a thin, rather angular young woman—and she knew she was not her father's favorite daughter.

She had been aware of this all the time that Joanna was growing up, and now they both knew that Priscilla was the favorite. She had been able to help Joanna a good deal when their father married again and Priscilla was born and took Joanna's place.

"He never seems to have room for more than one at a time," Joanna had mourned.

She saw Joanna now, on tiptoe, searching the crowded tables to find her, the two little scarlet wings on her hat fluttering this way and that. She waved her napkin, and Joanna saw her and came towards her. She was looking pretty, Muriel saw at once, for she had inherited the dark prettiness of her mother, just as Muriel had inherited her own mother's hair and eyes.

"I don't know why I can't wake up on Saturdays," Joanna complained.

"Did you have breakfast?" Muriel demanded.

"No, I didn't, I promise—only a cup of coffee," Joanna said.

"I've ordered," Muriel said. She nodded at the waiter, and he set on the table two large glasses of orange juice.

"Haven't you had your breakfast?" Joanna asked.

"Ages ago. I'm having lunch," Muriel said briefly.

"How much did you pay for that dress?"

"Thirty-nine fifty."

"That's high. It's good-looking, though."

"I shan't need another till summer."

They were both thinking the same thing. The alimony always ran short for her mother. Muriel was earning her own way, and her mother was getting along comfortably now, but Joanna's mother was extravagant by nature. Their father had joked about that a good deal.

"I had to divorce Jill because it was too expensive to be her husband. It's cheaper to pay her alimony." The

lawyers had made a very tight arrangement at his request. That was the way he was; he joked about something to everybody, but by himself he was very sharp.

The eggs and lamb chop appeared, and the waiter poured coffee.

"Do you want to talk now or shall we just eat?" Joanna asked.

Muriel looked at her watch again; it was a nervous habit. "I don't want to hurry you."

"Oh, I shan't hurry," Joanna said cheerfully.

"Well, suppose you tell me what you have seen," Muriel suggested.

She cut her meat small and ate neatly and quickly. Her mother was a high-tempered, handsome woman, and she had taught Muriel to be absolutely obedient. Sometimes she had whipped her. They might have hated each other, but they did not, because they had to stay together. There was no one else.

When she came home from her visits to her father, her mother would not ask her a question or allow her to mention his name. This she knew was entirely different from Joanna's mother, who wanted to know all about him. She knew, because she and Joanna talked over everything. Had they not shared their father, she doubted whether they would ever have been friends, they were so different, but, as it was, they carried on a curious triangular family life.

Her mother would not meet Joanna's mother, who had displaced her, but they both knew and liked Priscilla's gentle, soft-eyed mother, Jennie.

"I know your father is a fiend," Muriel's mother had said, "but I really cannot understand why even he should divorce Jennie. Anyone could get on with her."

Jennie herself did not understand. She was humble about it and said that Morgan was so brilliant that he was bored with her.

Joanna's mother had shrieked laughter at this naïveté.

"Morgan has the habit of divorce," she declared. "He can't think of anything else to do. It doesn't occur to him to put himself out."

"Well," Joanna said now, surreptitiously dipping a bit of hard roll in her coffee, "I first saw her in the park with him. He had asked me to come and fetch Priscilla that Saturday afternoon because he was busy and couldn't spend his usual time with her. If it was rainy I was to meet them under the Venus de Milo in the museum, and if it wasn't I was to meet them in the monkey-house. Well, Priscilla was in the monkey-house by herself and he was outside talking to a woman."

"I wonder if it was the same one I saw," Muriel said, reflecting.

"Not at all pretty," Joanna said.

"Not ugly," Muriel suggested.

"No," Joanna agreed, "but not what he usually wants."

The three mothers were all pretty, and Muriel's mother must, she often thought, have been a real beauty at first—a statuesque, tall girl, a little taller than her father. Joanna's mother, by contrast, was very small—a picturesque, untidy woman, always curling up in the corner of a chair or a sofa. By instinct she chose the largest piece of furniture in the room, where she looked like a gay mouse.

"She looked competent," Joanna said.

"That wouldn't be too bad," Muriel said. "But we must think of Priscilla. She is younger even than I was when the divorce came."

She wished now that she had looked more carefully at the woman she had seen with her father that rainy day when she happened upon them walking down Fifth Avenue together under his large black umbrella. She had recognised her father's English shoes and his grey ulster, although beside them were a neat pair of goloshes on rather small feet, tripping along under a circular skirt of brown cloth.

The umbrella lifted as she passed, and she saw her father's startled face. "Oh, it's you, Muriel," he said by way of greeting.

"Hello, Dad," she said, and then she saw that the woman's hand was tucked into her father's elbow with a



M

Jennie

Priscilla

M

Jill

Joanna

Reynolds



Morgan Reynolds was a paradox—he disliked women, yet had gathered so many about him.

M

Marcella

gesture which was familiar if not downright clinging. She looked into a surprised, rosy face, wholesome and not pretty, except that the mouth was nice.

Her father had mumbled something, and she had gone on. "The question is," she now said to Joanna, "do we want a fourth in the family? Priscilla is hopelessly mixed up, as it is."

"Can we help it?" Joanna countered. "He has always done what he wanted."

"We have to think of Priscilla," Muriel persisted. "It has been a struggle to get you educated, and she is only nine. Can he pay another alimony? After all, he's fifty-four. Jennie says she doesn't know whether he has anything in his will for Priscilla. He's no millionaire, you know."

"No, but he can earn money whenever he works," Joanna said. "All he has to do is to stay at the office."

Morgan Reynolds was an advertising genius, and it was true that when he wrote copy for any firm money flowed to him.

"I feel sorry for him," Muriel said suddenly. "He's really got very little for his money."

"Whose fault is that?" Joanna asked. "My mother didn't want a divorce. She always says she didn't mind him and wouldn't mind him today. He was the one."

"My mother couldn't stand him," Muriel said. "She has a temper and he has a temper, and neither one would give in. I remember once they didn't speak for more than six months. They both talked to me, and I had to tell the other one. It was wearing."

"Why did they finally speak?" Joanna asked.

"Mother said she had to tell him she wanted a divorce and he said, 'Good—why didn't I think of it first?' After that they talked, and things were better."

"But they still got the divorce?"

"Oh, yes, it was the only thing to do. Even I could see that."

"Has she never regretted it?"

"No, she hasn't. She hasn't even wanted to get married again. That's one trouble about him. None of them wants to marry again after he's been her husband."

"Oh, of course he's fearfully charming," Joanna said.

"If charm is what you want," Muriel agreed. "I don't care for it myself."

They sat back for the waiter to take away their plates and bring desserts. Joanna wanted dessert—a slice of cherry pie, even if it was breakfast. Muriel chose pastry. She could eat anything and stay thin, like her mother.

"Well, this doesn't get us anywhere," Muriel said when she had finished. "Do you think we ought to pump Priscilla for information?"

They were both fond of Priscilla, and one of the

other of them usually took her to Sunday school and church, because Jennie slept late.

"It's my turn tomorrow," Muriel went on. "I could ask her."

"What?" Joanna demanded.

"Well, whether there's a woman visitor there sometimes, for instance."

"Mean, isn't it?" Joanna asked reluctantly.

"What do you suggest then?" Muriel asked, a little on edge.

"I have nothing to suggest," Joanna said.

"Well," Muriel retorted.

They paid, each for what she ate, and parted.

The next morning Muriel got up early, as usual, and dressed herself carefully for church. As soon as she had eaten her breakfast she went to fetch Priscilla, who would be waiting and ready except for the details of inspection. She was a good little thing, and long ago had learned not to trouble her mother.

She was just finishing a bowl of breakfast food when Muriel came in, using the latchkey which Jennie had given her so she need not be awakened.

"Hello, Prissy," Muriel said. "Wipe the milk off your mouth, and let's go. Have you your money for Sunday school and church?"

"Mother forgot," said Priscilla.

"Never mind—I have some extras," Muriel said cheerfully. She bent and kissed her half-sister's round cheek. "You smell nice."

"I used some of Mother's perfume," Priscilla said. She liked Muriel better for several things, and Joanna better for others. Joanna played better, but Muriel was better to go to church with.

"Did you have a nice time yesterday?" Muriel asked. The day was fine, and they walked as usual, Priscilla skipping a bit now and then.

"I had a lovely time," Priscilla said. "Miss Markham came, and she and Daddy were busy, and so we didn't go to the park. I used up all the records, and I played all the ones I like best lots of times over."

"Who is Miss Markham?" Muriel asked.

"She's Daddy's best friend," Priscilla said. "She's nice. I like her. She talks to me."

"Is she always at his house when you are?" Muriel asked.

"Most always," Priscilla said. "I asked her if Daddy was going to marry her, and she said she hadn't decided."

"And what were they busy at?" Muriel asked, her blood chilling.

"Talking and talking," Priscilla said.

"Was the door shut?" Muriel asked.

"It was open and then it was shut," the child replied.

The church was, unfortunately, near, and there was no time to put further questions, but these were enough. Muriel went through the rituals of

the morning without hearing what the rector said. Even the music seemed distant. She was pondering upon her father, that man who disliked women and yet somehow had gathered about himself six women, wives and daughters, and was now contemplating a seventh.

How could this be explained, and not only the man but the women? They who were the daughters were scarcely to blame, and yet in spite of this they were tied to him in some obscure way, not entirely by his charm, but because he actually was that old-fashioned person, the author of their being. A father was a father, and he was essential.

She herself would have been glad not to be born—she saw no great benefit in life as it appeared to a woman today, especially a young one—nevertheless she was here—a tall, ascetic, slightly acid-looking young woman, as she very well knew, with

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Muriel





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## Continuing . . . . The Three Daughters

*from page 9*

all sorts of restrained impulses and emotions. The only tenderness she felt was towards Joanna and Priscilla. She loved them and she would take care of them as long as she lived, even if they did not need her.

They were no more responsible than she was for their predicament, and she wanted to make things easy for them as nobody had for her. Her mother's bitter tongue had never spared her, though in their curious way they were fond of each other, but her mother did not need love and there was no use in wasting it upon her.

Priscilla was different. Sitting in the hard church pew, Muriel looked down at her small sister's profile and felt her heart melt at the sight of that tender outline. Priscilla was too trusting; she believed everybody, and she must be protected without destroying the trust. Muriel, trusting no one, could appreciate nevertheless that bloom of faith.

Here in the church, where the atmosphere was mild with goodness, she determined to do her duty with love. She would go and talk with her father this very night.

"Well," Morgan Reynolds said on the Sunday evening, "what brings you here, Muriel?"

He was alone in the house; the servants were off, and he was trying to decide whether he would remain alone or whether he would call up Annela Markham and suggest a drive into the country. Then the doorbell rang, and he went to the door and discovered his eldest daughter on the threshold.

"I thought you might be at home," Muriel said. "I want to talk with you."

"Talk," Morgan grumbled, and he led her, his arm through hers, into the living-room.

"Your mother was always wanting to talk with me."

"I am sorry I remind you of her, Dad," Muriel said. "I suppose I can't help it. Anyway, what I want to say now has nothing to do with her."

Morgan liked this downright and somewhat angular daughter. Of the three of them, he had always in the back of his mind that he might invite her here some day to live with him, provided that her mother would be so kind as to die, which he did not expect. Women like Marcella lived forever. They fed on their tempers; rage was their source of vitality.

"I suppose you've eaten something," he said. "The servants left that plate of sandwiches and the vacuum flask

of coffee. It's my usual Sunday supper when they're gallivanting."

"Thank you — I'd like some," Muriel said. She helped herself heartily, and he approved her appetite. If there was anything he hated, it was a woman who talked about her diet, the way Jill always had. He sat down and watched her eat.

"Good!" he said. "Go to it. I like to see it."

"I want to talk to you about Priscilla," Muriel said.

His good humor made him approve her looks tonight; the severe grey suit, the little green hat, were becoming. "Priscilla is all right. She was here yesterday."

"I know she was," Muriel said. She was not shy or embarrassed. "I asked her what she did, and she said Miss Markham was here. Dad, I don't think you ought to carry on right before her."

"What do you mean, 'carry on'?" Morgan demanded. "You sound like your mother again."

"I'm not like her, though," Muriel said. "I don't care what you do for your own pleasure, but I don't think Priscilla ought to be here. Besides, Dad, it's ridiculous. Four!"

"There's no fourth as yet," he declared.

"Well, we know the signs. We are concerned."

"Who's concerned?"

"Joanna and I are."

"What business is it of yours?"

"You're our father, and Priscilla's."

He tried to get out something about its not being anybody's business, but she would have none of it. "Oh, yes, it is. We're the daughters. And how can you manage still another alimony, Dad?"

"Alimony!" he shouted. "I'm not married yet."

"But—"

"Shut up," he said. He knew what she meant to say, and she did not have to go on.

Then he melted, his soft interior always overcoming him, and he apologised in his own way. "I'm so lonely here sometimes—not all the time, but sometimes. Tonight is one of them."

"Your own fault, isn't it?" she suggested.

"Yes and no," he said. "If your three mothers could have been all in one, I'd have managed. They were too single-minded; there was no change. You won't believe me, but the truth is I've missed them all."

"What makes you think that Miss Markham is so wonderful?" Muriel asked.

He wanted to show a paternal indignation at this cynicism, but instead his humor got the better of him and he laughed.

"I don't know," he confessed. "I just find myself hoping."

Muriel looked at him thoughtfully—a pleasant sight, she had to admit, his grey hair very handsome with his tanned skin and his bright blue eyes, not a strong face but a charming one, and it was easy enough to see why her tornado of a mother would have been too much for him, just as it was easy to see that on the rebound he had married Jill, a woman as soft as melting snow and without the strength he needed, and Jennie was simply too commonplace for him.

He needed surprise and change, but these were to be only flowers upon the subterranean rock of a woman immovably faithful.

"And what," she asked severely, "have you to give another woman, Dad? Has that ever occurred to you?"

He looked surprised and, she thought, a little wounded. "Simply myself, I suppose," he said. "My name, my house, et cetera. The usual male gifts, eh, Muriel?"

He moved into the area of charm, and she was quite aware of it—the inquiring, humorous eyes, the deep, caressing voice, the fluidity of his movements as he rose gracefully from his chair and walked about the room, filling his pipe and setting it alight. She was aware of it, but she was not touched by it.

Long ago she had made up her mind that if she ever married, which she doubted she would do, having seen so much of marriage, she would never accept any man who had charm. She did not want it in the house, and now she spoke firmly against it, without mentioning the hateful word.

"I can't stay longer, Dad, because I am expected at home. But I want you to know that Joanna and I are watching you, and we are not going to stand for anything that will hurt Priscilla. She has the right to her fair share of you, as we had, though I always felt I was cut short, because you married Jill so soon, and it was never the same after she came. She was always between you and me, without being unkind. She was always just there, if you know what I mean."

"Don't I just," he groaned.

"Joanna was more fortunate, because you stayed married such a little while to Jennie."

"You don't give me credit for not having married again."

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## Our new cookery book

Two hundred and twenty-four recipes are packed into The Australian Women's Weekly's 48-page book "Guide to Better Cookery," now on sale at our offices, book-stalls, and newsagents. The price is only 1/6.

THIS new, beautifully illustrated book, which includes many color pictures of dishes, is divided into eight sections.

It features breakfast specials, savory and sweet dishes for dinner, ideas for attractive, easy-to-prepare meals for the week-end, a collection of dishes suitable for serving when entertaining special friends in your home, selected recipes from other lands, recipes for jams, marmalades, preserves, pickles, and chutneys.

There is a fascinating section for teenagers which in-

cludes a party menu, and 23 recipes from which to choose when they want to take over the kitchen and produce something out of the box for the gang.

Another section will have vital interest for country hostesses who are frequently called upon to prepare luncheons for judges and officials at local shows or cater for parties at picnic races.

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You will also find authoritative suggestions on food storage, weights, and measures,

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As a further aid to the home cook, all recipes are indexed under the various sections.

Included among the 29 recipes from other lands are: Pakistani veal korma, Grecian stuffed tomatoes, Danish meat sausage, German Kartoffelsalat, Italian zabaglione, Chinese prawn omelet, Chinese dim sims, American biscuit tortoni, Hungarian goulash and Hungarian cabbage rolls, Florentine pastry dessert, Dutch honey bread, and Noumean boiled fish.



## ALEXANDRA: *Britain's 'poorest' princess*

● *Princess Alexandra is coming more and more into the Royal picture and has recently appeared alone at many official engagements.*

IN some quarters it is believed the young Princess, who will celebrate her eighteenth birthday on Christmas Day, is being groomed to take over Princess Margaret's duties if Princess Margaret marries.

Only daughter of the late Duke of Kent and the Duchess of Kent, Alexandra sometimes wears her mother's clothes and re-makes some of her mother's hats. But this economy is from choice, as the Duchess is noted for her superb dressing.

Alexandra is known in Britain as the "poorest" princess. However, this is by comparison with other princesses. She inherited from her grandmother, the late Queen Mary, jewels and a sum of money to cover all the expenses of her coming-of-age.

The Princess made her entry into grown-up society recently when she attended her first big public dance—the Rose Ball in Grosvenor House, Park Lane. She wore a ball gown designed by Norman Hartnell, the Queen's dressmaker.

Since she is a Royal Princess she did not make her debut like other girls, who must wait for a formal presentation to the Queen.

As her father would have wished, Alexandra attended a school at Iwer, near her home in Buckinghamshire, mixing with other children. She finished her education at the chateau of the Comte de Paris in France, where she studied French literature, art, and music.



**MOST RECENT COLOR PICTURE** of Princess Alexandra, charming 17-year-old daughter of the Duchess of Kent. The Princess, who is coming more and more into public life, will celebrate her 18th birthday on Christmas Day. She has inherited the good looks and charm of both her mother and her father, the late Duke of Kent.



**UNDER A SUN UMBRELLA** the Duchess of Kent (above right) poses with her daughter, Princess Alexandra, in the garden of their home, Coppins, Iwer, Buckinghamshire. Right: Another study of the Duchess and her daughter at their country home. Both the Duchess and Princess Alexandra are enthusiastic gardeners.







"I LOVE having a bath, and my brother Chris lets me stay in as long as possible." At the Sister Helen Reid Centre the boys were taught how to bath, change, dress, and feed Barbara by practising on a specially designed doll.

● Before their sister Barbara was born, Chris and Robert, two Sydney schoolboys, went along to Sister Reid's Parentcraft Centre to learn how to look after her when she came home. Now they always tell Mum when she does anything wrong!

## *Schoolboy brothers learn the art of...*

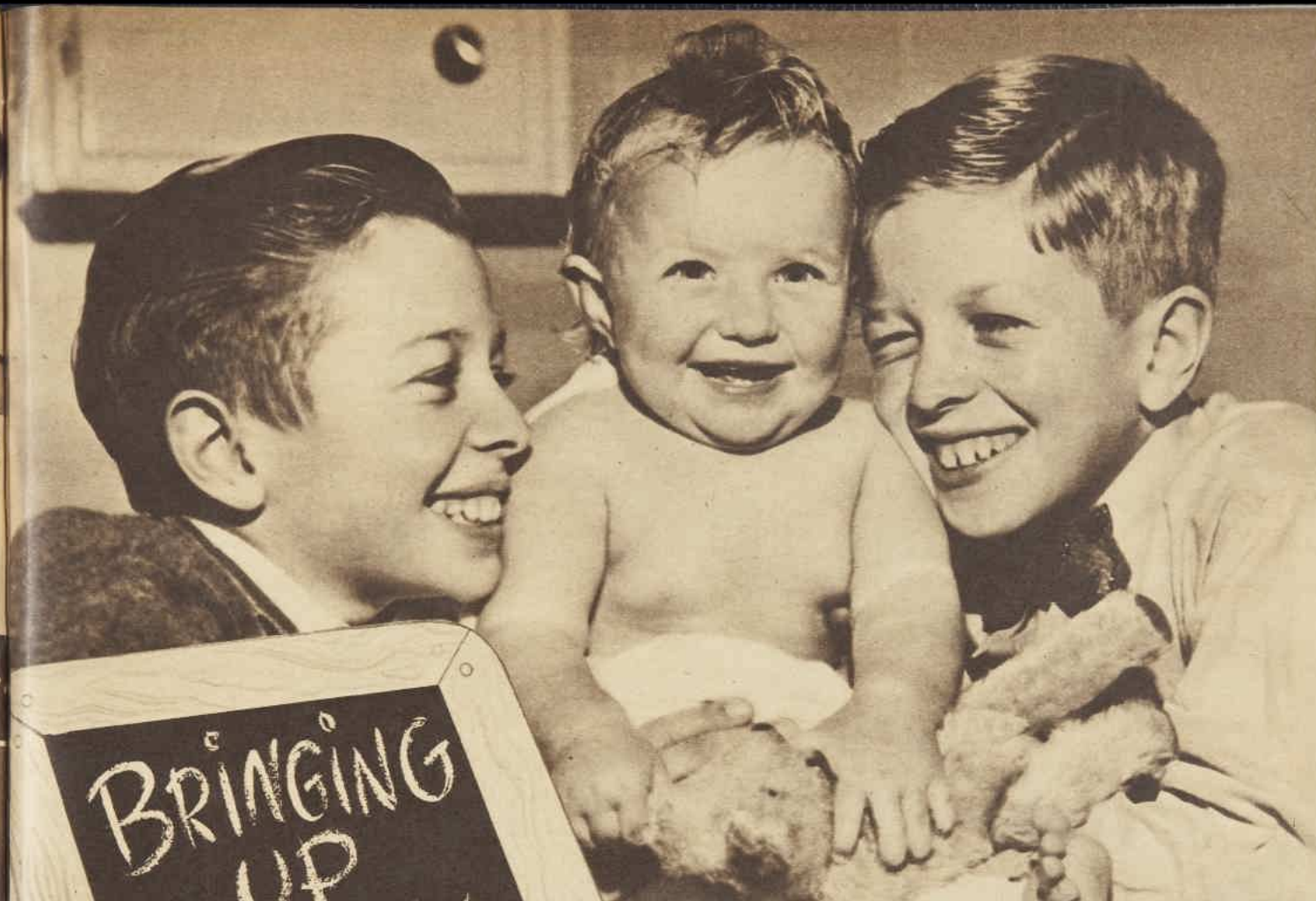
**JUST TO SHOW** that he's not too bad at this baby-minding business himself, Kerry, the family Airedale, goes along to keep an eye on things when Robert, 10, and Chris, 11, take Barbara out for her daily ride after school.

**RIGHT.** "My brother Robert cheers me up every morning before he goes to school by playing me music on his recorder. Maybe he'll teach me to play a tune sometime!" Pictures by staff photographer William Carty.



**BOTH BOYS** enjoy an after-school frolic of "peek-a-boo" with Barbara, while Mum prepares dinner in peace.





# BRINGING UP BABY

ABOVE. "Aren't we a handsome threesome, my brothers and I?" The boys' devotion to baby sister is so marked that mother has to watch out they don't spoil her.

BELOW. The boys split up the job of "bringing up baby." Chris bathes and dresses her and sterilizes her bottle. Robert feeds her and changes nappies.



FEEDING time has come round again, and Robert is on hand to serve Barbara, known as "Susie" among the family, with some warm baked custard.





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*'Celanese'* Acetate fabrics resist creasing.  
*'Celanese'* Acetate fabrics wear well.  
*'Celanese'* Acetate fabrics resist perspiration damage.



# THE MUSIC GOES ROUND AND ROUND . . .



1. **RELAXED** and smiling, Patricia Johnson and Paul Connell enjoy the music of their choice. Where are they? Answers to all queries on this page may be found in caption 7.



2. **WIDE-EYED** trio of music-lovers Diana Wilkinson, Pat Condon, and Dawn Wilkinson sit in admiring silence to listen to their favorite music. Where was this photographed?



3. **JUDE ROSS DOWNS** is out of this world as, lost in rapture, she absorbs every note the musicians play. Where was this taken?

**.. and comes out here**



**RICH SHAW GIBSON PROKOP**

Sydney's young music-lovers take their music seriously — criticising, appreciating, loving it. On this page are pictures taken at the National Gallery lunch-hour concerts, at the Artie Shaw show, and at a Bob Gibson jazz concert. Can you pick where each shot was taken? The answers are in caption 7, the last on the page.



4. **"IF IT'S MUSIC** we like it," say Mary Jane Moore and Judy King, both regular concertgoers. They respond to what music?



5. **WO-ONDERFUL!** Make them play it again. It is a tense, exciting moment for music-lovers Kaye Gramley, Maureen Stacey, and Shirley Gildea as an item finishes. Encore! Encore! Where are these three young girls? What concert are they attending?



**TERRIFIC**—love that music! The lady's vociferous appreciation brings an amused stare from Brian Hassan, who was sitting in the row in front of her. "Get a grip on yourself," he told her, "it's not that good." Where was this scene taken?



7. **WHAT SCORE** are Margaret Burns and Barbara Kay listening to? Answers: 1, 2, Artie Shaw; 3, 4, Prokop's National Gallery concert; 5, 6, 7, Bob Gibson jazz concert.



# AUSTRALIANS PLAY AT STRATFORD



AUSTRALIAN ACTOR Keith Michell (Duke of Athens) with Jean Wilson (Hippolyta) in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" await a play to be performed in their honor by Bottom and his fellow rustics.

IN THE GREEN ROOM (below) some Australians play poker and Jane Holland darns socks. From left are Jane Holland, Raymond Sherry, Keith Michell, Frank Waters, Kevin Miles, and Leo McKern.



There is no other theatre like it in the world—not quite. The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, mirrored in the gentle Avon River at Stratford, has a compelling spirit all its own.

TO play at Stratford-on-Avon, one actor has given up half a million dollars and postponed world fame—Laurence Harvey, who is doing Romeo here, and telling California to wait. Not long ago, Richard Burton, too, was here.

Muriel Pavlow is flitting across the stage with Titania's light grace. She was just returning to the British screen in a fresh blaze of glory when Stratford beckoned.

The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre has drawn a cohort of Australians across the world from comfortable and rewarding careers at home. For what? For the privilege, in many cases, of holding a spear, of speaking a line, of drawing a pitance, of waiting

on that chance for just such solid parts as fellow Australians Leo McKern, Keith Michell, and Raymond Sherry have won.

This pilgrimage which the world of the theatre—audience and actors—makes annually to Stratford-on-Avon seems a little fanatic from a distance. But Stratford has a potent enchantment.

The splendor of the plays has never seemed richer than in the setting of Shakespeare's own village.

For three months now the Australians who have newly joined the cast have had their rewards, if not all in fat, rollicking roles, then in work and unique experience.

They are guided by a slender, grey-haired man who has little to say for himself.

He sits in the stalls and quietly lets them get on with their business up there on the boards without so much as a raised eyebrow or a comment until rehearsal is over. Then he gives them notes.

With a few comments dropped casually among the cast, he pulls a performance together here, encourages there, brings an actor wander-

ing in a fog of doubt back to a vision of what is wanted.

His name is Glen Byam Shaw.

Many call him the greatest producer of Shakespeare in the theatre today. Certainly those in Stratford do, from the lead players down.

Laurence Harvey, picking at a chicken leg and gazing out over the Avon where the swans swam in a stately ballet, said thoughtfully, "It's not every day an actor has a genius for a teacher. We have one here."

Harvey came to Stratford fresh—if that is the word—from a gruelling seven months of playing Romeo in Verona in glorious technicolor, under the direction of Italy's Renato Castellani and opposite an English girl who had never acted before in her life, who was coached for every word and every inflexion.

Harvey is too tactfully to make comparisons, but I had the idea that he was infinitely happier in Stratford at a tenth of his movie salary.

He said: "When I was over in Hollywood they tried luring me with a wicked bait. There was a producer there who knows I'm crazy about cars, particularly about a certain American make with special carburetors and everything that delights a car-crank like me.

"He took me out on to the lot to show me the latest model. 'Son,' he said, and sucked at a fat cigar, 'you play in "Helen of Troy" for us, and you can have SIX of those!"

"But I still had to come to Stratford. I guess all actors are crazy."

During recent weeks the whole cast has hardly had a spare moment. They have spent the days—even Sundays—in rehearsal, the nights in playing.

Ron Haddrick, the tall, dark young radio actor from South Australia, said to me: "I have three different parts in 'Romeo and Juliet.' But it doesn't keep me busy enough. There's always a lot of time



DEATH SCENE from "Romeo and Juliet." Prior Laurence (Leo McKern) mourns over Romeo (Laurence Harvey) and Juliet (Zena Walker).



## They feature on stage and practically run the cricket team

during rehearsal when you're waiting round for your cue and wishing you had more real study to get your teeth into."

The glassed-in Green Room backstage—a noisy place with snackbar, tables, a superb view of rivers and fields—is their headquarters between sorties on to the stage. A loud-speaker relays the progress of the drama onstage while swordsmen, courtiers, Veronese ladies, and minstrels play cards, sip coffee, smoke, and wait their turn to go on.

They have invented weird variations on straight poker rules to beguile the backstage waiting. Each variation is named after its inventor. Thus there is McKern poker, Grouse poker, Sherry poker.

There is a constant two-way traffic through the swing doors. Jane Holland, wife of Leo McKern, cocks an ear at the loud-speaker and puts away the socks she has been darn- ing. McKern thoughtfully twiddles his bare toes and shivers.

There is no connection between these two facts. Leo's rich part as Friar Laurence in "Romeo and Juliet" demands that he go barefoot.

He and Jane share with Muriel Pavlow a wing of the magnificent red-bricked country home of Colonel Flower, a brewery magnate whose father made the creation of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre his life's goal.

In the centre of the town, behind its shop facade, Frank Waters and his family inhabit a 16th-century house whose living-room is a cross between Tudor England and a Paris atelier.

Giant black-creosoted oak beams criss-cross the room. It is lit by crooked lead-paned windows, and

warmed by a huge salamander stove. Before they organised the heating, says Frank with a reminiscent shudder, it was the coldest place in Stratford-on-Avon.

But now spring has come. With their first sunshine and their first day free of rehearsals, the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre produced a cricket team.

Across the river from the theatre, they turned out at the nets with an Australian captain, Ray Sherry, with South Australian interstate cricketer Haddrick as their star bat, and with three other Australians figuring prominently in the attack.

For their matches they are smartly togged in braided caps with the yellow-and-black theatre colors and its heraldic shield as a badge.

"Big stuff, boy!" said Haddrick, with a leer. "We play the local Farmers' Union on Sunday. We've just got to win!"

His boarding-house mate, Kevin Miles, has been stirred from sedentary idleness and roped in to bowl for the first time in his life.

It's not what you'd call a well-balanced team.

Frank Waters, for instance, is handicapped in the field by having to keep one eye on his daughters. The younger, "Butch," keeps toddling off towards the river.

In fact, Australia owns almost as great a share in Stratford-on-Avon as England itself.

There are seven players in the cast; two more on the stage staff. The box-office and hotel bookings have the same strong emphasis, for Australian visitors outnumber those from any other country.

And, of course, they practically run the cricket team . . .



THE LOVERS whose changing fancies under the spell of a fairy potion provide much of the gaiety of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." From left are Hermia (Zena Walker), Lysander (Tony Britton), Helena (Barbara Jefford), and Demetrius (Basil Hoskins). Pictures on these pages were taken by Alec Murray.



ABOVE: Titania (Muriel Pavlow) and Oberon (Percy Thomas) quarrel in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," while Puck (David O'Brien) watches mischievously.

RIGHT: With three roles to play in "Romeo and Juliet," Australian Ron Haddrick grabs a moment's relaxation in the Green Room between entrances.







● This year, for the first time, State chess championships were held specially for schoolgirl players at the Chess Academy in Sydney. Boys have had their own championships for the past 30 years, but for schoolgirls chess is a new interest.

DEEP THOUGHT goes into every move in chess. Above, Elaine Beal decides to move her queen, watched by Monica Gledhill. Behind are A. Noonan (left) and I. Balkovsky. Pictures by Phillip Merchant.

## SCHOOLGIRLS' CHESS CONTEST



PONDERING over her chessboard is thirteen-year-old Shirley Myhr, of Canterbury Girls' High School. Some of the seventeen girls who took part in the contest began to learn chess only at the beginning of this year.



YOUNGEST GIRL in the contest was Nola Netthoin (above), aged twelve, of North Sydney Girls' High School team.



WINNER in the under-18 group, Monica Gledhill (right), is aged seventeen. She is a pupil at Kambala.



FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD Janette Robertson (below), of Strathfield Girls' High School, considers a move in the championship play. She was winner in the under-fifteen age group.



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# AUDIENCE WERE MODELS AT HAT SHOW



**POINT OF VIEW.** Mrs. Kenneth Barker (left) listens while Mrs. Len Plasto gives her opinion of one of the outfits modelled in the parade. The pictures on this page were taken by staff photographer Alf Chambers.

● A fashion parade with a difference was staged in Sydney recently, when members of the audience were invited to try on (in front of more than 300 critical pairs of eyes) some of the hats modelled in the parade. The parade was organised by the combined auxiliaries of the Crown Street Women's Hospital.



**CRUCIAL MOMENT** for Mrs. Cecil Cook as Mr. Roc Rago—who designed and made the hats for the parade—lowers an intricately platted white organza platter hat on to her head.



**APPRAISING.** Sister Marie Smith checks her hat in a mirror while compere Mr. Sam Mills looks on.



**CLOSER VIEW** of the denim and cheesed cotton worn by Lorna Johnston for Mrs. Frank Rundle (left) and Mrs. M. F. Switzer.

**THOUGHTFUL, CRITICAL, APPROVING.** Variety of expressions from Mrs. H. Maxwell (left), Mrs. M. Anschutz, and Mrs. C. Cook.

**CARTWHEEL** of navy straw is worn by Mrs. Kevin Little (right).



**WITH CLOSED EYES.** Mrs. Derrick Davey waits till a hat (of white straw trimmed with white-spotted navy ribbon) is really on her head before looking at the result. Held at Princes, the parade helped raise funds for a fete at the Lady Wakehurst Home on Nov. 6





**CHARGE D'AFFAIRES** for Austria, Dr. Otto Eiselsberg, and Mrs. Eiselsberg arrive at All Saints', Woollahra, for the Major John Swinton-Judy Killen wedding.



**SISTERS** Mrs. Peter Snow (left), of "Cuppacumbalong," Queanbeyan, and Jan Milson, of "Huntly," Couberra, leave All Saints', Woollahra, after the Major John Swinton-Judy Killen wedding for the reception at Royal Sydney Golf Club.

## SOCIAL JOTTINGS

**MAJOR** John Swinton's wedding gift to his bride, formerly Judy Killen, was a replica of his regimental badge outlined in diamonds. A member of the Scots Guards, Major Swinton is a former A.D.C. to the Governor-General, Field-Marshal Sir William Slim.

Mrs. Swinton is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Killen, of "Riverside Park," Burradoo, and "Merribee," Barellan.

More than 350 guests attended the wedding at All Saints', Woollahra, and the reception at the Royal Sydney Golf Club.

Judy's attendants were Diane Green, Jennifer Hinder, Winsome Headlam (who caught the bride's bouquet), and Robin Stanton. Their gifts from the bridegroom were gold compacts, engraved with their initials.

**ROBIN**—who left Sydney last week-end to compete in the New South Wales, Australian, and interstate skiing championships at Mount Kosciuszko—will marry John Keeling, of Sedlescombe, Sussex, England, at her home in Bellevue Hill on October 28.

**JOHN** will arrive in Sydney about a week before the wedding, and he and Robin will leave about ten days later for England. They plan to live in London, so will almost be neighbors of the Swintons, who have a flat in Cadogan Square.

**CONGRATULATIONS** and best wishes will be in the air at the Neville Manning home at Bellevue Hill this Sunday morning. Mrs. Manning is giving a party for her newly engaged daughter, Wendy Birks, and Wendy's fiancé, Andrew Clayton, son of Colonel and Mrs. Hector Clayton, of Woollahra.

"**WE'VE** had a marvellous time, but it's wonderful to be home," says Mrs. Gilbert Peterson, of Killara. Mr. and Mrs. Peterson have just returned to Sydney after a four months' world tour—and two of the most enthusiastic people welcoming them home were their sons, ten-year-old David, and Howard, who is six. Mrs. Peterson has brought home lots of clothes from London, New York, and Paris, including a Jacques Fath cocktail dress of pleated black organza and taffeta, Schiaparelli costume-jewellery, and the new, stiff-trilled petticoats from America. "They're so pretty I just couldn't resist them."

**DATES** for the diary . . . the 49th Annual Meeting of the Sydney Day Nursery and Nursery Schools Association will be held at the Erskineville Nursery School on September 9 . . . the Mosman District Scottish Association will hold its 7th Annual Highland Gathering this Saturday, September 4, at Balmoral. Proceeds will aid the Cherrywood Polio After Care Home, Turramurra.

**LEAVING** All Saints', Woollahra, after their wedding are Major John Swinton and his bride, formerly Judy Killen, of Burradoo and Barellan. The Governor-General, Sir William Slim, and Lady Slim were among the guests.



**BRISBANE WEDDING.** At the reception after their wedding are Mr. and Mrs. Dick Doyle with attendants Enid Killen (left), Heather Glasson, and Meg Carroll. The bride was Mabel Killen, of "Bangalore," Goondiwindi.



**RECENTLY ENGAGED** Tom Magney and his attractive fiancée, Deidre Niall, who is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Niall, of South Yarra, Melbourne. Tom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Magney, of Bellevue Hill.

**A SOLITAIRE** diamond ring is being worn by Colina Budd, who is engaged to Dr. Bernard Huxtable, of Killara. Colina is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Budd, of Mosman.

**MR.** and Mrs. Robert Leckie have chosen the names Graham Robert for their son and heir.

**RECEPTION** at Winsor Gardens followed Mr. and Mrs. John Richard's wedding at St. Stephen's, Willoughby, last week-end. Mrs. Richards was formerly Beth Schaefer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Schaefer, of "Inglewood," Guyra. John and Beth are honey-mooning at Coolangatta.

Anne



**QUARTET**, Margaret Anne Wearn (left), Sandra Walker, Alison Fennicke, and Jenny Hunter at Adrian Mollam's coming-of-age party, which was held at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, Kirribilli.



**STATE** Opposition Leader Mr. Murray Robson and Mrs. Robson at the morning tea in the President's Rooms following the opening of Parliament.



**COUNTRY INTEREST.** Bob Miles and his bride, formerly Marion McMullin, of "Strathmore," Rouchel Brook, leave St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street, after their wedding.



# IN OUR PARADES

On these pages are some of the exciting Sybil Connolly models to be shown at our Irish fashion parades. Notable are the use of the new fashion color, Irish-saffron, the native handcrafts, and the purity of the Connolly line that is smartly casual in day clothes and emerges in superb elegance in glamorous after-dark wear for grand balls or special occasions.



THE CHARM of creamy tones is shown in this delightful Connolly day frock made of handwoven cream Donegal tweed. Worn with a belt of butterscotch suede, the frock is softly draped and illustrates clearly what Sybil Connolly has done with Donegal tweeds, formerly noted for their sturdy harshness and drab color tones.



BRILLIANT citron-yellow topcoat made in Irish handwoven tweed. The coat is worn with matching tam and soot-black accessories. IRISH - SAFFRON tweed slacks, right, teamed with an exquisite Irish cambric embroidered blouse and a black velvet smoking jacket.





## PARADE DATES

### MELBOURNE AT THE MYER MURAL HALL

Gala Opening—Evening of September 25.  
Afternoon and evening parades from  
September 27 to Friday, October 1.

### SYDNEY AT PRINCE'S RESTAURANT

Gala Opening, Monday night, October 4.  
AT MARK FOY'S EMPRESS BALLROOM  
Morning and afternoon parades from  
October 5 to 8; special evening session  
for business girls, October 8; final  
parade, Saturday morning, October 9.

"MADAME BUTTERFLY" (right). Wonderful Connolly evening gown in a blurred floral print worn with an enormous orange stole of whispering taffeta.



"SIMPLICITY." The rococo wrought-iron of the curving staircase contrasts sharply with this evening gown in black-and-white celanese acetate. The gown is highlighted with a back-to-front crimson chiffon scarf.



"COSY EVENING." Sybil Connolly brings red flannel into the ballroom. This warm elegance was inspired by the peasant women of Connemara, who for generations have used red flannel for their cold-weather petticoats.



CHARMING short evening dress which famous Irish designer Sybil Connolly has included in her latest collection for our parades. The dress is covered with medallions of Irish hand-crochet lace and worn with a long 1920 bead necklace, looped round the neck and knotted to one side. Among the 66 models to be shown in our parades are clothes specially designed for Australian women. These include a swimsuit in water-repellent hand-knit Irish wool.



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so very exciting  
is Elaine  
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and so  
are those  
Californian  
styles  
by  
Betty  
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# Hollywood isn't sinful — but serious

## Jose Iturbi says glamor girls are domesticated

Visiting Spanish-American pianist Jose Iturbi, who is better known to most Australians as a movie star than as the serious musician he is, becomes solemn when he talks about the reports of the "decadent" life in Hollywood.

"I TRAVEL all over the world and I know that what happens to this film star or that film star also happens to Mr. Smith, Mr. Jones, and Mr. Brown," he told me.

"But just because they are big names in the movie industry world, anything they do gets splashed all over the newspapers.

"I can tell you, my dear young lady," added Mr. Iturbi, his voice softening, "you don't see in Hollywood what you can't see anywhere else.

### They're human

"HOLLYWOOD people are the same as other people — just human beings.

"Most Hollywood glamor girls are just nice, simple girls, who hate having to pose for the sexy pictures demanded by their studios," he added.

"They are happily married — and I touch wood for them and their husbands — and are among the simplest people I know.

"In fact, most of the people I know in Hollywood are serious-minded people."

Mr. Iturbi waved stubby, expressive hands.

"They work awfully hard, especially the ladies, who sometimes have to get up at 4 a.m. if they are having difficulty with make-up and hairdos.

"They start shooting at 9 a.m., bang! Then with only one hour for lunch they continue working through until 6 p.m.

"Now, if they have to be in front of the cameras so early the next morning, do you really think they can be going to parties all the time, as they publish so often?

### Dynamic

"AND isn't it so that the camera catches things that the naked eye doesn't? So. Would they stay up all night?"

When I arrived at the hotel to interview Mr. Iturbi, I found he had been delayed. I waited with several radio men who had a prior appointment.

When the famous Mr. Iturbi — small, stocky, dynamic, and with an infectious grin — did arrive, he was full of apologies.

Circling the room to shake each by the hand and firmly clutching his pipe, he said

quickly, sincerely, and with an attractive accent: "I am sorry, please excuse me. Do sit down."

And then embracing us all with a wide sweep of his arms, "What can I do for you? I am at your disposal."

As the radio men had first call on his time, he sat down good-naturedly at a table to make a recording.

But just before the recording began, Mr. Iturbi interrupted: "Just a minute. If I want to mention my aunt, do I say it like 'arnt' or 'ant'?"

"Oh, just as you like, Mr. Iturbi," said the interviewer quickly.

"But no," he replied. "It is important, no? I do not want to say the little ones that run all over the ground," illustrating his confusion by scrabbling his fingers over the top of the table.

### Feminist

WHEN the radiomen had left, Mr. Iturbi turned to me with a charming smile and said, "Now, my dear young lady, what can I do for you? You work on a woman's paper? But that is wonderful. I am a feminist. I have always been a feminist.

"And that is not because I am surrounded by women all the time. Oh yes, I am always surrounded by women — my sister, Amparo, also a pianist, my granddaughters, who are 16 and 17 years old, and my niece.

"But seriously," he continued, sitting down at the table again, "I am a feminist, because I think that there are in some women tremendous qualities and abilities that are sometimes not recognised enough in certain circles."

Because Mr. Iturbi is a Spaniard — he went to America in 1929 — I thought I might be able to pick up a few sartorial points, but the affable little man quickly corrected that misunderstanding.

"I am interested in everything," he said. "I have my pilot's licence, I like to box, and my favorite book is a textbook on surgery — I would have liked to have been a surgeon — but in clothes I am not interested.

"My own sister, she has to say to me, 'Jose, change your suit!' I say, 'No, I like it.'"

And turning suddenly to a



JOSE ITURBI

representative of the agents arranging his concert tour of Australia and New Zealand, demanded excitedly, "You have seen me in this suit ever since I arrive, yes?"

The suit certainly was not a sartorial success. It consisted of grey flannel trousers, a nondescript beige sports-coat, a blue-and-white checked shirt, and a subdued navy-blue and red spotted bow tie.

Warming to the subject of his lack of interest in clothes, Mr. Iturbi continued, "I don't like shopping and going to a tailor for a fitting. I leave the material with him and say 'goodbye.' The poor fellow has to do it in one fitting. For this coat I have on I had only one fitting."

Mr. Iturbi took a puff at his pipe, gave me a genial look and said:

"My dear young lady, I am a simple man. In fact, so simple that I look complicated.

"I don't smoke expensive

cigars and drink champagne or take a bath in champagne or any of those things.

"My friends call me and say 'Come to a party' and I tell them that I'm practising and they respect the fact that I want to work.

"If I feel like I ring a few friends and go to their home or they come to my home.

"You know we had a very wise philosopher in Spain who once said of a man, 'He leads the active life of a person who is bored.'"

"He meant the kind of people who are always running around from one cocktail party to another."

I asked Iturbi why he became a movie star.

"I have always been interested in films and like to spend and span my activities," he replied. "I played boogie woogie in the films because it said to do so in the scripts."

"And this is all right as long as it doesn't hurt my real career," he said, knocking a significant finger against the wooden bowl of his pipe, "or as long as one doesn't trade a sonata by Beethoven for a case of whisky."

### Missing section of serial

● In some copies of last week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly a column of type was inadvertently left out of the serial, "The Iron Cobweb."

The column contained an important development of the plot.

So that the readers concerned will not miss this development in the fascinating story, here is a digest of the missing column:

Policeman asks for the licence, Elizabeth discovers that it has disappeared mysteriously, in the fashion of all the other mysterious happenings. The story then switches to Elizabeth at home, and the small boy runs to her.





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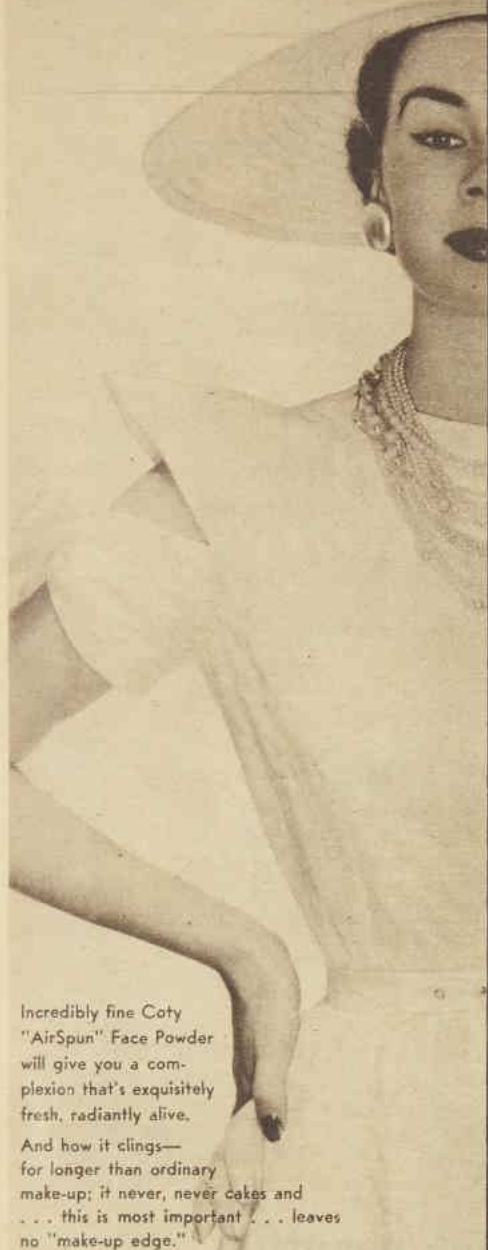


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7/6

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The unmarried mother's problem . . .

# ... should she SURRENDER HER BABY?

By a staff reporter

When an unmarried mother enters hospital to have her baby, she has a major decision to make—one that she will have to accept and be able to live with all her life.

Should she keep her baby or give it up?

IT is not easy for an unmarried mother to decide whether she should give up her baby for adoption, says Sydney almoner Miss J. Gore, with whom I discussed the problem when I visited her in her neat, impersonal interviewing room in a big city hospital.

"And it is certainly one on which the unmarried woman needs a lot of help and advice," she said.

The problem of the unmarried mother is one that Miss Gore encounters daily in her work as hospital almoner.

More recently, she has had to deal with it on a much wider and more significant level as convener of a study group of the N.S.W. Branch of the Australian Social Workers' Association specially set up to consider the problem of unmarried mothers and their children.

## Group survey

THE committee, comprising 12 almoners, social workers, and representatives of social agencies, spent nine months interviewing more than 300 unwed mothers and preparing material for the report, which will be considered soon by the N.S.W. Government.

"We wonder how these unmarried mothers are going to manage," Miss Gore said, "and whether they will find themselves eventually forced to have the child adopted."

"One theory strongly backed by social workers overseas is that although it is hard for the mother to give her child up, it may be better in the long run for the baby to be adopted into a family."

Miss Gore, a naturally cheerful, happy woman with a manner that inspires confidence and confidences, spoke in more detail of the girls who come to her and her fellow-workers for help.

Here are a few cases, which give emphasis to what Miss Gore had told me:

● Pat, a private secretary, was an only child. Her father died when she was in her early 20's, and she took over the care of her mother, who clung to her possessively until she died.

When Pat became pregnant at the age of 35, she decided

to travel interstate to have her baby and make a new life for herself. The father of the child was a married man, but willing to accept financial responsibility for it.

Pat booked her accommodation as a married woman and on the suggestion of a clergyman went to see an almoner to discuss the possibility of keeping her baby.

The father continued to support her financially and an almoner helped her to find board in a private family, which cared for the baby during Pat's working hours.

"Pat seemed a capable and efficient woman, who could maintain the child adequately," Miss Gore told me, "but we are worried about how well she can fulfil the

had lost sight of him before she went to the agency."

The social worker tried to give her the understanding she had never known from her own mother. Mary often said, "I can't understand how my parents could have dumped me in a home."

When she was six months pregnant, accommodation was found for her in a maternity home.

Gradually, she began to respond to the understanding shown by the social worker and was able to plan for the welfare of the baby.

She finally decided to surrender him for adoption.

After the birth, the agency helped her to obtain a living-in job with a woman who understood her needs. Now



dual role of mother and father."

● Mary, only 16 years old when her baby was born, was the child of a broken home. Her parents were separated when she was three and she was placed in a home.

## No home life

WHEN she left the home, she went to live with an aunt, who was away at work each day.

When referred by a local doctor to a social worker at a family agency, Mary, who worked in a milk bar, could not face the thought of giving up her baby.

The father of the baby meant little to her and she

she attends a youth group with a young girl living next door and seems to be settling down happily.

● Betty, aged 22, a stenographer in a city firm, was taken along firmly by her mother to a social agency when she was four months pregnant.

The girl had known the father of her child for some time and they had thought of becoming engaged. However, when she told him of her pregnancy he did not want to marry her.

The mother confided that her daughter could not remain at home because of younger brothers and sisters and because she was ashamed of

what the neighbors would say.

Medical care in a hospital was arranged for the girl, and a living-in domestic job found for her during the pregnancy.

Interviewing the mother, a social worker found that Betty's father was employed on work that often took him out of town, and the mother had borne the brunt of bringing up a family of five.

Sharing her anxiety with the social worker, Betty's mother was able to understand that she had been so concerned with her large family that she had left Betty to look after herself.

Betty also decided to have her child adopted, because she thought the adopting parents could give the baby better opportunities than she could.

She settled in at work during pregnancy and later, after the baby was born, she returned home, with the bond between herself and her mother considerably strengthened.

## Routine work

THESE three cases are typical of many that are handled daily by almoners and social workers in the normal course of their work.

Some arrive at the hospital just as the almoner is about to finish her day's work.

"They can no longer live living at home," Miss Gore told me, "and we have to find temporary accommodation for them either in a hostel or with a woman we know who is prepared to accept the girl, give her accommodation and care for the time being."

"In most cases, after the initial shock and distress, their mothers stand by them but prefer them to be away from home because of younger children in the family or the next-door neighbors."

Few of the fathers marry the girls, although a number of them are willing to accept some financial responsibility.

Unmarried mothers throughout Australia can receive financial assistance before and after their confinement from the Commonwealth Social Services Department.

## Sickness pay

THE usual sickness benefit payments are available to these mothers for six weeks before and six weeks after their confinement.

The rates are: £1/10/0 weekly for girls aged 16 to 18 years; £2/0/0 for the 18-to-21-years age group; and £2/10/0 for the 21-and-over group.

In addition, if the mother decides to keep her child she can also receive a 5/- weekly payment for it for six weeks after its birth.

As well as these benefits, unmarried mothers can also claim child endowment of 5/- a week for the first child and the maternity allowance of £15 for the first child.

In N.S.W., under section 27 of the Child Welfare Act, an unmarried mother who wants to keep her child but cannot afford to support it may apply to the Child Welfare Department for regular payments.





THE BROTHERS EMMERSON. Arthur, at left, and Jim, right, his young brother, photographed in the gardens at Sandringham prior to their retirement. At right: Brother Jim collects from visitors to Sandringham gardens. The gardens are open, for charity, two days each week.



## Retainers have memories of many reigns

### Royal servants worked at Queen's country home

Two brothers, Jim and Arthur Emmerson, have recently retired from Sandringham, the private home of Britain's Royal Family, with 87 years of service between them.

ARTHUR, the elder brother, worked at Sandringham for 52 years. Jim, his younger brother, for only 35 years.

Both brothers were honored by the Queen. Arthur has the Victorian Medal in Gold (a rare honor) and Jim the same medal in silver.

But prized beyond their medals is the rich store of memories of all the kings and queens who have lived at Sandringham.

Arthur Emmerson was a carpenter and joiner when he started work at Sandringham in 1902, when King Edward VIII and Queen Alexandra were making a really lovely home of Sandringham.

"It was a very lively era," Arthur said.

On the wall of the Emmersons' sitting-room are many personal notes from Britain's rulers.

#### Personal memos

KING GEORGE VI always wrote to Emmerson on small sheets of notepaper headed, "Memo from the King."

Jim Emmerson always tells his guests how he danced with Queen Mary.

"She was such a lovely dancer," he says, "so light and so queenly and she could entertain us in a manner that made everyone happy, yet was entirely regal."

Jim's wife danced with the Prince of Wales (now the Duke of Windsor) at a "travants" dance at Sandringham.

ham, which the workmen all refer to as "The Big House."

"We wore our best dark lounge suits and our wives always had their hair specially done for the evening and wore semi-evening dress."

Christmas at Sandringham is one of the Emmersons' happiest memories.

"We have always had the most wonderful presents from the Christmas tree," Arthur said.

"The young Queen Elizabeth's first Christmas present to me was a single plate, but

By  
ANNE MATHESON,  
of our London staff

she laughed as she took it from the tree and said, "Emmerson, I couldn't get the whole set into the tree. Will you accept this plate as a token gift, the dinner-service will be sent to you tomorrow."

Arthur, a widower, lives with his married daughter Ellen. His rooms in Ellen's home are filled with presents from the Royal Family.

He has no fewer than four sets of gold cuff-links monogrammed with the cipher of King Edward VII, King George V, King George VI, and Queen Elizabeth II.

His treasure house of Royal gifts ranges from merino blankets to a specially designed chair from Queen Mary that looks like a table, but unfolds to be a fireside chair.

"Queen Mary always asked, 'Where is my chair?' when she

called. She always insisted on opening it herself and sitting in front of the fire in it."

Among the most treasured of all his Royal gifts Arthur has a pair of blue enamel vases, very small and delicate.

#### Royal memento

THE Princess Royal gave them to Arthur soon after Queen Mary's death. "My mother said you were to have a memento," she said.

But it is Jim Emmerson whose stories of Queen Mary give a more intimate portrait of this regal woman.

Jim was the painter at Sandringham and it was Queen Mary who taught him how to mix colors and "stood over him" when he was redecorating various rooms in the Royal home.

"The wonderful part of working at Sandringham for the Royal Family was that there was never any red tape," he said. "Sandringham is their private home and they are very jealous of any intrusion."

"Queen Mary used to say to me, 'This is the only real home we have where we can get down to a job of work without officialdom prying in.'"

Both brothers speak lovingly of Queen Mary, and it was a sad day for Arthur when he was called upon to make the coffin of Sandringham oak in which she was interred, so soon after the one he made for King George VI.

When he made the late King's coffin, he said Queen Mary had said to him, "The members of the Royal Family

are not long lived like the Emmersons."

Jim Emmerson didn't start working at Sandringham until he returned from service during World War I.

King George V approached his father, James the elder, and suggested that if young Jim had not settled down he might care to go into service at Sandringham.

"And if I had my time over again, I wouldn't work for anyone else," Jim said.

When I visited Sandringham to talk to the Emmersons I wasn't surprised to find Jim, who likes to be in things, taking the money from trippers who were spending the day at the Sandringham gardens.

The gardens, which are very lovely, are open for charity on two days every week and Jim now does his turn on the turnstile.

"I took £545 in two-shilling pieces one day," he told me.

After a hard day's work, Jim enjoys a visit to the local and to the pictures.

He is often invited to Sandringham by the Queen to the cinema.

"Once we used to dance in the Great Ballroom, but there are movies now instead," he said. "That is when the Queen is at Sandringham."

#### Movie nights

"THE Queen sits in front with members of the Royal Family and her guests, and we all sit at the rear."

The Jim Emmersons, too, have some very valuable gifts from the Royal Family.

The elder brother, Arthur, recalls that, during the reign of Edward VII, seven or eight bullocks were killed at a time.

"When they did this we always went up to The Big House for a jolly good dinner," Arthur said.

"I would take the can for the dripping and it would be filled up at the kitchen door."

"We used to have great feasts in the Servants' Hall and the best wasn't good enough for us."

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Read these pages very carefully....

They can make all the difference to the figure you're going to

# with NEWS like this

**Cole**  
OF CALIFORNIA

MOST EXCITING RANGE IN ALL COLE HISTORY . . . STYLES HITTING HEADLINES ON EXOTIC BEACHES FROM BIARRITZ



**NEW** influence from the Italian Riviera in this sunrock. It's "Waist Away," Style 437, with saucy tie-bows on the shoulders and an elasticised neckline of black. The matelassé (elasticised) cummerbund is in black. 99/6.

**NEW** Princess Line bare-topped Frock is for beach days and summer nights. Extended waistline above a skirtful of pleats and gathers. Shoestring straps attached. Push-up bolero "Shape a Future" (Style 85). 175/-.

**NEW** "Swimmable" rhinestones on the embroidered bra wings of "Sea Bird" (Style 69-1). Four-panel front and matelassé back is ideal for the long torso, giving a little extra body length. 4-way straps attached. The price—89/6.

**NEW** under-water print of glowing colours in a sleek-fitting suit with rounded cuffs. The shapely bra line is held secure by spiral wire supports in the side seams. 4-way straps are attached. The suit is "Water Baby" (Style 71). 89/6.

**NEW** man-tailored look in short and shirt of white cotton twill. (Also in colours and black). Shirt is reversed and cuffed, shorts have self-belt, trouser pleats. The shirt (Style 105) is 55/-, the shorts (Style 19) are 39/11.

## Figure Problem NEWS

If you've a perfect figure, you would certainly look charming in any Cole suit, but since almost no one has a completely perfect shape, it is important to know that Cole creates styles to actually improve your figure. Every figure-fault has been specially considered. Cole Swim Suits are designed to conceal your not-so-perfect feature and re-mould your shape nearer to perfection. Some styles achieve this by means of actual built-in devices; some by clever optical illusion. The Cole secret formula is to highlight your best features, disguise your figure-faults. For details of how to do this see one of the Cole "Pre-Selection Brochures" at your retailers.

## Fashion NEWS

Jewels! Sparkling rhinestones that go happily into the water highlight the winged bra of "Seabird" (Style 69) and the front panel and bra-cuff of "Easy to Love" (Style 72). These styles, too, feature appliques, embroideries and "swimmable" pearls. Cole also introduces airy-light "peau-de-nail," a pure nylon, that appears this season with pure nylon jacquard—and most glamorous of all, Black Nylon Velvet! You'll find, too, that we've used the newest Alcorso hand-screen prints in a full kaleidoscope of colours in Swim Suits as well as matching skirts.

## Bra Top NEWS

The "Spiral Wire Support" has been introduced into Cole bras to shape a perfect outline and hold you gently but firmly in place. So flexible and comfortable you won't know they are there! Cole Bra Tops feature central drawstrings and ties to give maximum adjustment in size and depth plus glamorous separation. Cuffed and winged bras add depth and width to small and average bustlines as well as disguising the too-ample bust. "Telescope" (Style 62) and "Sea Legs" (Style 75) have concealed pockets in their bra-linings for wearing bust-improvers.

Watch your "Women's Weekly" for our special Cole announcement each week. Cut out



cut on the beaches this Summer . . . You will achieve glamorous perfection because, this year —

# leads the world

TO BERMUDA, MIAMI TO MONACO, LONG BEACH TO HONOLULU



**NEW** swimming fashion is the Play swimmer, a shorts type swimsuit ideal for problem thighs. Pre-shaped cups with spiral wire supports and central tie. Straps and inside briefs attached. It is "Buccaneer" (Style 206). Price, 109/6.

**NEW** pure nylon jacquard, the luxury fabric in a classical swimsuit with curved spiral wire supports for the rounded bustline, fully matelassé back and chrysalis drape on front half skirt. "Big Dipper" (Style 617). £7/19/6.

**NEW** 2-way neckline. Wide, winged contrast-lined straps tie across bustline or at back of neck to form winged halter. Dip-front half skirt turns back to reveal contrast lining. Spiral wire supports in bust. "Ocean Dip" (Style 61). 95/-.

**NEW** "Waterlily" bra-line has its outstanding petals held secure by spiral wire supports. Behind petals the bra is fully tailored. A skirlless style that adds inches to the leg-length. 4-way straps (Style 618). Price, 105/-.

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MICHAEL COLIN COWDREY (above)—  
the player with the cricketing name. His  
initials are M.C.C.



ALL-ROUNDER Bill Edrich (right) with  
his wife and son. The family must stay  
behind when father goes on tour.

## English cricketers have little time with families

When the final 17 names for the English cricket Test team to tour Australia were announced, a pretty Lancashire girl from Oldham found herself in a dilemma. Her fiancé, Keith Andrew, had been chosen to go as second wicketkeeper.

HER marriage, due in the autumn, now has to be rushed through, and the future Mrs. Andrew is considering whether to take a job for the first six months of her married life so that she won't be too lonely.

Her problem is one faced by the wives or fiancées of all the cricketers. For some players this trip will mean nearly three years of continuous cricket, with little time spent in their homes with their families.

Because of this it was only the younger cricketers who said "Yes" by return post when asked about their availability for the Australian tour. Many of the older players thought twice before replying.

The about-to-be-married Keith Andrew is one of the many newcomers to the team. He is playing his first full season of county cricket, as is his best friend, Frank Tyson, the fastest bowler in England.

In my opinion Tyson is the real reason for the omission of turbulent Freddie Trueman. Tyson is a better proposition on Australian wickets, and Trueman's record on fast wickets isn't so good.

I know it's asking for trouble, but I'm going to play my hunch and prophesy that Frank Tyson will be the surprise of the tour, and maybe a surprise batting success.

I think it is fair to say that Tyson literally battered Bill Edrich into the Test side. A ball from Tyson in a match just before the selections were made laid the tiniest but toughest English cricketer flat out in a pool of his own blood.

Edrich was carried from the

scene, refusing a stretcher, while sawdust was sprinkled in the blood. After a night in hospital, he walked out of the pavilion at Lord's on the following morning and promptly tried to hook Tyson's first ball. This display of courage must have swayed the selectors in his favor.

Edrich comes from sturdy



MISS MARGARET  
HUGHES, the writer  
of this article, is a widely  
acclaimed cricket critic  
in England.

She is the author of  
"All on a Summer's  
Day," a cricket book, of  
which Neville Cardus says  
in the foreword:

"Very few cricket reporters in Fleet Street can write on the game with as much observation, sense of scene and character, and knowledge of the things that technically and tactically matter as Miss Hughes."

Miss Hughes will be writing on the 1954-55 Test cricket series for us.

Cricket fascinated Miss Hughes from her first Lord's visit, when she saw Patsy Hendren bat. Then she saw Harold Larwood bowl and Walter Hammond bat in a Test match.

These players filled her with a determination to see more cricket.

yeoman stock. There are seven Edrich brothers — four have played in county cricket and, with fathers and uncles, the family forms its own team and turns out for a yearly match in Norfolk.

I've an idea the presence of Bill Edrich will help Denis Compton to overcome his Australian hoodoo.

Compton and Edrich, like Tyson and Andrew, were boys together. They pushed the heavy roller when they served on the ground staff at Lord's and sold scorecards to the public. Their successful careers ran parallel and in 1947 their stars blazed. Both broke long-standing cricket records; both batted, bowled, and fielded brilliantly and brought the championship to Middlesex.

It's amazing how many of the team come from large sporting families of boys, or who have sons of their own.

Brian Statham, another fast bowler, has four brothers and a baby son. There are four Graveney brothers. Peter May comes from a family of boys and there are, of course, the Bedser twins. Denis Compton has an equally famous brother, Leslie, and two sons of his own. Hutton has two boys. Trevor Bailey has a son and so has Bill Edrich.

Compton, Edrich, Statham, and Graveney can thank their own fathers for making them play cricket.

Tom Graveney's father was such an enthusiastic amateur sportsman that he made his four boys play all ball games and become really proficient in them. Tom played Rugby, tennis, hockey, golf, and cricket, and after the war he was faced with the problem of whether to become a professional golfer — he is a scratch player — or whether to play cricket.

In the toss-up cricket won. He loves his golf, but when his batting form went to pieces some time ago he even gave up the game for a time to see if that would help restore his batting powers.

One young cricketer whose father was certain that he would one day play for England is Colin Cowdrey. Mr.



VICE-CAPTAIN Peter May is  
a young player of great promise. He is a stylish batsman, popular with English cricket crowds.

Cowdrey was so mad about cricket that he called his boy Michael Colin so that his initials would be M.C.C.

It did seem, in one part of the cricket season, as if Mr. Cowdrey would be disappointed this time, for Colin, captain of Oxford, lost his form.

But the selectors are putting their faith in Colin's undoubted talent and ability, which has been obvious ever since he was a schoolboy.

Bob Appleyard is another young player whose chances of selection were dubious for a time. Two years ago Appleyard was told he had tuberculosis and he must give up cricket. Bob has been away for a cure and is now pronounced fit.

If his health doesn't trouble him, his bowling will certainly trouble the Australians, because he varies his flight and pace and has all English batsmen worried whenever he comes on to bowl.

Despite the howls from certain members of our Press, I think it's a good team. I think our batting is stronger than Australia's now that Lindsay Hassett has retired, but Australia gains many points on fielding.

It will be, I'm sure, another close rubber, with the result in the balance until the final Test. But, whatever the result, I can't wait to come to Australia and see for myself.



# Special Feature

## YOUR SUMMER FIGURE

• What is the beauty asset every woman covets most as summer days arrive? A lovely figure, of course, trim, slim, and elegant even in the briefest hot-weather attire. Fortunately this is an asset that really can be won—often with a bonus of added health and energy—by anyone willing to pay the price of sustained self-discipline.

THIS reliable guide to figure loveliness takes you step by step through the various stages your own thoughts and questions are likely to follow, from frank diagnosis of your own good and bad points right through to a little cunning camouflage at the end.

If you are overweight, dieting is obvious wisdom. But this need not be a grim, rigid discipline. Within permissible limits you'll find a wide choice of food available, much of which may be of the kinds you like best, and, once you have weathered the body's first reaction to change, in quantities adequate to satisfy even the heathiest appetite.

But sometimes figure faults are not a matter of being too fat or too thin, but of over or under development of some specific part of the body, or of loss of suppleness. Exercise, always desirable, is then essential, and, in forms designed to attack specific figure faults, can be quite rewarding fun.

If working your way to grace is too hard a road, passive reducing may give you a good start and, perhaps, encourage you to add the measure of diet control that can speed and confirm results.

Perhaps you have a lovely figure and want to keep it; perhaps you've lost your former tiny silhouette; perhaps you never had one. Whichever it is, this supplement will tell you the answer you want most. The prize is yours if you'll really persevere.

• Compiled by G. H. Donald, M.A. (Nutrition), B.Sc., and Ethne Davies and published by exclusive arrangement with the Good Housekeeping Magazine.



WINTER WEATHER and the rich foods that go with it often add unwanted inches to trim waistlines.

## FIGURES ABOUT FIGURES . . . How can one check on figure faults?

Strip, study your figure in a long mirror, checking on these points: are muscles firm, no fatty bulges or bony structures; is your spine straight, carriage erect without stiffness or effort, bust high and breathing rhythmic; are your measurements about average?

### What are average measurements?

This chart will serve as a rough guide to ideal beauty measurements, but don't worry if you weigh a few pounds over or under:

Height	Age 20 to 30	Age 30 and over
5ft. 0in.	84. 0lb.	84. 0lb.
5ft. 1in.	84. 0lb.	84. 12lb.
5ft. 2in.	84. 11lb.	84. 11lb.
5ft. 3in.	84. 11lb.	84. 23lb.
5ft. 4in.	84. 23lb.	84. 23lb.
5ft. 5in.	84. 23lb.	84. 23lb.
5ft. 6in.	84. 23lb.	84. 23lb.
5ft. 7in.	84. 23lb.	84. 23lb.
5ft. 8in.	84. 23lb.	84. 23lb.
5ft. 9in.	84. 23lb.	84. 23lb.
5ft. 10in.	84. 23lb.	84. 23lb.
5ft. 11in.	84. 23lb.	84. 23lb.

Bust	Waist	Hips	Thigh	Calf	Ankle	Up. Arm
32	24	35	18	12	8	9
32½	24½	35½	18½	12½	8	9½
33½	25	36	19	12½	8	9½
34	25½	36½	19	12½	8½	9½
34½	26	37	19½	13	8½	9½
35	26½	37½	19½	13½	8½	10
35½	27	38	20	13½	8½	10
36	27½	38½	20½	13½	8½	10½
36½	28	39	20½	13½	9	10½
37	28½	39½	20½	14	9	10½
37½	29	40	20½	14	9½	10½
38	29½	40½	21	14½	9½	11
38½	30	41	21	14½	9½	11
39	30½	41½	21	14½	9½	11
39½	31	42	21	14½	9½	11
40	31½	42½	21	14½	9½	11
40½	32	43	21	14½	9½	11
41	32½	43½	21	14½	9½	11
41½	33	44	21	14½	9½	11
42	33½	44½	21	14½	9½	11
42½	34	45	21	14½	9½	11
43	34½	45½	21	14½	9½	11

Does the size of one's bone frame affect the standard weight?

Definitely. The table already given shows how weight should compare with height, and being large or small boned probably also makes some difference. It is instructive, too, to compare the first "ideal beauty" table with the following which a life insurance company drew up based on particulars of clients who proved the best insurance risks:

Women		Men	
5ft. 0in.	84. 4lb.	5ft. 2in.	104. 2lb.
5ft. 1in.	84. 11lb.	5ft. 4in.	104. 8lb.
5ft. 2in.	84. 23lb.	5ft. 6in.	104. 23lb.
5ft. 3in.	84. 23lb.	5ft. 8in.	104. 23lb.
5ft. 4in.	84. 23lb.	5ft. 10in.	104. 23lb.
5ft. 5in.	84. 23lb.	5ft. 11in.	104. 23lb.
5ft. 6in.	84. 23lb.	6ft. 0in.	104. 23lb.

Continued on page 32



# New CREST

WITH CREME-ROSE WAVING LOTION

guarantees a faster,  
longer-lasting, more natural  
wave . . .

The new Creme-Rose Waving Lotion is the secret! Crest, with Creme-Rose Waving Lotion, acts faster . . . and your wave is guaranteed to last longer than ever before. And while it waves it conditions your hair. For months to come, your hair will be soft and shining—with the same spring and life as naturally curly hair.



## Double Your Money Back Offer

The makers of Crest have such confidence in its success that, if it doesn't give you the best results you have ever had from a Home Perm, when home-used according to the instructions, they will give you double your money back.

This attractive hostess uses Crest Home Permanent to give her hair that well-groomed look, on duty and off. Whether swimming at Surfers Paradise or Cottesloe, or attending to the comfort of passengers on the 3,000-mile run between Perth and Cairns, her CREST Wave stays wonderfully easy to manage, soft and natural looking.



Crest . . . the choice of Australian National Airways Hostesses



Crest is available in 2 Kits. Full Kit, Refill (for any make of curler), Junior Kit for end curls.

C.35.WW143g

# The first questions

YOUR SUMMER FIGURE

Continued from page 31

How many ways are there of tackling figure faults?

Four: Dieting; exercising; passive reducing; and clever dressing.

Which is the quickest way?

Dieting. It may even be quicker if you do exercises as well.

Why must one both diet and exercise to slim? Why not one or the other?

Diet reduces all-over weight. But as you break down fatty tissue, the skin loosens slightly and to counteract this you should exercise to tone and tighten skin and muscles and gain firm contours for your new, smaller shape.

Does a loss in weight always mean a decrease in measurements and vice versa?

Yes, it is almost inevitable, and the first part likely to be affected is one's "spare tyre" because the liver, situated in that region, is one of the body's chief storage places. Elsewhere, if girth is due to flabby muscles or excessive muscular development, there is not likely to be much obvious difference, unless the loss is very substantial. Dieting of itself will not give the body suppleness, muscular control, or grace; that's why exercise has such an important place in this supplement.

How much exercise must be taken to offset a disregard for diet?

An awful lot. Here's a table to show you how little food is needed to provide energy for a lot of work:

For 1 hour spent	You need	Represented by
Standing . . . . .	40 calories	1 slice bread
Washing up, typewriting rapidly, driving a car . . . . .	70 "	1 " "
Sweeping floors . . . . .	100 "	1 1/2 slices "
Walking slowly, carpentering . . . . .	140 "	1 3/4 " "
Dancing . . . . .	224 "	2 " "

Remember, too, "bread" means bread without butter.

When one's figure seems to have "run together," is it possible to get back the well-defined silhouette of earlier years?

Yes. Exercise is the answer. Study your posture, and practise daily dozen and bust-lifting movements given in our exercise section.

Can one at fifty, growing set and stiff in movement, recapture former suppleness?

Yes, by exercise, but go gradually. Begin with daily half-hour walks, increase to an hour or more. Study your posture, always "walking tall" with an upward pull from behind the ears. After some weeks, try more strenuous exercise. Tennis, golf, swimming, riding are all good if you've practised them before.

Is sixty too old for exercise?

No, but cautions above apply even more.

If one does all the housework and gardening, but stays fat, can more exercise really be the answer?

Yes, and you can put it to the test. Try our hip and waist exercises for two days. If they make you stiff, that's sure proof your general household activities do not bring those specific muscles into play. Select exercise to attack the specific parts of the body most prone to flabby fat. Dieting is also necessary.



Are there exercises for fattening as well as for slimming?

Yes, but they take longer to achieve results. They are based on the theory that thinness may be due to tension which can be broken down by the correct movements.

Why do some reducing exercises seem no different from fattening ones?

The movements may be identical but the difference lies in tempo. The overweight person has to achieve perspiration; the underweight works more slowly to stimulate and build.

If one is not overweight or over-large, but, so people say, just clumsy, what is the answer?

The trouble is probably poor co-ordination of muscles. Each body has its own rhythm and grace, often hidden under stiffness due to lack of elasticity of muscles, especially in highly strung folk living under tension. Try limbering and stretching movements to refresh and relax body and nerves. And there's nothing like ballroom dancing to give smooth balance and fine co-ordination.

What causes a middle-aged spread?

The causes are usually that one tends to take less exercise as one gets older, but to eat the same amount of food. Less food is needed as one gets older—5-10 per cent. fewer calories for each 10 years over 25.

Why do some people put on weight while others, who seem to eat as much, don't?

Nobody really knows. Calories can do three things—build up the body, provide energy, be expended in heat. Generally, excess of calories, after providing normal body and energy requirements, makes fat. It is possible, though, that non-fattens can get rid of some excess calories by a faster loss of heat from the body than their fatter "twins."

## The passive way

What is passive reducing?

Any slimming method that doesn't involve one's own effort.

What can be done if health does not permit exercising?

Try salon massage, if you can manage the cost; or an electric home-massager used regularly if you can't.

Could one lose a stone by regular weekly Turkish baths?

We doubt it. Weight lost by accelerated perspiration is liable to be made up as soon as food and fluid are taken.

Does salon slimming-massage give only temporary results?

Massage will only give permanent effects if backed by sensible diet. A reliable salon will give each client diet pointers which are not necessarily strict but which will ensure that the good effects of massage are not cancelled.

Can one prepare a slimming bath at home?

Yes, with a handful (not more) of Epsom salts to a bathful of hot water. The salts help to increase perspiration. Wrap yourself in a blanket before leaving the bathroom, remain wrapped in it in bed, and you may be able to continue the good work while you sleep.

What does a chin strap do?

Helps restore contour tone by holding slack jaw and chin muscles firmly in their former high position. Can be made from a strip of crepe bandage tied securely on top of your head. Should be worn during sleeping hours for best results, and, tied correctly, need cause no discomfort.

Are slimming drugs effective? If so, why bother to diet or exercise?

Slimming drugs are dangerous unless taken under strict medical supervision. They work by inhibiting the appetite and may do so to such an extent that loss of energy, anaemia, and a general breakdown in health could result. They may also permanently derange the working of the intestines.



# The dietetic A.B.C.

## Which is the best slimming diet?

One which follows the standard rules for a balanced diet. Freak diets should never be followed except under doctor's supervision.

## Will laughing make one fat?

It might help. You laugh because you're happy—a contented disposition leads to better digestion—good digestion to the maximum assimilation of foods.

## What is the element in food that makes people put on weight?

Calories—but only those taken in excess of what are needed to provide energy. They are found in all types of food, but more in some types than in others. For instance, a large plateful of salad will contain far fewer than a small piece of cake or a small bar of chocolate.

## To control one's figure, should one count calories, and, if so, how many make an average daily allowance, and how does one count them?

Ideally, they should be counted, and an average allowance for slimming and maintaining health is about 1000-1500 a day. But many people haven't time to count calories. They may follow these general rules and be sure they are on right lines: eat fruit and vegetables generously; have two or three servings daily of lean meat, poultry, game, fish, cheese, or eggs; include a little fat to stay hungry; cut out sugar and eat very little starchy food. (Helpful reading: Chemical Composition of Foods, McGance & Widdowson.)

## Is it a good idea to skip meals?

No. It is unwise to leave the stomach empty over long periods, except on medical advice, and may lead to a feeling of unusual tiredness.

## How about eating between meals?

Harmless provided the food taken is part of the day's allowance and not self-indulgent "extras."

## About how much food makes up 1000 calories, and what sort of menu is possible?

A 1000-calorie diet can be made up in various ways, but the following will give you a general idea of the sort of plan that can be followed:

Breakfast	
Orange	
Boiled egg	
1 slice of slightly buttered wholemeal bread	
Tea, without sugar	
Morning Tea	
1 glass of skimmed milk	
Lunch	
Clear vegetable soup	
Salad with cottage cheese	
1 slice of slightly buttered wholemeal bread	
Afternoon Tea	
1 glass of skimmed milk	
Dinner	
Tea without sugar	
4oz. lean meat, fish, or poultry	
Two vegetables other than potatoes	
Fruit jelly sweetened with saccharin	
1 glass of skimmed milk	

## Would severe dieting be necessary to lose a mere 10lb.?

Severe dieting should never be undertaken without doctor's advice. A measure of self-discipline, of course, is necessary if you are to follow any diet. A specific answer to this question would depend much on what sort of diet you were already following. Usually a comparatively small loss of weight can be effected by cutting out sugar and foods containing it—cakes, biscuits, and some of the bread.

## How long does it take to lose weight by dieting?

Depends on how much you are overweight, but an average loss of two pounds a week would be a reasonable standard, and, taking this as an average, you can easily calculate the time needed to arrive at a set weight, but there are plateau periods during which the rate of loss tends to slow down and even stop completely as one reaches normal.

## Is it possible to keep down to 1000 calories a day and yet lose no weight?

Yes. It has been observed (though the cause is not fully understood) that at times there is no loss of weight in spite of strict dieting. It is possible that the body adjusts itself to the lowered intake of food and learns to make a little go further! These "plateau periods" can be very depressing, but perseverance with the diet eventually brings results.



## Does the diet always have to be lowered, even after a desired decrease has been effected?

People who tend easily to put on weight must always watch diet. But food habits change, and it is a consoling thought that in time one often comes to like the new regime.

## How can one avoid getting run-down and losing energy while dieting?

Don't attempt to lose more than 2lb. a week unless on doctor's orders. A well-balanced slimming diet is a very healthy one, and you should certainly not suffer loss of energy but rather the reverse.

## How can one avoid hunger when dieting?

Doctors sometimes prescribe pills for this purpose, but actually they are not always necessary. At first hunger may be intense, but after a week or so the stomach contracts and is satisfied with a smaller amount of food.

## How can one avoid constipation while dieting?

If your diet is perfectly balanced it is unlikely this trouble will occur, but sometimes a bulky diet has this effect. If so, consult your doctor. He'll probably advise sieving fruit and vegetables. Taking bran may rectify the trouble if the diet is not sufficiently bulky.

## Should one always seek a doctor's advice before dieting?

No. A balanced slimming diet is only a variation of a normal one, and, provided the loss of weight is not more than 2lb. a week, it is no more necessary to consult him than when planning one's daily meals. But freak, slim-quick diets are an altogether different matter and should never be followed without medical advice.

## Is it dangerous for a person with heart trouble to diet?

Rather the reverse, for lowering weight lessens the burden on the heart. All the same, it would be wise to seek a doctor's consent and advice.

## If one has to eat with other people and has no say in menu-preparing, is there any "plan of eating" that can help?

Yes. Try to cut out puddings and have fresh fruit instead; take a large serving of the second vegetable, omitting potatoes; drink—but don't eat at afternoon tea and have all drinks unsweetened; cut out sweets and chocolate.

## Is a slimming diet deficient in vitamins?

Not of Vitamin C, provided a plan like the one just given is followed, but cutting out bread and potatoes may cause a deficiency of Vitamin B1.

## What is the Hay diet?

One based on the fallacy that proteins and carbohydrates should never be eaten at the same meal. It tends to be slimming because such dishes as steamed puddings, pastry, etc., have to be cut down in order to keep to the basic theory.

## Is it dangerous for young children to diet?

Yes, except under expert advice. Much harm can be done to a growing child if all the "ingredients" necessary for growth are not present in his meals.

Continued on page 35



You can have  
a flawless baby skin  
with *Pears*

She's only fourteen months old, but this baby can tell you a thing or two about a lovely complexion. That precious skin has been tenderly cared for since birth by gentle Pears Soap. And Pears' purity and mildness, so important to baby, are important to *your* skin, too. You know it's mild because every cake is matured for a full 14 weeks. If you want a softer, smoother complexion, give your skin Pears care from today.



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can look right  
through it!



P.S.44, W.W.143g



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**1. Sheer Transparent Flattery**—when puffed on extra lightly.

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Use Max Factor Dual Purpose Face Powder either way . . . generously, to cover slight imperfections . . . or extra lightly, for transparent flattery.

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P.S. *Pleasantly fragrant.*

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Standard size, 8/11

Medium size, 5/11

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# Rules about food

Continued from page 33

**Are starch-reduced breads and crisp-breads less fattening than ordinary bread?**

Usually their calorie-content per ounce is higher than that of bread, but, because most of them need a lot of chewing or weigh so very light, one tends to eat far less of them. Six starch-reduced rolls, for instance, may only weigh as much as one slice of bread. One starch-reduced loaf on the market weighs only 3½ oz. and is marked by ridges into 21 slices—six to 10z.

**Is brown bread less fattening than white?**

There's little difference. White has slightly more calories, but brown is slightly more digestible.

**Is glucose fattening?**

Glucose is only sugar in another form. The types of sugar we usually eat (granulated, castor, etc.) are converted into glucose by the action of the digestive juices.

**What about cereals—cornflakes, etc.?**

Yes, they must all be included among foods that fatten. But if you want to include them in your diet, and hunger presses, choose one of the bulky ones that "weigh light." They all run to about 100 calories per ounce. Thus a really large serving of cooked porridge or a satisfying-looking helping of a flaky cereal may have only the same calorie-content as a quarter-cup of bran or concentrated cereal.

**Should one cut out all fried foods when slimming?**

Not necessarily, but frying does add to the calories, especially of very absorbent foods. Chips are three times as fattening as boiled potatoes; onions, perfectly permissible boiled, shoot up into the "forbidden" when fried; so do mushrooms, which are much better stewed in skimmed milk. Fat is a very concentrated food (twice as concentrated as carbohydrates), but it has a special advantage—having greater "staying power," it delays the pangs of hunger, and so may help you to be contented with less food.

**Must one cut out potatoes?**

No, a 4oz. (medium-sized) potato, boiled or baked in its skin, is roughly equivalent to one slice of bread.

**Which type of cheese is best for a slimming diet?**

Those made from skimmed milk have the lowest calorie-content—e.g., some Dutch (about 77 calories per ounce) or a cottage cheese (only 27). Most cheeses have about 100 calories to the ounce, but rich varieties such as Stilton and Camembert may go up to 135.

**Most diets stress fruit and vegetables. Does this permit all varieties of each?**

Yes, except potatoes. Some vegetables (peas, 6-9 calories per ounce) have rather more calories than others; some rather less (e.g., celery, cucumber, marrow, endive, mushrooms, all about 2-3 calories per ounce)—but all, compared with a day's allowance of about 1000 calories, or with the 130 calories in an ounce of toffee, have negligible fattening effects.

**Is margarine less fattening than butter?**

No, exactly the same.

**May one eat as many vegetables and salads as one likes on a slimming diet?**

Except for potatoes, the answer is a fairly definite "yes," for fatigue would set in and one's jaw muscles ache before one was able to eat enough to be fattening. A good plateful of salad (2oz. lettuce, 1oz. grated carrot, 1oz. beetroot, 1 tomato, 4oz. cucumber, or 1½ spinach plus 4oz. swede) would only amount to about 40 calories, but would be enough to satisfy even a ravenous appetite.

**Are any fruits fattening?**

Any food eaten in excess of one's needs is fattening, but, generally speaking, all fruits may be eaten. A banana has twice as many calories as an eating apple—so if you are hungry, stick to apples—and stewed dried apricots rank with bananas. Avoid other dried fruits and tinned ones because of the sugar they contain.

**If fruit is very expensive, is there any alternative?**

Yes, vegetables, salads, and tomatoes. There is plenty of Vitamin C even in vegetables such as cabbage and sprouts.

**Are nuts fattening?**

Nuts are certainly a concentrated form of food, but cannot fatten unless eaten in sufficient quantities to give the body more than the necessary supply of calories. In a diet they may well be used to replace meat or cheese, and the effort involved in chewing may limit the temptation to over-indulgence. Coconuts and chestnuts are the best, and Brazil and Barcelona the worst, with peanuts and almonds as close runners-up.

**Is toast fattening?**

Bread, brown or white, toasted or untoasted contains exactly the same number of calories, slice for slice.

**How many calories are there in the normal family meal?**

Here is a calorie chart that should cover most of your needs.

Breakfast foods: 1-3oz. orange 34, ¼ small grapefruit 20, 1oz. cooked prunes (no sugar) 88, 1 teaspoon butter 36, 1 slice white bread 72, 1 slice wholemeal bread 69, 1oz. cornflakes 36, 6oz. milk 108, 1 egg 80, 1oz. bacon (approximately half a rasher) 100, 1 teaspoon sugar 20.

Lunch and dinner foods: 4oz. tomato juice 25, 1 cup vegetable soup 70, 1 lean chop 130, pork sausages (fried) 380, 1½ lb. steak 680, 5oz. stew 550, 2 small rissoles 236, 1oz. lean roast lamb 75, 1oz. lean roast beef 80, 1oz. roast veal 80, 1oz. breast of chicken 58, half small chicken 334, 3oz. smoked fish 79, ¼ cup tinned salmon or similar fish 150, 3oz. potatoes 72, 1 small baked potato 85, 3oz. carrots 40, 3oz. turnips 12, 3oz. cabbage 30, 3oz. beans 16, ½ small head of lettuce 18, 10 slices cucumber 10, 3 stalks celery 15, 8 sticks asparagus 15, 3oz. tomato 15, 1 bucket icecream 55, 1oz. cheese 118, ¼ cup cream cheese 55, tea or coffee (no sugar or milk) 0, half tablespoon cream 15.

Afternoon tea foods: 1 plain, sweet biscuit 50, 3oz. pound cake 380, 3oz. plain cake 350, 3oz. sponge cream cake 330.

Drinks: 1oz. dry or sweet sherry 42 (an average sherry glass holds 2oz.), 1-10oz. glass beer 105, 1oz. rum (not overproof) 90, 1 gin squash (containing 1oz. gin) 150, 1oz. whisky 190.

**What is the daily food intake needed to keep healthy on a low-calorie diet?**

This has been scientifically worked out. The following table provides for all known nutritional needs while reducing calories enough to assure weight loss:

1 pint milk.  
2 eggs.  
4oz. meat, poultry, fish, or cheese.  
3 slices wholemeal bread.  
¼ cup cereal.  
1 serving green or yellow vegetables (asparagus, broccoli, carrots, french beans, leafy green vegetables).  
2 servings other vegetables (tomato; vegetables commonly served raw, like celery, cucumber, lettuce, and cabbage, or other cooked vegetables).  
1 serving citrus fruit.  
2 servings other fruit.  
3 teaspoons butter or margarine.

Use less fat (fried foods, gravies, salad dressings) and less sugar in coffee, on cereals, or on fruit.

Continued on page 36

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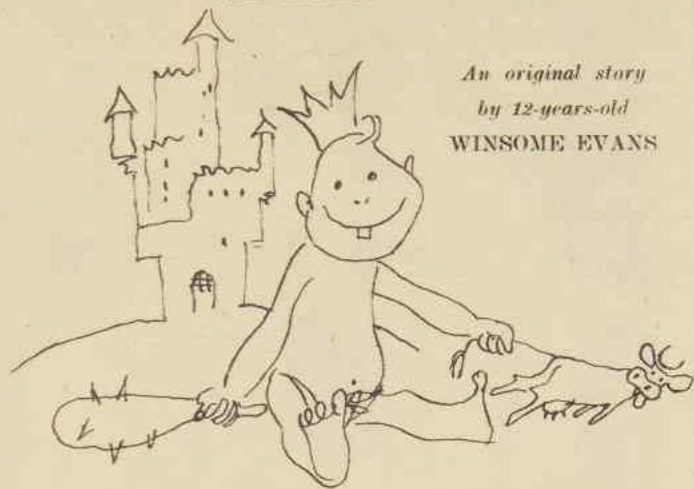
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# The Giant with one tooth



An original story  
by 12-years-old  
WINSOME EVANS

THE excited giants clustered round the Royal Notice Board, which read as follows:—

"To-day, at the Palace, a baby prince giant was born; his weight is 20 stone and his length is 8 feet. The King is very pleased to announce that the young baby giant was born with one tooth."

Now you might be wondering why it was important to announce the baby giant had been born with one tooth, but the giantland legend states that should a prince be born with a tooth his reign, when he becomes King, will be peaceful and prosperous.

Throughout the day, the happy giants brought their gifts to the Palace for the new giant prince. Some brought gifts of gold and silver, others fine and costly baby clothes, but a poor widow, unable to afford an expensive gift, brought a TUBE OF IPANA TOOTHPASTE and lovingly placed it amongst the others.

As King Giant and his Queen looked through the beautiful presents they sighed. So much of it could not be used for the baby. Suddenly the Queen cried out excitedly, "Oh, look, a TUBE OF IPANA TOOTHPASTE! This means more to our little baby giant than all the other gifts. I will go and clean his tooth with this immediately." "Yes," answered the King, "this will prevent decay and encourage his other teeth to come through."

And, do you know that, although Prince Giant is now King Giant, he has never known the agony of toothache.

This original story won for 12-years-old Winsome Evans the first prize in a children's radio contest recently organised by a leading radio station.

That Winsome has a talent for writing is evident. She earns full marks for originality, construction and choice of words.

What is equally evident is her enthusiasm for Ipana toothpaste. As in all good stories, the facts are stretched a little. Even the makers of Ipana do not expect that newborn babies will start using Ipana immediately. Nor do they guarantee that Ipana will eliminate tooth decay always and forever.

But there is no doubt about it that conscientious brushing with anti-enzyme Ipana after meals—from early childhood through adulthood—plus regular check-ups with your dentist, is the surest way to avoid tooth decay and gum troubles.

As well—Ipana makes teeth cleaner, whiter, more sparkling than ever. And (this is what appeals to children most) . . . Ipana is foamier . . . it has the freshest, coolest, mintiest flavour of all!

All toothpastes cost much the same . . . but there's a world of difference. Why not choose the best . . . IPANA. It's available only from your chemist



A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

## Rules about liquids

YOUR  
SUMMER  
FIGURE

Continued from page 35

### Which are the most fattening, solids or liquids?

It all depends on which ones. An ice-cream soda is much more fattening than a plate of salad.

### Can drinking lots of water cause overweight?

Water of itself cannot be fattening, for it contains no calories. Yet if you drink less water than the body needs, there is an apparent loss of weight. This is cheering until you find that, when normal drinking is resumed, weight goes up again. If you eat a good deal of salt as well as drink a lot of water, this will increase weight, because salt tends to hold water in the body.

### What is the dehydration diet?

A diet which causes a temporary loss of weight by restriction of liquids. But as the body has a mechanism for restoring its water-content to normal, as soon as you start taking liquids again you make up automatically what you have lost.

### Is alcohol fattening?

Yes. But if alcohol has been forbidden on account of its caloric-content only, the rule may be broken if some other food of equal caloric value is omitted to balance.

### Is tea fattening?

No, not of itself, but the things that go with it certainly are—sugar, cakes, buns, biscuits, sandwiches are taboo to a would-be slimmer.

### Are fruit juices slimming?

Not canned juices, certainly, for they contain added sugar. In any case it is better for a normal healthy person to eat the whole fruit, for this adds bulk and helps to appease the appetite.

### When slimming, is it better to drink with or between meals?

It makes little difference, except that drinking with meals increases the bulk in the stomach and so may curtail the amount eaten, as a sense of fullness begins earlier.

### Are sauces or gravies fattening?

This may or may not be. A large amount of sauce would be, but the usual serving (1-2 tablespoonfuls, or 2-1½ oz.) would contain no more than 30-60 calories even though made with fat and full-cream milk, and much less if made with skimmed milk and no fat. Gravies made of thickened meat juices, provided the fat is poured off, also can be almost discounted. But sweet sauces must be watched because of the sugar they contain.

### How does one disguise a short neck and a long waist?

Follow hints already given on short-neck camouflage. Try also bright, contrasting, wide belts and cummerbunds, and slender skirts. Loose jackets and topcoats are also good, especially combined with cardigans or collarless necklines.

### If one is five-feet-two, are fitting or full, loose lines best?

Depends on the legs and waist. If they're slim and neat, go for the fitted styles; if not, choose barrel jackets and duster-type coats. If you are really broad, buy clothes that are ultra-simple, preferably with gored or pleated skirts, and wear semi-tailored or button-through dresses with neat accessories.

## Working it off

### Can one really reduce weight by exercising?

Only violent and prolonged exercises will actually reduce weight. Beauty exercises aim rather at inducing suppleness, control; at firming flabby muscles, and trimming and improving the shape of the figure.

### For how long should slimming exercises be done each day?

At least 15 minutes—longer if you can manage it.

### Is morning or evening the best time?

Afternoon is perhaps best of all, with exercise followed by a rest. At night before sleeping is almost equally as good, but violent exercise on waking may be too sudden a shock for the system.

### How is deep breathing connected with slimming exercises?

Much excess weight is due to accumulated waste matter in the body tissues. Increased circulation and the deeper breathing which it stimulates help to carry away these poisons.

### Why is outdoor exercise stressed over indoor?

Because the air outdoors is purer, and the deeper breathing induced by exercising therefore earns better dividends.

### What outdoor sports are specially beautifying to the figure?

Tennis, golf, skating, swimming, and riding.

### How about cycling? Does it overdevelop the legs and broaden the thighs?

Cycling is a splendid all-over exercise if practised in moderation, but any very long stretches of sitting—on a cycle or elsewhere—tend to spread the hips slightly, and a great deal of leg exercise is likely to have a firming effect on the calves.

Continued on page 38



one

two

three

four

Make yourself these

# 4 Summer Dresses

for 40/- each (or even less)

Sew with

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Washable  
Fadeless  
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Every woman can make herself a summer wardrobe frock by frock (40/- by 40/-) and still stretch her budget to hats, shoes, bags. No dry cleaning bills because all these delustrated English prints wash like cottons, dry as swiftly, but look and stay dressier. Even ready-made Super Merriespun dresses sell for a song. Teenage and children's frocks and women's housegowns also available at Australia's leading stores. Look for the labels on all garments.

POLAR COOL  
because the finish is smooth, fuzz free.  
It's fuzz which makes dresses  
hot against the skin.

CEP  
FABRIC



When one's figure is restored to normal, after, say, six months of exercise, can the exercises be stopped?

Efforts can safely be eased off, but not discontinued completely. A daily dozen will keep the newly restored muscle control up to par.

**What is a good routine for ankle-slimming?**

1. Sit on floor with feet stretched out in front, knees and heels together; now point toes alternately up and down with brisk, businesslike movement, stretching every muscle; point 12 times in each direction. 2. Take the same starting position, but cross one leg over the other and describe circles with the free foot; circle clockwise and anti-clockwise, 12 times each way, first with one foot, then the other.

**If round shoulders are one's chief figure fault, what can be done to achieve a better posture?**

Try these exercises: 1. Stand erect with arms bent so that fingertips just meet (palms down) in front of the chest; pull shoulders back in little jerks so that the two hands are as far apart as possible; repeat 20 times. 2. With arms in same position but fists lightly clenched, work the elbows in circles—small at first, gradually increasing in size—12 times. Keep head erect during both exercises to prevent chin poking forward.

**How can one strengthen a weak back?**

Try these exercises: 1. Stand up straight, feet apart, head erect, arms outstretched at sides, fists clenched and facing upwards, pretend you are holding an iron bar that you want to bend, and slowly push your arms upwards as if you are resisting pressure; repeat 10 times. 2. Sit on the floor, legs outstretched and apart, head up, tummy well in; bring forward the left hand to touch the right toes, at the same time stretching the right arm backwards; return to starting position and repeat with right arm to left toes, keeping left arm stretched backward; repeat 10 times.

**Can exercise correct a double chin?**

Yes. Try this: Slap the chin briskly with the backs of the hands, using one after another in quick circles. Then throw head slightly back to make muscles taut. Now lift up the lower jaw as if trying to lift the body off the floor through the power of your jaw; repeat 10 times.

## Beating the bulge

YOUR SUMMER FIGURE

Continued from page 36

**Can one slim a too fat face?**

Holding your shoulders in a normal position, drop your head over to try to touch the left shoulder. Now raise it slowly, stretch high, and repeat on the right shoulder. Don't hunch the shoulder to meet the head. Also try slapping the jaw briskly, first with the left, then the right hand—30 times for each side.

**Can weight be put on at neck and shoulders?**

Only by an overall gain in weight, but posture exercises can improve the line of both by making the bones appear less gaunt. Try these: 1. Lie on your bed, arms relaxed at sides; let your head drop sideways over the edge; then slowly raise head until chin almost touches chest, then slowly lower again; repeat 5 times first day, then work up to 20 times a day. 2. Stand before an open window, inhale slowly, bending the head back slowly; exhale, raising the head and turning to left side; repeat, turning head right.

**How can one get rid of pads of flesh under the shoulder-blades?**

Lie on your back, with arms over head and knees bent. With a spring, lift the upper half of the body, bring the arms forward and touch the knees.

**How can one reduce a heavy bust?**

The bust is a difficult area to influence and a lot of perseverance is necessary to bring results. Try these: 1. Stand erect, arms bent across chest; swing one arm outwards and a little upwards, taking a deep breath through your nose at the same time; breathe out and repeat with other arm. 2. Standing erect, make circles with your arms, after each bring arms to sides; inhale as you lift arms, exhale as you lower them; repeat 12 times.

**How can one fatten flesh around prominent neckbones?**

Practise the two exercises above and this: Clasp hands behind back; tense the arms and slowly turn head from side to side, looking back as far as you can over each shoulder.

**What is the correct way to stand?**

Stretch yourself tall—head up and back, easily—spread shoulders as wide as they'll go. Lift the weight of the whole upper part of your body off your hips. Stretch your waist up, making it as long as you possibly can. Tuck your tail under as if you were trying to squeeze your hips through a narrow space, and point toes straight ahead.

**How can one increase bust measurement?**

1. Place hands on shoulders, breathe in through the nose, moving elbows backward very slowly; as soon as a pull is felt on shoulder-blades, return to starting position. 2. Stand erect, stretch out your arms in front of you; breathe in through your nose and swing arms downward and backward; recover to starting position and then swing outward; as you come to attention after each movement, breathe out through mouth.

**What is a good exercise for reducing the hips?**

1. Sit on floor, very erect, arms akimbo, legs out straight; "walk" forward, then backward, on rump; don't bend knees and keep abdomen pulled up and in; do this up and down the room rapidly several times, to lively music if you can. 2. Lie flat on back, arms out at sides; bring knees to chest, then make a figure of eight with them by swinging them down and to the right, then up to the chest, then down to the left and up to the chest again.

Can one, though apparently quite flat-chested, recover the good bust of one's teens?

Perseverance may do it. Try these: 1. Stand with feet apart, toes turned in slightly, buttocks tucked under; raise arms to shoulder-level in front, fling them back and drop at sides. 2. Stand with feet apart, as above, circle arms widely and vigorously, always keeping a good position with back straight and abdomen up and in. 3. Stand with hands in front of chest, holding left-hand fingers in right; make little pulling movement as if trying to pull fingers from sockets, slowly, meanwhile raising hands till above head.

**What exercises will deal firmly with an obstinate "spare tyre"?**

1. Sit on the floor, legs straight out in front and feet about a yard apart; swing right arm behind and forward to touch left toe, then left arm to right toe; repeat 4 times with each arm. 2. With right arm raised straight in front and held still, swing left back and forward to clap palm of right; repeat with each arm 8 times, keeping head steady.

**How can one reduce a puffy diaphragm?**

Try the exercises given above and this: Extend arms over head and behind to grasp frame of door, keeping heels close to frame; then firmly and gradually work head lower and lower backwards, keeping stomach muscles pulled well in.

**How can one improve fat, flabby arms?**

1. Raise right arm forward and upward, and lower left backward and downward until both are in a straight line; with a swing reverse the position of the arms; repeat 10 times. 2. With smart, brisk movements, keeping arms straight, clap hands above head, then behind body; continue 5 to 10 minutes.



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# HOW TO PLAY TENNIS

By Maureen  
("Little Mo")  
Connolly



Figure 1. Stance for receiving serve.

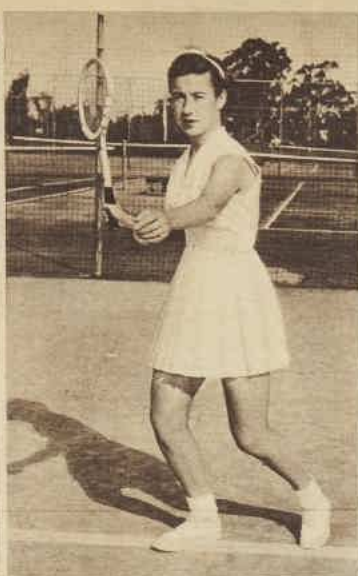


Figure 2. Back swing.



Figure 3. Back swing (rear view).



Figure 4. Forward swing.

## World champion advises beginners on learning the forehand stroke

● This is the first instalment of a special series we will publish from the book "Championship Tennis," by Maureen ("Little Mo") Connolly, who, at 19 years of age, is today the world's outstanding woman tennis champion. In the series she gives valuable and practical advice to tennis players, illustrated by photographs of herself.

IN this instalment I discuss the forehand stroke, which is actually the easiest swing to learn. Beginners will find that they automatically favor this stroke.

The three main forehand grips are the Eastern, the Continental (these are illustrated below), and the Western.

I do not recommend the Western, which has almost disappeared from tennis because of its limited stroke production and awkward grip.

Most top-ranking players prefer the Eastern grip because of its many advantages on all types of surfaces.

Let us assume you've chosen the Eastern for the forehand grip. The next step is the actual stroke and hitting of the ball.

The main things to remember are: (a) footwork, or get-

ting into position, (b) the back swing, (c) keeping your eyes on the ball, (d) the firm grip at impact, and (e) the follow-through.

A very common mistake with beginners is that they try to belt the cover off every ball that comes towards them.

Just keep in mind that the most important thing is to get the ball in play and to hit it within the boundaries of the court. You will be able to acquire power later, but accuracy is the main object for which you should first strive.

I suggest that instead of trying to play someone the first week or so, you talk your father or a friend into hitting you baskets of balls and thus learn to execute your swing smoothly. Bad habits result from trying to play games before you actually know and understand the rhythm of the swing.

Consequently you start "rushing" and forsaking all position to get the ball back. Ask your dad to toss or hit you balls at a nice slow pace until you can hit 500 balls in a row without missing.

**Stance for Receiving Serve:** When the ball leaves your practice partner's hand, you immediately draw back your own racket in a straight, even line, so that the back swing feels comfortable. See Figure 1 above. Note the balance up on the toes and the racket held in front ready.

**Back Swing:** Don't raise the racket head high because that will give you under-slice and side-spin. Instead, keep the racket below your own shoulders.

Another important point to remember is that you have to hit UP to clear the net (see Figures 2 and 3 above). Note the body weight forward in Figure 3.

**Forward Swing:** As you start your forward swing (Figure 4) step out with the left foot (assuming you have already skipped into position) and take a secure grip on the racket handle. Have the knees slightly bent, especially on those low balls, and move your body forward in rhythm with the swing.

**Hitting:** At the moment of impact (Figure 5) the ball should be slightly in front and a little to the right. Never let a ball "crowd" your stroke (that is, never hit the ball too close to your body), and never over-reach for the oncoming

ball. Always try to be in position.

**Follow-Through:** You have now hit the ball and have cleared the net by the three-foot safety margin. The next step is a good "follow-through" (Figures 6 and 7). This is just as important as hitting, because the follow-through is the part of the swing that directs the flight of the ball. Try to aim your racket along the path the ball has been aimed.

If it was a cross-court shot, point the racket head along the court's diagonal.

If it was a down-the-line placement, the head should go towards the line. In all cases, try not to let the racket "wind up around your neck," as that hampers correct body rotation and means that you have crowded your stroke instead of hitting it smoothly.

This is a very common error we all make, but try to correct it while you are still in the learning stage.



Figure 5. Hitting.



Figure 6. Follow-through.

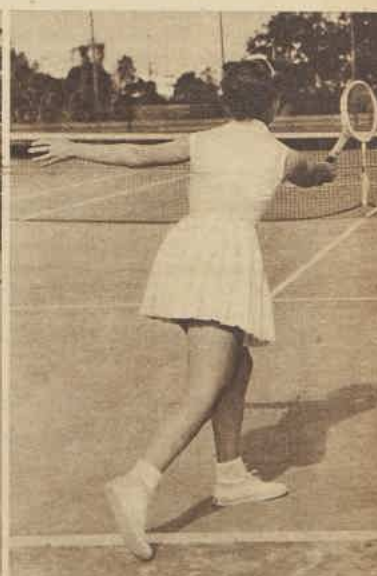


Figure 7. Follow-through (rear view).

### Two ways to hold the racket



**EASTERN GRIP** is obtained by "shaking hands" with the racket. The grip allows maximum power with minimum effort, and wide reach.



**CONTINENTAL GRIP** is extreme and, like the Western, needs a very strong wrist. An expert can execute good slices and chops with it.



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## one



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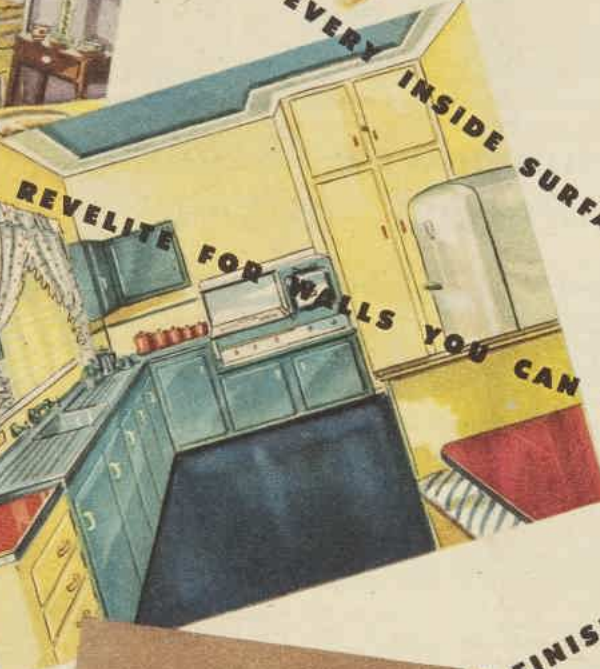
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# The Bronze Mermaid

By Paul Ernst



The Australian Women's Weekly  
Novel September 8, 1954

SUPPLEMENT Must not be sold separately



# THE BRONZE MERMAID

A Mystery Novel by  
**PAUL ERNST**

**J**UST before ten that June night I sipped the last of my coffee at the Auberge de Marseilles, wadded my napkin and tossed it to the table, and asked for the dinner check.

The proprietress waddled with me to the hat-check counter. A lovely night, was it not, monsieur? A night for amour, I said yes and tossed my check at the girl. She handed out my straw hat, and I went to the street, and the night really was kind of lovely. It really was carpentered for couples strolling two by two, and I had one of those dangerous moments that a bachelor of twenty-nine occasionally experiences when he forgets how well off he is. I sighed and went east towards Madison Avenue and my apartment.

The Auberge is far west on Fifty-third, almost at Eighth Avenue, so I had a nice walk ahead of me. I went slowly. And then on the east side of Seventh I saw the girl.

Even in a poor light she was noticeable—about five-three and wearing a tan linen suit that was honored by what it enclosed, with a nice young face that might not have launched a thousand ships but could certainly have set a few tugboats to whistling.

She came into a better lighted strip of sidewalk and turned east on Fifty-third ahead of me, and I noted several other things. The first was that she moved with a strange sort of unobtrusiveness. The second was that she seemed familiar. So much so that I inched up speed and tagged along.

I rather expected her to pop into a taxi at any minute; she was not a pedestrian or subway girl—that suit looked expensive. She was not seeking companionship; her swift and pre-occupied stride showed that. And there was nothing along this street to go to at night except a few night clubs which were not of the better sort.

She crossed another more brightly lighted strip, and I saw the dark-blond hair beneath the small, tipped hat, and I saw the short upper lip that frequently revealed a glimpse of very nice white teeth, and I saw the tilt of the small nose—and I gaped at the girl and really did start to follow her. Because I knew then that I had seen her before, and in circumstances guaranteed later to provoke curiosity about her.

I had seen her in the tag end of a fine case of hysterics, about an hour after she'd been found lying bound and gagged on a handsome parquet floor.

I guess, about now, I should identify myself.

My name is Sam Cates and I work for the Home Protection Insurance Company in New York in a rather unclassified way. I started with them

as an adjuster when I was twenty-three, after leaving the Marine Corps to its own devices due to my kneecap, which was shot up enough to warrant replacing most of it with some sort of metal ending in -ium.

I went along as an adjuster for several years and then I was present at the scene of a fire one time and noticed something that others didn't. To cut a long story short, my noticing revealed a neat case of arson.

The Home Protection Insurance Company thought I was pretty clever and began sending me around on other doubtful cases. I was often distastefully shown up by the more professional noticers on the police force, but all in all my noticing average stayed high enough to satisfy the company. On my office door is "Claims and Adjustments, Samuel B. Cates."

So I am adjuster-noticer-investigator for the Home Protection Insurance Company, and I am five feet ten and weight a hundred and seventy-two pounds and my hair and eyes are brown and I am white, single, and like it.

It was in my untitled role of snooper that I was sent to Senator Keppert's apartment an hour after the Dugsberg diamond was reported stolen.

Senator Keppert you know about. He is sixty or so, three times returned to Washington from his silk stocking New York district, widowed ten years ago, married again seven years ago to the wealthy and much younger Beatrice Salisbury of society-page fame.

**S**ENATOR KEPPERT has a daughter, Marilyn, and a niece as the sole remainder of his family. The niece, Ellen Keppert, is his dead brother's child. She works for Mrs. Keppert as social secretary, and also for her uncle when he's in New York.

The Keppert name is a big one, and the doings of anybody wearing it are the reporters' meat. Even the doings of the niece.

It was certainly meat about Ellen Keppert and the Dugsberg diamond.

Marilyn, the daughter, twenty-four, had come home at two a.m. with her fiancé, Edward Denham, to find her cousin Ellen trussed up with a clothesline on the foyer floor and trying to beat through a washrag stuffed in her mouth.

Released, Ellen told of two rough-looking men who had come to the door, shoved her when she opened it, tied and gagged her, and then ransacked the place. The bedroom of Beatrice Keppert, the Senator's wife, was the section most ransacked; and here a wall safe hung open and the Dugsberg diamond and several other

less notable pieces of jewellery were gone.

Now the Dugsberg diamond is no Hope or Koh-i-noor; it is smaller than a host of stones with no names, getting its label more for its lurid past and historical significance than for its size. But the thing is worth a conservative sixty thousand dollars as merchandise, and more than that as a collector's item; and when the Home Protection vice-president phoned that it had been taken from the Kepperts' apartment, I got over there fast.

I met Marilyn Keppert, a plump, brown-eyed, quiet girl as surely destined for a neat suburban home and four children as if she'd been the daughter of Joe Doakes instead of Senator Keppert.

I met her cousin, Ellen Keppert, a tawny blonde, less handsome possibly than Marilyn but to me, at least, a lot more attractive. Purely as a type, you understand, not attractive to me personally.

Later I met Senator and Mrs. Keppert, he a tall one-looking elderly man, she a vivacious woman of thirty-eight or thirty-nine but looking a good deal younger.

To get back to business . . .

I saw the cut in Ellen's pink scalp where one of the nasty men had slugged her. I saw the wall safe in Mrs. Keppert's bedroom, a vulnerable tin can in which nothing of real value should ever have been placed. I heard the story I listened to Ellen's final hysterics; and I looked at Sergeant McKeough, of the New York Police, and he looked at me.

I don't like to seem suspicious; I trust the average citizen as far as I can throw a small rhinoceros; but I didn't quite buy that story of Ellen Keppert's.

There was no reason for doubt that a fellow could put his hands on.

A couple of thugs could slide into even a building as exclusive as this. Servants could have gossiped about the big stone being in the apartment instead of in a bank vault where it belonged. And the servants, incidentally, had not been suspiciously dismissed for the evening; they lived out and were always gone at such an hour.

Again—why would one of the Kepperts steal their own diamond? Mrs. Keppert, and half the money in Manhattan with a fence around it. The Senator was above suspicion. Marilyn, and, to a lesser extent Ellen, could get any sum in reason just by asking for it; they didn't have to raid the Home Protection Company.

Still, I just couldn't quite believe that yarn about the theft of the stone. I kept my doubts to myself. I went back to my office and reviewed the case and reviewed it and could find



no holes in it, and finally said well, it wasn't my sixty thousand.

And a month later I see Ellen Keppert walking in what seemed to me a furtive manner along Fifty-third Street at a point where nothing was open at ten o'clock at night save a few second-rate night-clubs.

Was it odd that I followed her?

Just after you cross Sixth Avenue on your way towards Fifth you pass a five-story small office and loft building, an anonymous old box with the ground floor lowered a couple of feet. An iron railing separates the sidewalk from the small drop, and there are three steps down, and at the end of the steps is a heavy oak door. A brass plate has simply the number 50. In white rubber engraved upon the black rubber doormat is more amplification. Club 50.

Ellen Keppert stopped in front of the steps and looked down at the door.

I waited and saw her finally lift her chin and walk down and inside.

**C**ERTAINLY the Club 50 was the best of the places along here. It was good enough so that Ellen might just possibly visit it, with a suitable escort. But she did not seem to be entering it in any spirit of pleasure then, and she did not have any kind of escort, suitable or otherwise.

I gave her several minutes and then when I'd judged she would be through the reception-room and into the supper-room, I went in, too, but Miss Keppert was still alone and still in the reception space.

Beyond this was the door to the big main room of the Club 50. Ellen Keppert was near this, peering in as if looking for someone.

She turned before I could back out the street door again. There was nothing to do then but go on to the hat-check counter and deposit my hat. After that I went towards the supper-room and Miss Keppert, staring at her as if trying to place her.

"Ellen Keppert," she said, with one fine eyebrow up a fraction of an inch. "We met a month ago at my uncle's apartment."

"Oh!" I said. "Yes, of course. How are you, Miss Keppert? I hope you haven't had any more unpleasant experiences."

"Not till now," she said, smiling. "And how are you, Mr.?"

"Cates," I said. "Sam Cates, Home Protection Insurance Company."

"That part I remembered. Whose home are you out protecting at the Club Fifty?"

"Not mine," I assured her. "I am homeless. A wail. Now I'd better run along before your partner for the evening finds us talking and gets jealous."

"Five will get you fifty that you know I have no partner."

I shrugged. "I could see you had none when you turned in here, but I supposed you were going to meet . . ."

"No," said Ellen Keppert. "No one, Mr. Cates. I wonder if you'd mind being a paid escort for the evening?"

"It's a little out of my line," I murmured.

"Fifty dollars," she said.

"Why do you want an escort?"

"I think it's plain enough. I want to go in there—she inclined her pretty, tawny head towards the supper-room—"and it's awkward without a man."

"Why do you want to go in there?"

"To see a girl about a mermaid," she replied.

I offered my arm with exaggerated gallantry. "I would be pleased and proud. Even for twenty-five dollars."

She took my arm and we entered the supper-room. I don't know how many second-string night clubs like the 50 there are in New York, but I am sure there are a lot. Room not quite big enough, tables not quite big enough and too close together, orchestra not quite good enough, dancing space not quite commodious enough, entertainers not quite deft enough and clothed enough.

We went to our table and sat down and I looked across at Senator Keppert's favorite niece. She was as well composed and calm and as beautifully turned out in her summer luncheon as any other girl there in full dinner dress.

Yet there was agitation under all the looks and taste and attractiveness.

"What are you really here for?" I asked.

"To see a girl about a mermaid," Ellen repeated.

"Okay. You don't have to answer questions. You've paid for an escort and you'll have an escort, and that's that. But questions and answers are as good a way to pass the time as any, don't you think?"

She shrugged and smiled. I liked just about everything connected with her, and I wished that she were just a girl and this was just an evening and we were just one of those June-baby couples.

"So you came here alone, with no arrangement for a man to squire you," I said.

"I thought I might meet someone I knew," said Ellen. "And I did, didn't I?"

"Of all the people you are acquainted with," I said, "I am about the last you wanted to see here or anywhere to-night, and yet you take me on as an escort."

"You didn't quite believe the story about our diamond, did you? So you have been trailing me."

"I have not," I said hotly. "I happened to see."

"And trail," She nodded. "Here To the Club Fifty. So I got the idea that the best way to keep an eye on you while you were keeping an eye on me was to have you right across a table from me."

"Why keep an eye on me?" I asked.

Ellen sighed. "I'll confess, Mr. Cates, I took the diamond. I needed some pin money. So I hit myself on the head, tied myself up, picked the wall safe in Beatrice's room, and hid the diamond by hanging it with the other prizes on the chandelier. I'm here now to dispose of it."

"With me to watch while you do it."

"You're my alibi. If anything should come out later, how comforting to be able to say, 'Why, Mr. Cates, of the Home Protection Insurance Company, was with me every minute of the time.'"

I stared at her—winsome as a blue-ribbon kitten and, I'd wager, as unethical as a six-cent nickel. "For a watered-down Scotch and soda I'd believe you."

She caught our waiter's eye. "Two Scotches and sodas."

"I believe you," I said.

She laughed, and it was delightful, and she was still nervous underneath, I thought.

I lifted my glass. "You stole a valuable diamond, and I'm with the insurance company trying to get it back."

But even so, let's bury the ice pick."

She laughed again. "You don't care where?"

The lights went down save for a spot, and the orchestra turned sheets of music on its several racks. The orchestra leader, billed as one Dodge Duffy, stepped into the spotlight and smiled at the customers.

"Most of you know our boy Larry," he said. "Larry Call-me-golden-throat. Mansuea Larry has been . . . the activities of Manhattan at five a.m. and he will now give you his findings in song. Larry Mansuea singing 'Manhattan Sunrise.'"

Ellen clapped as if she had come to the 50 just to hear Call-me-golden-throat.

"Good-looking," she said, gazing at the wavy-haired orchestra leader.

"Yeah," I said morosely. I have never been notable for looks myself. "He's pretty. So is Golden Throat."

He was, too. The young man smiling into the spotlight was a good six feet two, big in the shoulders and jaw, slim in the waist. His voice was not up to the rest of him, but that didn't matter; when the clients started throwing pennies, in a few more years, he could turn at last into an entrant of middle-aged ladies in luxury hotels.

He sang of what went on in Manhattan at five a.m., and Ellen applauded almost too generously, and in grateful thanks Golden Throat gave with another song and then another.

"For gosh sake," I said to Ellen, "sit on your hands. There are limits to what can be borne even by dulled senses like mine."

Dodge Duffy, the orchestra leader, may have felt the same way, for his boys finished the second encore with a note of finality. Golden Throat smiled and smiled and bowed and bowed and then went back through the curtained doorway beside the orchestra dais which led to the dressing-rooms in the rear.

Dodge Duffy chummily announced that now we would be entranced by the dancing of the Misses Club 50, and the spotlight broadened and six large girls came out and began the Fifty-third Street version of the catcan.

Ellen stood up in the dimness enveloping all the room except the groaning dance floor. She smiled and said, "Powder-room. Back in a minute" and went off about her business.

I watched.

**E**LLEN moved among the crowded little tables and along the rear of the room to a door over which a dim, boxed light showed the silhouette of a lady with a mammoth powder-puff. She went in. I watched.

I suppose it wasn't cricket. I suppose I should have been gentleman enough to have made sure she did go to the powder-room and then have transferred my attention to the Misses Club 50.

But I watched.

Two women came out of the doorway. Behind them showed a dim, tan linen swirl. There was a movement of the curtain over the doorway leading back to the dressing-rooms. Miss Keppert had gone to the powder-room, all right—and ninety seconds later had slid out and to the next doorway and back to . . . to see her girl about her mermaid?

I drank some of my Scotch and soda. I stared at the dancers, thinking it would be a funny thing if Ellen had really told the truth—that she had taken the diamond and was here to get rid of it somehow.

I didn't see the curtain over the door.



to the dressing-rooms corridor move the second time; I wasn't watching any more. I didn't see Ellen till she was at the table, looking oddly breathless and still around the lips.

I got up, she sat down. Smiling. But if I'd thought before that she was agitated I was certain of it now. Ellen Keppert was in a tizzy, and no mistake. "Nothing," she said lightly in answer to my stare, "but I'm tired of the Fifty. Do you mind if we run along?"

I shrugged. "Why are you so upset?" "I'm not upset. I just want to go. Now."

The cancaners took a last kick, backward, and stood erect. The lights came on and I looked around for our waiter to get the check. Ellen was biting her lips.

A girl came hurrying out of the curtained corridor doorway, crowding ahead of the cancaners going in. She was in an entertainer's white evening gown, one of the singers, probably. She looked as white as her dress and she practically ran across the floor and towards the exit door.

**E**LLLEN got up abruptly. "I'll see you outside. This air in here—It's getting me."

The waiter came and handed me the check and I paid it and got up with Ellen. I was going to stick with Ellen, too. She was in a chrome-trimmed funk, and I liked to know why.

We went to the reception-room door, and I'll admit I didn't hurry. I was too curious about Ellen's desire for speed. We went out to the reception-room and Ellen all but leaped for the street door. "Hey," I said.

"What now?" she snapped.

"Hat."

The street door opened and in came three people. A smooth, sun-lamp-tanned man I'd tagged as the manager of the 50. The girl in the white evening gown. And a patrolman.

"Sorry," the cop said, spreading before the door as we made for it. "Nobody can leave here for a while."

"I have an important engagement in twenty minutes," began Ellen.

"I don't care what you have. You can't leave for a little while. Nobody can. There's been a murder here."

"Murder!" she exclaimed. "Who?" "Girl back in one of the dressing-rooms," said the cop. "I don't know the name—"

"Rose Rosslyn," supplied the man with the sun-lamp tan. I could see a faint greenish tinge beneath that now.

Ellen moistened her lips. I led her towards the right side of the room and seated her, while the cop stayed at the street door and the manager stood in the doorway to the supper room.

I said in a low tone to Ellen, "Rose Rosslyn. That's the girl you went backstage to see, isn't it? About the mermaid?"

"No," whispered Ellen.

And I knew she lied.

I don't know many of the police, aside from the arson squad, but this one from Homicide, who arrived smartly at Club 50, I did happen to know slightly. I had met him in the course of a life insurance fraud case, and I'd admired him very much. His name was Ryan, and he was a lieutenant, though little over thirty. I watched him come in the door shortly after the patrolman had sealed it off, and I looked at Ellen Keppert and thought,

If you do have some connection with this mess, infant, you are out of luck.

Ryan went on through to the supper-room as if he hadn't noticed us sitting there, but in a moment the proprietor came to us and asked politely that we take our table inside again.

I heard Ellen's swift, indrawn breath and stared at her. Her gaze was on her hands, dropped there from whatever or whoever it was the sight of which had surprised her. I looked around but could see nothing that might have startled her.

Ryan went back down the dressing-rooms corridor, and I said to Ellen, "If you're hiding something—and I think you are—you're in for real trouble."

"I'm not hiding anything."

"I might be able to help you."

Now why had I said that? I had no right to say it. To me Ellen was nothing but a question mark in a jewel theft. It was none of my business what happened to her in a murder investigation.

"Anyhow," I said, "don't get clever with this man Ryan as you did with me. Don't make any cracks about coming here to see a girl about a mermaid."

Ryan came back out. His unrevealing grey eyes took in the supper-room. He called the manager; time to weed out the innocent bystanders. He had him place the orchestra on the dais, for quite obvious reasons.

The curtained doorway was right beside the dais. Rose Rosslyn could not have been killed by anyone other than somebody already back behind that curtain with her, or who had recently passed beyond it. And anyone going into the corridor should have been seen by someone in the orchestra. Perhaps the orchestra leader, who faced the men, and the doorway, at least some of the time; almost certainly by the double-bass player.

This man, a somewhat chubby young fellow with a full-moon face, stood or sat at the extreme left and rear of the dais, so near the curtained doorway that anybody passing through would almost scrape his elbow.

Ryan went to him and I saw a familiar look of reluctance on the moon face. Like most citizens, the musician was chary about talking to officialdom; but he did talk, and he looked around and his gaze came to rest on the girl across the little table from me. Ryan looked, too, at the girl, and then, with recognition in his eyes, at me. He came over.

"Hello, Cates," he said.

He glanced at Ellen and I thought he probably knew her by sight at least, but I wasn't sure. "Miss Keppert," I said, "Lieutenant Ryan."

Ryan nodded and then said to me, "Come up here a minute, will you?"

I got up and went with him towards the orchestra dais. Already he had detailed a man at a table near the door to take the names and addresses of those filing out. Beside the man was the double-bass player, nervously scrutinizing faces. Ryan halted me beside the orchestra dais, and beside the orchestra leader, who had been left standing in a distraught way on the spot where he usually stood.

"Dodge Duffy," Ryan said. "Not very helpful yet, but eventually he may be."

Duffy said, distressed, "I'd help if I could. But I can't. The spot didn't shine on the corridor doorway, and anyway I was busy keeping the boys with Mansfield during his songs. I didn't notice anybody going through that doorway."

"In the number later?" Ryan asked.

"The cancan? I took the piano my-

self. From there I couldn't see who went in or out, and that's for sure."

"You didn't see this gentleman go in?" Ryan pointed at me.

I started, then saw the logic of it. The double-bass player had pointed out Ellen as one of those who'd gone down the corridor. I was with Ellen.

"No. Not him. Not anybody. Sorry."

Ryan steered me along till we were by ourselves. "Think he's telling me the truth?" he asked, as if we were old friends and co-workers.

I said I didn't know. "With the spotlight on, his eyes would be geared for light. If he looked out of it towards the dark he might not see much. And for a fact he stood facing the crowd most of the time."

Ryan shrugged. "That's Senator Keppert's niece?"

I nodded.

"You were on the Duysberg diamond case?"

I'd been a little slow.

Here was a girl connected with the disappearance of a valuable gem—oh, entirely innocent, should anyone have libel suits in mind—but still, connected.

And here was the insurance investigator who had passed on the validity of the claim. The two together, in this not-too-glittering night spot. It could certainly look like collusion to a man in Ryan's position.

"It was hardly a 'case,'" I countered as easily as I could.

"How is it you're with Ellen Keppert tonight?" Ryan lit a cigarette.

"I had dinner at the Auberge de Marseilles," I told him. "You know the place?"

He nodded his crew-cropped head.

"I was walking east, towards my apartment on Madison, and I saw Ellen—"

"Miss Keppert"—in front of this close looking around. She may have been stood up. I'm a bear for punishment. The Duysberg case, if you want to call it that, was closed, but I didn't think it would hurt to have a few more words with her. I offered her a drink and a dance, she took me up."

**I** FELT that my story sounded pretty tenuous when I conned it over, but Ryan just nodded pleasantly. "Anyhow, I'm glad you're here. You might be able to give me a leg-up. Want to come back here with me?"

"Back here" was through the curtained doorway and along the corridor; and if I hadn't suspected before that Ryan had me high on his doubtful list, I'd have suspected it now. Because any help a man like me could have given a man like him was something for the comic books.

The corridor was long, badly lighted, and lined with doors. The first door on the left had Manager, Mr. Checchia, on it. The next was unmarked, but a jumble of feminine voices sounding from behind it indicated it was a general dressing-room. Across from Manager Checchia's door, on the right, was one with a star pasted on it, possibly for a gag. Down the line on the same side were two other doors.

The centre one of these three doors on the right was open and the small room inside was bustling with print men, photographers, and coroner. The activity centred on something that lay very still in the approximate centre of the dressing-room.

Rose Rosslyn.

She had been a pretty girl, ash-



blonde shapely, with long, nice legs, and wearing a dressing robe. She had been shot, and in a curious way. The bullet had entered under her chin, gone up and back through her head, and had come out the top. Her hair was matted there, but not too much. With a brain wound causing instant death there's often little blood.

I said, "Where's the gun?"  
"We haven't found it," Ryan said.  
"The bullet? It went through and out."

"We haven't found that, either. Small calibre, low velocity. Could be a twenty-two, palm gun, or something of the kind."

Ryan turned to the coroner, who shrugged. "Head wound death instantaneous no other marks of violence. Through with her? Out the rear way?"

"There is no rear way except out through the main room and then back through the kitchen. Might as well take her out the front entrance."

I shook my head. "Young to die,"  
"Tell that to whoever shot her," said Ryan.

The door opened and a detective came in. "One of the cancan girls," he said to Ryan. "Spoke to Rose. Could be the last who did."

**R**YAN started towards the door and I went, too, but in the corridor I turned tentatively towards the supper-room. Ryan lightly touched my arm to steer me the other way. His way.

He said, "Keppert is a big name, and that girl you were with has got it. I wish she didn't. I wish she were Ellen Smith, or Mankiewitz. . . . If you stick around with me for a while you can testify later to the Senator that everything was on the up and up. Besides, you might help—you have a good name with the boys. Besides again the Duysberg diamond case may be mixed up in this somewhere."

And besides yet again, I thought, this way I would have no more te-te-tetes with Ellen. I said "Sure, honored," and went with Ryan across the corridor to the bigger general dressing-room.

The girls had changed from their dance costumes. One, a big brunette, had been crying, and it was to this one that Ryan's man steered Ryan.

"Edna Maller," the man said. And to the girl, "Tell him."

"I was just saying I'd talked to Rose a little while before she—before—" The girl faltered.

"Tell me about it," Ryan said.

"There's not much to tell. I went next door just before Larry Mansfield's number to ask Rose if she had some make-up cream she could spare. We both like the same kind. I knocked on her door and she said come in and she gave me the cream, and I thanked her."

"What time was this?"

"A couple of minutes before Larry's number. He goes on at about ten-fifteen."

So at ten-ten, give or take a couple of minutes, Rose Roslyn had been alive. And about a half-hour later she'd been dead. The focus of attention would be on the time from ten-ten to about ten-forty-five, the period taken up by Mansfield and the Misses Club 50.

"Did Rose seem all right to you?" asked Ryan. "Not jumpy or afraid?"

"She didn't seem afraid or jumpy, but she did seem to have something

on her mind. She seemed kind of mad."

"At being bothered?"

"No, no. Not mad at me. I don't know what at. But you've seen people get terribly sore at something and then try not to show it. That's the way Rose looked."

Edna had no more to offer, and none of the other girls had left the dressing-room before their number—each could testify for the others on that—and none had heard anything suspicious.

Ryan's man had searched the room and their dressing-cases for the murder gun, or anything else he might turn up, and had found nothing. We went out to the corridor, down and across to the last of the three dressing-rooms on the right-hand side.

Ryan knocked and the door was opened by the girl in the white evening dress who had caused the police to be called in the first place.

"I'd like another word with you, Miss Lang," Ryan said. "Go over what you were telling me before, about a man—Rose Roslyn, will you? You went to Rose Roslyn's room just as the cancan number was ending, right?" said Ryan. I had never heard less bluster in a man's voice. And I had never seen a man I would less care to lie to.

"Yes," replied Miss Lang. "That would be at about twenty to eleven. They should have started earlier, but Larry Mansfield, in the number before, hogged some extra time."

"Why did you go to her room?"

"Rose and I had a date later with a couple of friends of hers. At least we'd had one. But not once, from the time we'd come in till the time I went to knock at her door, had Rose said anything to me about it. Or even soon me. I went to see if it was still on. I knocked, and there wasn't any answer. I opened the door and I—she—"

"You closed the door again when you went away?"

"I think so— Yes. I closed the door. I went to find Mr. Cheeckin, and he was in near the bar. I told him about Rose, and we went to the street and he got a policeman."

"You were in here from the time you came to the Fifty at . . ." Ryan questioned.

" . . . about a quarter to ten."

" . . . at about a quarter to ten, till the time you went to Rose's room?"

The girl nodded.

"You didn't leave your room at all?"

"Not at all. I had some sewing to do."

"When you opened the door and saw what had happened, did you also see a gun? Near Rose?"

"I didn't wait to see anything else but Rose. I just ran."

"I'll look around your room, if you don't mind. Someone might have hidden a gun in here."

He found nothing of interest to anyone, in the dresser, the wardrobe, or her overnight case. Ryan thanked her and we went up the hall. I got a glimpse of the double-bass player's elbow through an inch crack between that edge of the corridor curtain and the right-hand door jamb. We stopped at the door next to Rose's, between Rose's and the supper-room.

"Mansfield's room," said Ryan, knocking.

The door was opened by Golden Throat and we went in. Room just like Rose's, with a professional's brightly lighted dresser, a second-hand wardrobe.

Mansfield looked older close up than he had in the spotlight. Thirty-five, maybe. Near the end of his string as engaging juvenile singer, and where did he go from here?

There is a lot of this in the entertainment world — achievement of a moderate success in a field with a definite age limit to it, then increasing wonder and worry as to what you may do next when that has petered out.

He seemed very, very shocked by Rose Roslyn's death, and very very anxious to co-operate. "I can't realise it," he said. "She was such a nice person." He blew his nose with aitching show of masculine emotion. "I've known her for years. Her and her brother."

"Brother?" Ryan repeated.

"A twin, in age if not in looks. From a theatrical family, just as I am. They were a dance team till last year when her brother died. Since then she has carried on alone."

"Any enemies around here?" asked Ryan. "Anybody who would want her dead?"

"Not that I know of. Everybody seemed to like her."

Ryan nodded. "You went on at about a quarter after ten?"

"Yes."

"You came back here during the cancan number? You stayed in your room?"

Mansfield shook his sleek head. "I came back to the corridor for a second—it's a better exit when you actually leave the stage. Then I went up front again to see a friend."

"You stayed there through the dancing number?"

"Yes. I had a drink with my friend—she'd come in with me, as a matter of fact, and later I was going to see her home."

"You were at the table when Miss Lang ran out of the corridor hunting for Cheeckin?"

"Yes."

"But you were back here, this side of the curtain, for a second? Did you hear Rose call out? Or hear a shot?"

"No. If I had, I'd have gone to her room to see what was wrong."

"If you were out," said Ryan smoothly, "someone might have sneaked in here to hide something."

"Hide something?" The singer didn't like that idea at all. He chewed gum in a rather frantic manner.

"Yes. So if you don't mind I'll look around."

**A**GAIN I watched Ryan give a room a once-over-lightly. Till he got to Mansfield's suitcase, in the bottom of the wardrobe. He went through this thoroughly. Again he came up with nothing, while the singer watched and anxiously chewed his cud.

"How long are we going to be held here, do you suppose?" Mansfield asked. He was not outraged about it, he was extremely meek, but I thought I caught an urgency within his tone. The "friend" he'd been with at the table? Some older, moneyed woman, maybe—the ice cake he planned to leap to next from the failing support of show business? Possibly?

"Not any longer than I can help," Ryan replied. And we went out to the corridor. There he said, "Funny."

"Hilarious," I agreed. "But what, specifically?"

"Suitcases," Ryan mused. "Overnight bags. Dressing cases. They all seem to have one. Carrying stuff from



apartment to the Fifty, or to laundry or the cleaners, I suppose, but I don't remember seeing any suitcase in Rose's room."

I blinked. I didn't, either now that I thought of it.

Ryan opened the door marked "Manager, Mr. Checkkia," without knocking. Checkkia was still out front if he had obeyed Ryan's orders. He had obeyed. The office was empty. We stepped in and Ryan closed the door, and at once something was odd. Then I placed it. No noise. Checkkia had had his office soundproofed, even to the door. It was a racket of orchestra and customers.

The room was not much larger than the individual dressing-rooms, but was, of course, much better furnished. There was deep, silent carpeting on the floor, a walnut desk and leather chairs, walnut paneling, and a big, lightly built but strong steel safe in the corner.

The safe door was open a couple of inches and traces of powder showed here and there where prints had been taken.

"That gun and the bullet have to be somewhere around," Ryan said. "I don't think anyone had time or opportunity to get them out of the building."

They weren't in here. Ryan went through desk and safe and felt around the cushions of the chairs.

"It begins to look important," I said. "It begins to look as if someone was stupid enough, or crowded enough, to use his own gun on Rose. Or her own gun."

Ryan just nodded, face expressive as a handless clock's. "Find the gun, get some answers. And we'll find it."

The man he had detailed to take the customers' names and addresses at the supper-room door on their way out came into the office.

"All gone but four," he said. "Four people the double-bass player said he saw go into the hall back here. If you trust him," he added.

Ryan didn't smile; he didn't have to. Of course he didn't trust him. Or Dodge Duffy, or Checkkia, or Miss Lang, or the Misses Club 50. Or me.

But he could not hold a hundred miscellaneous citizens here all night, and the musician seemed as handy and gamble-worthy a screen as was available at the time.

"Who are the four?" he asked.

The man gave him a piece of paper, and Ryan glanced at it. Then he glanced at me.

"Looks more than ever as if you had an interest in this," he observed. "In a strictly professional way, of course."

I smiled brightly back at him. Oh, of course!

**R**YAN chose to talk to his unlucky four in Rose Rosslyn's dressing-room.

"Herblock Bohr," said Ryan from the list, and his man nodded and went out to get him.

Herblock Bohr, I'd had him pointed out to me, and was also familiar with his thumbnail picture in the newspapers. He wrote a column, "Bohring Along Broadway," which had a certain local popularity. Part of his job was to spend a lot of time in New York night spots, and it was not unnatural that he should also frequently go backstage.

Bohr appeared in the doorway. He didn't seem alarmed. Just annoyed.

Ryan watched obliquely, but alert as a cat, while Bohr came in—and I

got the reason for interviewing the suspects in this particular room. The damp spot on the floor where Rose's head had lain. It was obvious that Ryan counted the reaction of his interviewees to it as almost more important than anything he might make them say.

Presumably no standard customer at the 50 knew which dressing-room was Rose's. Presumably they did not know just where she had been killed back here.

If one entered and regarded that damp spot with a startled eye, it could mean previous information and could be important.

Neither Bohr's eyes nor any muscle of his face moved. He came straight in. "Hello, Ryan," he said.

"Hello, Bohr. I didn't know the Fifty was part of your regular beat."

"They're all part of my regular beat," said Bohr. "And I have to bat out my column before much more time has passed," he added importantly.

"I know. That's why I called you first." He looked at some notes taken in a book he drew from his pocket. "You came back here, from the big room, during Mansfield's number."

"That's right," said Bohr.

"About ten-twenty."

"I wouldn't know. It was shortly after Mansfield started singing."

"Why did you come back? Who did you come to see?"

"Gar Checkkia," he said, which was the first time I'd known the manager's first name.

Ryan waited, polite and implacable. "Gar phoned me earlier this evening," Bohr said. "He told me he might have a story for me. I tried to get an idea of what it was, but he wouldn't say over the phone. So I came here, checked my hat, and went back to see him in his office."

"But he said he didn't have the story yet, but would later. He hinted that it concerned a night-club entertainer and a dame. I went back to the supper-room and ordered a brandy and sat down to wait."

"You believed Checkkia had a story?"

"Yes," Bohr didn't say it with entire certainty, but his waiting, of course, indicated that he had believed the manager at least to some extent. "I've gotten several good leads from Gar."

"You came back here at about ten-fifteen," Ryan said patiently. "You saw Checkkia. Was his door closed?"

"No. He only closes it, I believe, when he sees someone important or when he's working. To keep the place quiet. The door was open and I went in, and Gar was at his desk, feet up."

"You heard nothing while you were back here?"

"You mean, I presume, like a shot, or a girl calling for help. No, I didn't."

"You saw no one in the corridor?"

Bohr shook his head and glanced impatiently at his watch. He had as good a story in this murder as in even a juicy scandal.

"You made only the one trip back here?" Ryan persisted.

"Just the one. Your bass player can confirm that."

"All right," said Ryan. "I know where to find you if any more questions occur to me. By the way, you'll be searched a bit in the corridor."

"Searched!" Bohr choked a little. "Me? And what might I have on me?"

"I am looking for the gun that killed Rose Rosslyn. And the bullet that went through her head."

Bohr nodded. Then he said, "By the way, where was the girl killed, back here?"

"In this room," said Ryan pleasantly.

Bohr jumped, and for the first time—as far as could be judged—he noted the damp spot on the floor.

"Allen Siltz," said Ryan's man, bringing in the second on the brief list.

I widened my eyes at that, and looked swiftly at Ryan. For here, in this name, was the foundation for his unexplained remark about me being perhaps more interested than ever in this affair.

I had never met Allen Siltz, but I'd heard a lot about him, and much of it not good. He was a diamond broker of less than sterling reputation, doing a lot of business, with some of it I am sure, not recorded in any account books. I won't say he was a part-time fence, but he did have a queer way of turning up with precisely the number, quality, size, and cost of gems his customer of the moment might want.

I could not help but wonder if someone recently had expressed in his hearing a sincere wish to own the Druysberg diamond.

**S**ILTZ entered the room in a thoroughly apprehensive way. His reputation was not such as to make desirable a charity meeting with the police. But the damp spot on the floor had nothing to do with his apprehension; he walked over it without even seeing it. Could be acting, of course.

"I'm Ryan," said our master of ceremonies. "Homicide. A few questions to ask you, Mr. Siltz."

"I am happy to answer all I can," said Siltz, looking as unhappy as I have ever seen a man look.

"You were here at the Fifty tonight just for entertainment?" Ryan began.

"No," said Siltz. "On business."

"With Rose Rosslyn, perhaps?"

"Absolutely not," said Siltz. "I came here tonight to see Mr. Checkkia."

"Let's hear about it."

"I came at nine-thirty or maybe a little later. I came early because I thought I might get to leave early and go home. I have stomach upsets, and I need lots of rest. I stayed first in the reception-room, sending for Mr. Checkkia. I thought we might conclude our business there, and at once. But Mr. Checkkia sent word he was sorry, I would have to see him a little later as he was very busy. I went in and took a table."

I was beginning to wonder if this was one way Checkkia helped fill his club—by phoning people and promising them things if they would come.

"At ten I went back to my office," Siltz continued, looking unhappier yet. "He was not in it. Twenty or twenty-five minutes later I went back again. He was again not in it. I never did get to see him."

"You haven't yet told us what you came to see him about."

"Oh? Oh! I haven't, have I? I came to sell him some diamonds, if he should like them."

I almost blurted: Sell him? For this was not the way my thoughts had been perambulating in the past few minutes.

"You can prove that, Mr. Siltz?" asked Ryan.

"Oh, yes," Siltz unbuttoned coat, vest, shirt, old-fashioned-looking undershirt. There was an inner leather belt with a chamois pouch stitched to it. He opened the pouch, and a little glittering trickle ran into his hand. "These,



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I brought, Commercially perfect, one carat or more, blue-white. Mr. Checchia was considering diamonds as an investment."

Well, there you were. Siltz might or might not have gone behind the curtain on an innocent business matter.

Ryan asked his stock question. While Siltz was back here, had he heard a shot or a commotion of any kind? No, said Siltz, he hadn't. He had simply come back to Checchia's office twice, opened the door, seen each time that the office was vacant, and gone back to his table.

He went out with no regard for the damp spot, and Ryan's man searched him prior to bringing in the next victim, and I said, "This might be a good time to search me, too."

"Search you?" said Ryan, looking puzzled.

"Sure," I replied. "I'm people. And you're searching everyone else."

"I hardly think it's necessary," Ryan murmured, but with his gaze already ranging over me for bulges.

He smiled and shrugged. This is silly between two like us, his expression implied. His fingers didn't match the expression; I've never been more thoroughly searched.

"Now do you feel more noble?" he asked when he was done.

"Not being noble," I said. "I'm with one of your suspects. I'd like to be cleared as completely as possible."

"Why, Cates! I've said I had you in here because you might help me, and because this might mesh in with a case of yours."

"Howard Denham," said Ryan's man solidly at the door.

That name was a royal surprise to me. Howard Denham, ten-goal man soon to marry Marilyn Keppert, Ellen's cousin. Here. At the Club 50. On the same night when Ellen was also inexplicably here. That seemed more than coincidence. I looked wide-eyed at Denham as he entered—and walked obliviously across the damp spot on the floor.

**H**OWARD DENHAM was not very rich, apparently, but he was very, very social register. To anyone with money in her own family, like Marilyn Keppert, he was one of the most eligible males in New York, just for the name. He had more than that, however; he was good-looking, too. Big, bronzed, light-eyed, and dark-haired.

But why was he here tonight? And how long had he been here? I hadn't seen him in the supper-room, which was not remarkable since the room was very crowded. Ellen had seen him, though; I recalled her little start of astonishment back at the table...

So, I thought, on her part at least his presence was coincidence; she had not expected to see him here.

"Why, hello!" said Denham to me. And this time it seemed there was too much surprise. It was a good bet that he had seen me, out there.

I said, "Hello," and introduced Ryan to him.

"You wanted to see me?" Denham said to Ryan.

"Yes," said Ryan. "You were one of four outsiders seen coming back here at about the time Rose Rosslyn was shot. Naturally I wanted a word with you."

"Naturally," murmured Denham.

"You didn't come here to see Miss Rosslyn?"

Denham laughed. "If I had, I'd be about it, don't you think?"

"Not if you were clever," said Ryan. "Because if you did see her, it would come out eventually."

"I didn't see her. I didn't come to see her. I don't know her, except by name as an entertainer here."

"Why did you come here, alone, tonight?"

"Just to kill an empty evening." Denham's tone was easy. "I've been here often. Usually alone, several times with Miss Keppert. I like the place."

Ryan said, "What brought you back here to the dressing-rooms?"

"Not any of the dressing-rooms. Checchia's office. I came back to see him."

"What for?"

Denham's athletic shoulders moved. "Just to say hello. I have been here enough to know him slightly. I find Gar an interesting character."

This was the poorest smoke screen we had seen tonight. The odds against Howard Denham's liking this place enough to come often, and liking Gar Checchia enough to while away some friendly moments in his office, were at least eighty to one.

I spoke up. "You say you've been here with Miss Keppert? Miss Marilyn Keppert?"

"Of course, Marilyn Keppert," replied Denham good-naturedly. "She's the Keppert I'm engaged to."

"When was the last time you were here with her?"

"Six weeks ago, I'd guess. Maybe longer."

"And the last time you were here alone?"

"Three weeks. About."

"Did you always go backstage to see Checchia?"

"Let's see. . . No. This is the first time the impulse ever struck me. Fine night I picked for it, wasn't it?"

"Fine night we all picked," I said. "You, Ellen, me."

Denham frowned anxiously. "That's not so good—Ellen. I was bowled over when the crowd thinned and I saw Ellen. And then saw her held here with just three others of us. She came back here, too?"

"She did," I said. And Ryan took over smoothly.

"Did you see Checchia, Mr. Denham? Was he in his office when you got back here?"

"Yes. We chatted for several minutes, and he gave me a shot of some special brandy he keeps in his office. Then I went back out to my table and enjoyed the encores Mansfield sang."

Ryan asked the two other questions. Had he heard a shot? A scream? Denham said no. Ryan then regretted the fact that he would have to submit to a search and Denham's air of ease became a quivering shell.

"Search me?" he said. "What for?"

"The gun," said Ryan. "The bullet."

"It's ridiculous! You can see from here I have no gun."

"Or bullet? That's pretty small. And someone, the one we are after, could have slipped it into your pocket."

Denham began going through his pockets. "There's no—"

"You can be searched here, or I can take you to headquarters," Ryan said. "Stengel."

The plainclothes man appeared in the doorway. Ryan nodded to Denham. "And ask Miss Keppert to come in, please."

"My, my," I said when Denham had been escorted out. "We certainly object to being searched."

been escorted out. "We certainly object to being searched."

"Be interesting to see why," said Ryan. "And to find out really why he came here in the first place. A member of the Keppert family, a member-to-be of the Keppert family, both here on the same night, when a girl was killed." He did not add, "Plus an insurance company investigator who has had dealings with that family within the month."

Stengel opened the door.

Ellen came in.

I looked at her and my professional impersonality melted, some more around the edges.

She was cold with fear. Stiff with it. And she looked at us composedly and even gave a small smile. Poor kid, I prayed that she wouldn't make any false passes.

**E**ELLEN averted her eyes from the damp spot on the floor, and managed to keep from walking over it as she came up to Ryan and me.

Ryan lit one of his frequent cigarettes.

He said, "You came in tonight, I believe, with Mr. Cates."

Ellen's lips parted, and I was so afraid she'd try to lie that I couldn't stand it any more. I said, "Look, Miss Keppert, I don't know what this is all about, but I do know that it is serious. Very serious. For you, and almost as directly for your uncle." I saw her wince at that. "Don't leave anything relevant out of your answers. And don't put anything in that doesn't belong there."

Ryan's eyes were turned my way and they were as flat and grey as agate. I'd done myself no good by speaking out of turn. I think Ellen caught that, too, for her eyes warmed a bit.

"No," she said to Ryan. "I didn't come with Mr. Cates. I came in alone, and he came in a minute later. It could be that he was following me. And that could be because of what happened at our place a month ago. He was in on that, you know."

"Yes," said Ryan softly. "I know. Why had you come here alone, Miss Keppert? It seems an odd thing to do."

She said steadily, "I came to see a friend of mine. Rose Rosslyn."

I don't think any of the three of us really sighed, but it was as if we all did.

"You came to see Rose Rosslyn," Ryan went on. "A friend, you say?"

Ellen nodded. And moistened her lips.

"And did you see her?"

I could see her round white throat move as she swallowed. "I—Yes."

"She was alive, then?" said Ryan.

"No." Ellen's hands shut tight on each other. "I came back here to see her. During the cancan number. I knocked on her door. There was no answer. I thought she'd be back in a minute, and that I'd go in and wait for her. I opened the door. She was lying there." Her eyes went to the damp spot.

I saw the glint in Ryan's eyes.

"You came in?" he said.

Ellen shook her tawny head. "I stood in the doorway about one second, fighting off a fainting spell. Then I went back out to Mr. Cates."

"And tried to get away from the building at once."

"Yes."



"Didn't you know how the' would look later?"

"I didn't know anything except that I wanted to get away. And I didn't want to hurt my uncle through the publicity."

"It would be bound to come out that you had come back here. Running away would have made it worse. Did you see anyone in the corridor while you were back here?" Ryan asked.

"No," said Ellen. "No one." She looked as if she regretted her candor now, although for a fact it had been wisest for her.

"While you stood in the doorway looking in at Rose Rosslyn, did you see a gun lying near?"

"Why, no. If there was one, it was out of sight."

"You would have remembered if you'd seen one?"

"I think so. The thing stayed with me like a picture. Rose there, looking almost as if she were asleep instead of the lights all on and bright. An opened jar of cold cream on the dressing-table. I saw no gun."

"And you didn't enter the room. You opened the door, stood there looking for a second or two, closed the door and went away."

"That's right."

"Where is Rose Rosslyn's dressing case?"

"Her what?" said Ellen.

"Dressing case. Overnight bag. Suitcase."

"Why, I don't know. I didn't see that, either."

"What did you come to see her about?"

"I was lured a little. Things had gone along as well as they could in the circumstances. And then she said it. For half a second I didn't think I'd heard right. But she said it. 'I came to see her about a mermaid.'"

"I don't think she meant to say it. She had said it flippantly to me twice to invite me to mind my own business, and it had gotten grained into the tape recorder of her subconscious, to come out again now at the worst possible time."

Ryan's cigarette stopped halfway to his lips.

"You what?"

"Whether or not Ellen had meant to blurt out the infuriating idiosyncrasy, I couldn't know. But blurt it she had."

"I came to see her about a mermaid," she repeated.

**A** LOOK of unlovely satisfaction touched the lieutenant's face, and I thought I could read his mind with fair accuracy. One of his suspects, perhaps the first on his list, was this close relative of a well-known politician, a person to be handled with velvet-padded tongs if he knew what was good for him.

But if she made a fool of herself? If she proved unco-operative, flippant, defiant? That let him off the hook.

"So you came to see Rose Rosslyn about a mermaid," he said. "That's very interesting. We'll take it up some more at Headquarters."

The last remaining color went from Ellen's face. In no event could Ryan hold her long, but he could hold her for a while, at least, and with no kick-backs. "I know who she is and what this means, but she wouldn't help. I ask some questions and she as good as tells me to mind my own business."

It was Ryan's way of whittling a senator's niece down to size. Howard

Denham was almost as hot to handle. Now if he could have Denham down, too, his bliss would be complete. He would be let alone, to handle this like any other murder case.

The door opened. A patrolman came in with Checchia.

Ryan turned on them, quietly furious at the interruption. The man said hastily, "Rose Rosslyn's suitcase. This guy—he jerked his head towards the manager—"just found it. In the check-room."

Ryan reached for the case.

It was a standard overnight bag with the cosmetics compartments cleared out for space; it was good, plain black.

He put it on the dressing-table and flipped the catches open. He lifted the lid, and there was a yellow satin dance costume, taking up a very little space, and a plain cardboard box about the size and shape of one which might hold a large chocolate egg at Easter time. There was also a small envelope. That was all.

"This was found in the checkroom?" Ryan repeated, lifting out the box. It seemed quite heavy for its small size.

"Yes," said Checchia. He was sweating like a fat man in an obstacle race.

"Who does the girl there say she took it from? Rose?"

"She didn't know it was there," replied Checchia. "It was in back, with some boxes and stuff. Rose must have come in before she was at the counter, and put the bag there herself. I knew she'd come early tonight," he added, "but I didn't know it was that early."

"Why did she come early?" Checchia moved his shoulders. "I don't know."

Ryan opened the cardboard box and I saw him stiffen slightly. One of his rare moments of surprise. Some color came back to Ellen's face and some relief to mine.

The thing he'd taken from the box was a small bronze statuette. Or possibly plaster with bronze gilt over it. The figure of a mermaid.

It's funny how things break as fast when they start breaking.

The second break in this case came while Ryan was still staring—with, I am sure, a lot of disappointment—at that little figurine. So Ellen Keppert had come here to see a girl about a mermaid. No matter why—she had.

The door opened again and Howard Denham entered, with Stengel behind and prodding him.

"Got this stuff from him," Stengel said, spreading a small pile of things on the dressing-table beside the opened overnight bag.

It was the usual conglomeration to come from a man's pockets—change, wallet, lighter, small knife, etc. Plus something that did not usually come from pockets, at least those of a dinner jacket.

Two heavy brown-paper envelopes, not large of private correspondence size, but bulky. Ryan opened them. In each were fifty one-hundred-dollar bills—ten thousand dollars.

"Inner pocket on each side of his coat," Stengel explained. "An envelope in each."

Ryan joined the rest of us in staring at Denham. "Howard—" Ellen whispered thinly. Then her mouth closed and I knew that from that moment on it would stay closed. Checchia dabbed his perspiring face.

"Okay," Ryan said to Denham. "Why?"

Denham smiled. It was a faint smile.

"About now," he said. "I think I'd better say, 'I want to see my lawyer.'"

"You'd rather have me make all I can of this, maybe make things a lot worse because I'll be feeling around in the dark, than tell me about it?"

"I'd like to speak to my lawyer," Denham said.

Ryan's lips opened, and closed. He nodded. Let Denham speak to anyone he chose; it wouldn't matter much, now.

Denham also had been whittled down to size by the strange appearance of that ten thousand dollars.

**F**OR quite a while something had been trying to tell itself to me, and I hadn't been able to place it. I'd been sitting here in this plywood-walled cubicle where a girl had been shot, and listening to sounds penetrating from all four sides, and still I hadn't caught it. Too obvious, maybe. Now, I did; perhaps the sight of Ellen's scared but determined face sharpened me.

"Ryan!" I exclaimed. "Come outside a minute, will you?"

His lips took on an exasperated look.

"A thought," I said, as casually as I could. "I'll tell you here, if you like. But I think it had better be for you alone."

Ryan's gaze said, "This had better be good." He nodded, and we went out to the corridor. He closed the door.

"We'd better move up the hall," I told him. "You can hear right through that door. And the walls."

He went towards the supper-room with me. I stopped near Checchia's office door. "And that's the payoff," I said. "That's the thought I had."

"Look here—" he began, jaw hard.

"The door and walls of Rose Rosslyn's room," I said. "Paperboard. Yet she was supposed to have been shot in there. She couldn't have been shot in there without it being heard all over the place." I said, "It couldn't have happened in any of the dressing-rooms—you can hear a sneeze through any of the walls. There's only one room back here where a shot could be fired and probably not be heard."

Ryan took a long breath. In a curiously resigned way he opened the door marked, "Manager, Mr. Checchia." I said, "Yes. In here. Soundproofed so the club racket wouldn't get in—and just as good at keeping noise inside from getting out."

We went into Checchia's office, and he shut the door. "If the girl was killed in here, how did she get to her dressing-room?"

That was my point. "Someone carried her from here to there," I said. "And I don't think Ellen Keppert could have been the one. Do you see her carrying a load like Rose Rosslyn across a hallway and into another room?"

"If," Ryan said, "Rose Rosslyn was shot here."

"Let's find out," I said, and got down, hands and knees, on the dark carpeted floor.

There must have been more blood from Rose's mortal head wound than had showed in her dressing-room, and if she had been shot in here there ought to be some evidence of it. She had been carried out to hide the fact that the murder had taken place in Checchia's office; correspondingly the carpet would also have been thoroughly cleaned.

I found it near the desk. Between it and the safe. A damp spot, not snowing in the carpet's nap, but larger than the damp spot in the dressing-room.



I said, "Here," and Ryan bent beside me.

He took a small envelope from his pocket. "I'll clip some of the nap and send it to the lab. They can tell us in the morning if there are traces of blood."

He didn't seem quite interested enough, and I looked sharply at him. Had Ryan thought this out long ago and said nothing because it might destroy his advantage over the Keppert name? Looking closer, I could swear a bit of the carpet nap had already been clipped.

"You knew before that Rose was killed in here," I said. "You knew it, and sat on the knowledge."

"How you talk," said Ryan, folding the envelope over the nap clippings.

"You sat on it because it puts Ellen Keppert in the clear. She couldn't have carried . . ."

"Maybe not. However—Denham, her intended cousin-in-law, could have."

It left me without a reply. Denham could have. And it still seemed odd that he should be here tonight along with Ellen. Somewhat more than odd when you thought of the money found on him!

I looked around the little office. The ceiling. The walnut panelling. I saw it high on the panelling, though you would have thought the ceiling would be the place.

A little pocket in the wood, an indentation that could have been made by the rounded head of a ball pen hammer, but which had pretty certainly been made by a bullet. I stood on the damp spot and tried to slant my head so that a bullet entering under my chin and going out through the top of my head would hit that pocket in the wood. It took a grotesque angle to do it.

"If you pointed a little twenty-two at me," said Ryan, "and I grabbed your wrist and twisted it up, bending you backward at the same time, it might go off in your hand. And the slug might wind up there."

"If I'd pointed a gun at you," I retorted, "you could plead self-defence."

So this, it came to me, was why Ryan had not been too quick to announce that the dead girl had not been killed where she'd later been found. If as I thought, he had made this discovery before me, Ryan was an honest man, but he was a hard man, too, impatient of restraints caused by celebrated names. Let this part of the investigation come out a little later, after he'd had his shot at Howard Denham and Ellen Keppert.

He said something about pleading self-defence, perhaps, but pretty certainly not getting away with it; and he steered me out the door. In the corridor he said casually, "I guess you can run along now. I'll get in touch with you tomorrow. Thanks for the . . ."

"This still may be a part of my case," I said quickly. "It was helpful of you to let me sit in so far. I'd like to keep on, if you don't mind."

His look told me his opinion of that. "Sure, sure," he said, through his teeth. "If you want it that way."

I thanked him, and we went back to Rose Rosslyn's dressing-room.

Checkia, Stengel, Ellen, and Denham were still crowded in Rose's dressing-room when we returned. They looked swiftly at us when Ryan opened the door, but none of them said anything.

Ryan said, "Miss Keppert, Mr. Den-

ham, we won't need you for a few minutes. Will you wait in the other room, please?"

Denham nodded, tight-lipped, and went out with no glance at either of us. Ellen looked at me as she passed.

The two turned left and went to the big supper-room. Ryan closed the door on Stengel and Checkia and me and himself.

Ryan said to Stengel, "You told me, I think, that the door to Checkia's safe was closed but not locked when you first looked around his office."

Checkia jumped a foot, then clamped control on himself. Stengel nodded. "Yeah. Somebody, Checkia, I suppose, had shut the safe door but hadn't twisted the knob."

Ryan looked at Checkia, who was staring ahead.

"Don't you usually keep your safe locked?"

Checkia cleared his throat. "Yes. I usually do."

"But tonight," said Ryan, "it was open for anyone who wanted to get into your safe."

"I forgot to turn the knob, I guess. Sometimes I do." Checkia cleared his throat again. "But that's not as careless as it sounds. Almost always I keep the safe locked, so anybody just looking at it would think it was locked tonight, even though it wasn't—"

"When was the last time you opened the safe tonight? Can you remember?"

Checkia thought a minute. And I mean he thought! He wasn't just putting on an act. The announcement that Ryan's man, Stengel, had begun the investigations by finding Checkia's safe door unlocked had jolted the manager.

"I opened my safe at nine-thirty," he said after a minute. "The cashier needed some more small bills to make change with."

"Your safe was locked at nine-thirty?" said Ryan.

"Yes—Yes! I'm sure of it. I remember unlocking it."

"You got the cash, closed the door, and forgot to turn the knob?"

"I must have. Yes."

"Did you go into the safe after that?"

"No."

"So it was closed, but not secured, from then on," Ryan lit a cigarette. "And anyone who tried the door could have opened it. I wonder," said Ryan softly, "why you forgot. Did something happen at about that time to distract your attention? Or did someone come to your office that you hadn't expected to see?"

"Nothing happened," replied Checkia. "I opened the safe, got out the money for the cashier, closed the safe, and forgot to turn the knob. That's all."

Ryan nodded as if satisfied, and suddenly shifted his line of fire entirely.

On the dead girl's dressing-table were the little bronze mermaid and the small envelope which he had taken from Rose's overnight bag. Ryan opened the envelope and took a snapshot from it. It was a picture of a smiling, good-looking young man with a vaguely familiar face.

He was leaning against something and it was a hot-weather picture because he was in sport shirt and thin slacks. Behind him, as background, was a glimpse of an iron railing, and then the ruffled plate of a lake or of the ocean.

The thing he was leaning against was a full-sized replica of the little statuette.

"You know this fellow?" Ryan asked Checkia, showing the snapshot.

Checkia nodded almost before looking. "Yes. It's Dick Rosslyn, Rose's brother."

Rose Rosslyn's brother. Died last year, I remembered Mansfield telling us.

Ryan remembered, too. "Dead now?"

"Killed about a year ago in an auto smash-up."

"Was he working for you last year when he was killed?"

"Not just at that time. But he was working for me before, and would have come back to me. He and Rose were a dance team, and a pretty good one. Then Dick said he wanted to fill a three weeks' spot at some Jersey place. So I let him off, while Rose did a solo number to fill their spot. And a week later I got the notice that he was dead. But what's all this got to do with Rose?"

RYAN shrugged. The snapshot and mermaid seemed to have nothing to do with Rose. He changed line again.

"You kept quite a little money in your safe?" he asked.

"A fair amount," the manager answered.

"You haven't checked to see if any is gone?"

"How could I?" snapped Checkia. "I haven't been allowed in my own office since you cops came."

"We'd better go now, and have a look," said Ryan. "You see, Howard Denham has admitted being in your office at least once—when he said he talked to you—and he now turns up with ten thousand dollars in cash on him."

Checkia wasted no time getting down the corridor, and he crossed his office in three jumps and swung back the safe door. There was a small, flat metal box on the top shelf, and he jerked this open. It was empty; I managed to see that. He put it back and went on through the shelves and then opened a middle compartment. In there I saw the ends of several bundles of money, and Checkia looked these over.

He turned back towards us, and his nostrils were pinched in a little. "Nothing gone," he said, with a queer metallic note in his voice. "Not a cent missing. So I guess nobody looked in the safe while it was unlocked."

"Then the cash Denham was carrying had nothing to do with you?"

"Not a thing," said Checkia, wiping his forehead. "Not a thing. The money's all there. Everything."

Ryan nodded. I wondered why he hadn't said anything about the hints we had uncovered of the murder's having been committed in here. For if Rose had been shot in this man's office and then carried back to her room, there was enough circumstantial evidence against Checkia to warrant an arrest.

The only reasons I could think of for holding off were: (A) Ryan thought he'd wait on Checkia all right; and (B) if he pinched Checkia it would in a measure let Denham and Ellen off the hook, and he didn't want them off yet.

Ryan said easily, "You haven't yet thought of anything happening in here that might have made you forget to spin the knob on the safe after you closed it at nine-thirty?"

"Nothing."

"Nobody came in at about that time?"



"People are always coming in. At that particular time, I think Parrino, my chief, came in. And Duffy, the orchestra leader. . . No, that was quite a little later." He shook his head. "I can't remember. But none of them said or did anything that would have made me forget to lock the safe."

"Okay," said Ryan. He turned to me. "Will you ask Miss Keppert to come back to Rose's dressing-room for a minute? Alone."

I left the office and went along the dimly lit corridor to the supper-room. Ask Miss Keppert to come back—alone. That, translated, meant—without Sam Oates, of the Home Protection Company, trailing along.

**E**LLEN was at the table we had occupied before all this whoop-de-doo began.

I put my hand on her shoulder, and she started.

"You're not under arrest," I said hastily. "Ryan wants to see you back there again."

"What does he want to see me about?"

"I wouldn't know," I said. She faced the curtained doorway as if it were a firing squad and went back to be interviewed a second time by Lieutenant Ryan.

The supper-room was an empty barn now, with the orchestra sitting around at scattered tables and biting their nails, and with Denham alone at another table, and Siltz at still another. Bohr was gone; Ryan had let him out to write his column.

The double-bass player, Barkasy, was still at the table by the door, where he had looked over the miscellaneous customers on their way out, and I went over to have a word with him.

Barkasy looked at me with apprehension on his full-moon face, and I grinned. "I'm no policeman, chum," my expression was supposed to say. "I'm in this just as deep as anybody. Just thought I'd chew the fat a minute with you. See?"

Apparently he saw.

I sighed. "I'd wish I'd gone anywhere else in New York tonight," I said. "This is a fine thing to fall into."

"You think it's fine," Barkasy complained. "I work here. And I'm right in the middle just because I happen to sit next to that door."

I reached into my right-hand coat pocket, where I keep my cigarettes, and offered him one. He refused it, and said, "You're a sort of cop yourself, so you're all right."

"I work for an insurance company," I said. "As far as Ryan is concerned I'm no more cop than you are. And he's got the axe over my neck along with all of those who happened to go down that corridor after midnight began what we shall refer to as singing."

He grinned. "He's sure a canary, isn't he?" Then gloom descended once again. "That Ryan! I can tell the way he looks he thinks I'm lying to him."

"Oh, I don't know. He took your word for who went back to the dressing-rooms and who didn't. You didn't forget any, did you?" I asked.

He shot me an irritated look. "I could forget which of the gang working here went back, because they're in and out all the time. But what outsiders went back? Not many of them do go in. So I can be sure of that."

"Siltz, Bohr, Denham, and Ellen Keppert," I nodded. "I'm glad you didn't put the finger on me, too."

"You mean you went back there?"

the man said, mouth open. Then it snapped shut. "No, You didn't. Not during the time Ryan's interested in, anyway. You're just trying to trip me up. You're in with Ryan."

"Oh, no, I'm not. No, I didn't go back, but I was with a girl who did, and you could have thought I went with her. So I'm glad your memory is so good."

Barkasy continued to look suspicious. I said, "That girl, Miss Keppert, is in a jam tonight, and I'm going to help her if I can. So I've been keeping my eyes and ears open—and so I'm talking to you."

Barkasy looked so sceptical that I couldn't think it was going over.

"Now, you must have noticed when customers came back out the door, as well as when they went in," I continued. "Can you remember how long Miss Keppert was back there?"

"Not long," said Barkasy. "A lot less than a minute. She went in and came right out again."

"You don't know what she did back there?"

"Why, no. How would I know that?" "You might have just happened to glance back—"

"Through the curtain?" he asserted. "The thing fits from one side of the door to the other. Tight. So the clients can't see back into the dressing-rooms corridor. You can't look back there without moving it, and my hands were busy."

"And you didn't hear a shot?"

"As I said to Ryan, and about six other guys, no. I didn't hear anything back there. If I had, I'd have said something about it."

Dodge Duffy, the orchestra leader, had been watching me and Barkasy talking. He joined us.

"Has anybody come up with anything?" he asked me.

"Not so far as I know," I told him.

"Well, I'm glad I was out front when it happened, that's all I can say."

At this Barkasy gazed off into the distance, and I looked quickly at him. So did the orchestra leader.

"Lucky thing Barkasy's in a position to swear that I was out front all that time," said Duffy. "You can, of course—Barkasy!"

The double-bass player glanced at Duffy and then gazed at the table, and I got the hunch that all was not well between the musician and the orchestra leader.

"I don't know if I could swear to it, Dodge," he said mildly. "I've told Mr. . . he looked at me—that I could swear to any outsiders going backstage, but that the gang working here are in and out so much I might forget about that."

Duffy was not amused. "Of course, you're right," he said. "Come to think of it, I don't know that I could swear that someone of the orchestra hadn't gone back there at the wrong time."

This brought up something that I'd been wondering increasingly about for the past hour.

"Where do you fellows go when you're not playing?" I asked Duffy. "You don't sit on that dais all the time."

The orchestra leader nodded towards the end of the room past the doors to the men's and ladies' rooms. "Down there. Next to the kitchen. We have a room, but we weren't in it when Rose stopped a bullet. We were all on tap, though we weren't all playing, for Mansfield's numbers and the cancan. After that we'd have swung into some dance tunes."

I nodded, and tried to look wiser.

than I felt. Ryan and Ellen came from the curtained doorway. Ryan jerked his head to me, and then to Denham and Siltz. We went over to him and Ellen.

He said to the four of us, "You can run along home, or wherever you want to go. As long as you don't try to leave New York."

The gloom lightened a little in Howard Denham's good-looking face, and I heard Ellen's sigh of relief.

I said to Ellen, "Want me to see you home?" and she nodded, and we went to the checkroom to get my hat.

We went out of the Club 50 and I started to hail a cab and Ellen stopped me. "Let's walk," she said. "I'd like to get my mind straight before I see my cousin, Marilyn."

It was quite a distance, both figuratively and literally, from the 50 to Park Avenue, but it suited me fine.

Ellen's hand was on my arm. "Don't answer if you don't want to," I said, "but what did Ryan grill you about that second time he talked to you?"

"He asked me about the man in the snapshot, Dick, Rose Rosslyn's brother. And about the mermaid. I wish I'd never said anything about the silly mermaid. It meant nothing anyway."

"And did you know Dick Rosslyn?" I asked.

She glanced quickly at me. "Yes, I knew him."

"Well?"

"No I met him and Rose at a friend's house, and saw them a little after that. Rose more than Dick. I had an idea for a while of trying to sing professionally, and that was a kind of bond between us."

"So you knew Rose at least fairly well, and you came to see her tonight about the mermaid. What has the mermaid to do with anything?"

"The mermaid has nothing to do with anything."

"Then why see her about it?"

"I have a picture of her, and I wanted one of Dick. She said she had this snapshot she would give me if I'd drop in at the club for it."

"And the mermaid?"

"I wanted that, too, if she didn't mind. A silly thing. . . . When I sang for them, to get their advice as to whether to go on with it, Dick laughed and handed me this mermaid that was on the mantel of their apartment. As a sort of Oscar in reverse. So when I phoned Rose earlier today and asked for a picture of Dick, I also asked if I could have the mermaid. She said yes, she'd bring both to the club this evening. And I went there to get them. That's all."

**N**ONE of this was believable. Ellen knew the Rosslyns only fairly well, Rose more than Dick, yet she wanted a picture of Dick as a memento.

And she wanted the mermaid only because it represented a comic little episode.

And she had come to the Club 50, looking uncommonly agitated, just for these meaningless trifles, instead of going more conveniently to Rose's rooms for them during the day.

I said, "Did Ryan like that story?"

"No," admitted Ellen. "I expect he was looking for something to tie the mermaid in with Rose's—with what happened to Rose. I guess he was sceptical." She looked worried.

"I'm really in a jam. But I got the feeling that I was in a worse one be-



fore you asked Lieutenant Ryan to step outside the dressing-room with you. When he came back, he didn't act quite so tough with me. What did you say to him?"

"Should I tell her? I didn't think so. For whatever reason, Ryan had taken me into his confidence tonight, and I didn't think that I should violate it."

"I didn't see him about you," I lied. "I wanted to show him something else I'd found. It did happen to tie in with you a little."

"So you're not talking," Ellen nodded. "All right. I can not-talk too."

"You already have," I said bitterly. "And you'll find it is the biggest mistake of your life. You ought to tell Ryan everything you know about Rose and the snapshot and the mermaid and, just possibly, about diamonds . . ."

"Isn't it a beautiful night?" said Ellen.

**I**T was half-past one when we got to the entrance of the building in which the Kepperts lived. I waited on the faint hope that Ellen would ask me upstairs for another minute, and then, when she didn't, took her arm and went through the building lobby towards the elevators as if I owned the place.

She pulled her arm free. "I'd better see you right to your apartment door," I said. "After all, it was only a month ago that two armed men found their way up there and bound and gagged you while they robbed the place."

She shivered a little. "That's right," she said. "I hadn't thought of that. Thank you very much, Sam."

We stepped into an elevator and I pushed the ninth-floor button; the elevators, as I'd had occasion to find out before, were attended up till midnight, after which they were automatic. Another detail making plausible the story of the theft of the Dyuaberg diamond.

We got to the Keppert floor with the old Cicerone working hard. I came out with the best I was capable of at the moment: "Guess I'd better walk through the apartment before I leave. Just to be sure no one's hiding there."

"Marylin is home," replied Ellen, too politely. "I doubt that any investigation is necessary."

"Well, you know, the Home Protection Company. That's me."

The Keppert door opened. Howard Denham glared at us from the threshold, with Marylin Keppert looking over his shoulder.

"What kept you?" Howard asked Ellen.

"We walked," Ellen told him. She turned to me to say good-night. I looked at Marylin and said, "You've heard all about the evening from Denham?"

Marylin opened her mouth as if to say something, then closed it again and just nodded. She was certainly a pretty girl, taller than Ellen, on the junoesque side. There was little color in her cheeks, and she put her arm around Ellen and said, "You poor darling, what a dreadful time you've had." Then she stared levelly at me. "You're here officially, or what?" she stared demanded.

"I'd better report in," I said as easily as I could manage. I walked past Denham and Marylin in the doorway, leaving Ellen to follow after a slight hesitation.

I said, "It's a lovely mess we're in."

"We," Marylin repeated politely.

"Yes. We." I met Ellen at the Club Fifty . . .

"You followed her there. She told me so," said Denham frostily.

I shrugged. "Put it any way you like, I think Ryan is convinced I met her there. And he knows of the loss of your Dyuaberg diamond, and knows I was the insurance adjuster on the case. I believe he has nice, cozy thoughts of collusion between Ellen and me." I saw Ellen start a little; evidently this angle had not occurred to her before. "So I repeat—the mess 'we' are in."

"What does the diamond have to do with anything?" said Denham, still frosty. "All I know is that this place was robbed a month ago, and the diamond and several other things were taken."

"Would you know why Allen Siltz, a well-known, if somewhat shady diamond broker, was at the Club Fifty tonight? Along with you and Ellen?"

"I never heard of Siltz before tonight."

"Well," I said, "why did you show up there with ten thousand dollars in cash in your pockets?"

"So we're in a mess," said Denham through his teeth. "You work hand in glove with Ryan and are with him during his whole investigation, yet he lists you as a suspect."

"What about the ten thousand?" I said.

"I'm not a pauper. I could lay my hands on slightly more than that if I wanted . . ."

"I'm just asking—why tonight, when a girl dancer is killed?"

"The reason for my having that money haven't the slightest connection with Rose Roslyn."

I sighed. "Okay. Now. Does anyone here want to speak of snapshots or bronze mermaids?"

I stared at Denham, who just looked puzzled.

"I told you about the mermaid," Ellen said.

"You sure did," I replied. "But before you could get it from Rose, she was killed. So somebody doesn't think the mermaid is just a gag."

Ellen stood up. "Goodness!" she said. "Almost two o'clock. Good night, Sam."

"Want to go down in the elevator with me?" Denham said.

We went towards the door. Marylin watched us go. Ellen looked at us and, at the last instant before the door closed, looked at me.

"See you tomorrow," said Denham to the girls.

We went to the elevator in which Ellen and I had ascended, still there on the ninth floor.

I said, "I suppose the Senator and Mrs. Keppert have been notified of this commotion?"

"Yes," Denham said. "They'll fly up in the morning to be with Marylin and Ellen."

"I wonder what they'll think of the ten thousand dollars," I remarked idly. Denham said nothing.

We hit the lobby floor and the door slid back. "Shall we share a cab?" I said.

He didn't answer and went on out the lobby door ahead of me. I followed, and had a cab door slammed in my face, and finally found a taxi of my own and was driven home.

I live on Madison in the Sixties in a building that is old and small but, for the three tenants of us who have fixed apartments up above the stores, quite comfortable. It is a walk-up and I am on the third floor. My apartment is roomy and quiet, with the bedroom on a rear passageway, and with a full-sized kitchen.

I mixed a highball and sat down to think thus impersonally about Ellen and about the rest of the Roslyn affair.

Why had Ellen gone to the 50 tonight—alone? Just to see Rose about the snapshot and mermaid? She could easily have snatched herself an escort from among her friends, without taking him into her confidence, if that were the sole reason for the visit.

Why was Denham there with all that cash? Had he and Ellen really not known of the other's presence?

Why had Checckia been so upset after looking through his safe? He'd insisted no money was gone from it, and the fact that a lot was there, visible, would seem to bolster up his statement: a thief would have taken all, not just some. So if it wasn't money that was missing—what was it?

Had Allen Siltz, diamond broker, really been at the 50 only to sell Checckia some diamonds?

Did the Dyuaberg diamond figure in this anywhere?

What had happened to the murder gun, and to the slug that had passed through Rose Roslyn's head and, reasoning circumstantially at least, embedded itself in the paneling in Gar Checckia's office?

And—about the mermaid?

I believed the bronze mermaid did have something to do with Rose's murder, and I believed I knew a little about said mermaid. And about the much larger statue of a mermaid against which Dick Roslyn had been leaning when the snapshot was taken. And about the town in which both had their origin.

It was Sea City, New Jersey. Sea City is an average ocean resort town, as like the resort town to north and south of it as a bead on a string. A few years ago the Sea City Chamber of Commerce, trying to get away from this usualness, and to make their summer haven distinctive in some small manner, had commissioned a well-known sculptor to cast in bronze a figure of a mermaid balanced on her gracefully curved tail. This statue they had set up in the centre of the town. Then they had followed with the manufacture of little mermaid figurines and encouraged all the beach shops to sell them as souvenirs.

**S**o I knew where the snap of Dick Roslyn, dead in an auto smash-up, had been taken, and where the little mermaid in Rose's dressing-case had come from.

I went to the bedroom and methodically hung my coat on a hanger in the closet. I went back and continued sipping my nightcap.

The murder gun, I thought, would have to be around the Club 50. And, equally important, the little lead slug which it had fired and with which it could be matched.

I leaned back in the chair, and my clock struck half-past two. The light from the floor lamp next my chair was in my eyes. I turned it out. Dodge Duffy. Funny . . . He faced the curtained doorway every time he faced the orchestra, yet he'd sworn he didn't see any of the four go in—Bohr, Siltz, Ellen, Denham . . .

I slept.

Suddenly I opened my eyes and got wide-awake in about two-thirds of a second. For another third of a second I was confused, but then I realized that I had not wakened, but had been wakened, and I promptly closed my eyes again and set the wheels buzzing



up above my eyebrows while I tried to figure it out.

I opened an eye a little and glanced at the clock. It showed a quarter after four. The window was black with the darkness before dawn. The bedroom door, wide open, showed more of the same blackness.

Someone was in the bedroom.

I heard a faint rattle from the other room and couldn't place it for a moment. But then I did. The faint clink, metal against metal, was made by the hangers in my coat closet. A hand was furtively moving the suits and coats there, with the hook part of the hangers now and then barely touching. My uninvited guest was at the closet door.

I got up slowly, very slowly from my chair. I reached the doorway without mishap.

The closet in my bedroom is to the right of one entering. The bedroom door opens to the left, so it was not in my way. I slid into the darkness and towards the closet.

I got a glimpse of a dark figure at the opened closet door. Its back was turned. Midstep, I caught a faint flash of metal in one of the figure's hands. My foot came down softly, but not softly enough. A floorboard creaked.

I jumped then, but it was too late. The figure whirled. The hand holding the metallic thing came down, and there was a thumping sound as something hit my head.

**I** DON'T think I was out for very long. I believe I heard my front door click quietly but swiftly closed. I can't be sure of this; but the window was opened a lot wider than it had been when I went in to hang my coat up.

Groaning, I stood up, leaning against the wall. Then I tottered to the bathroom and turned the lights on.

Blackjack? Could be. Or something with at least a little yield to it. For, although the three lumps daintily rising like Himalayas from my skull testified to the force of the blows, there was no blood from two and only a few drops from the third. I wet a towel with cold water and held it against the lumps.

What might be missing? I didn't own anything of real value.

What had a burglar thought he'd get in here?

And why monkey around in a clothes closet?

I wet the towel with fresh cold water, wrung it out, and put it turban fashion around my aching head. I went back to the bedroom and a glint of glass on the floor caught my eye. It took some effort to stoop down, but I made it, and straightened up with the glass fragment in my hand.

A bit of glass with one side rounded, like part of a large watch crystal. Only thicker. Flashlight glass, that was it. The glint of metal I'd seen had been from a flashlight held in the thief's hand. And it was with the flashlight—probably a sturdy two-cell job—that I'd been pounded.

I went to the opened bedroom window and leaped my forehead against the cool glass. Looking down, I could see the narrow ledge leading from the window towards the building corner on the right and to a fire-escape on the passageway to the left. Easy enough to skulk up the escape and into my window. But why?

I went to my dresser and looked in the top drawer where I keep cigarettes. There were none in there, and I remembered I'd used the last of a carton

two days ago and forgotten to get another.

I went, still feeling dazed, to the closet where I'd hung the suit coat I'd worn at the Club 50. There was half a pack of cigarettes in that.

I fumbled for the right-hand pocket. I always keep cigarettes, when I'm carrying them, in the right-hand pocket of a coat along with the matches.

The coat was facing me on its hanger, reversed, so my right hand was at its left side, and I reached foggily into the wrong pocket. My fingers, of course, touched no cigarette package. Instead, they came across something small and alien that sent a sudden shock up them and along my arm. A small, hard, heavy thing vaguely oval in shape.

I drew it out, gazing. Pear-shaped, dangling from a platinum chain as thin as cobwebs, shooting reflected light around the room in bright prismatic colors.

The Doyaberg diamond.

I sat there looking at the jewel which had made so much trouble for so many people through a couple of centuries. Stolen from the Kepperts and now turning up in my pocket after a brief stay at the Club 50 last night. Was its presence at the 50 coincidental, or had it something directly to do with the murder of Rose Rosslyn? No matter. It had been there, brought by persons unknown, and carried innocently away by me.

The identity of the carrier was dimly probable. Ellen Keppert. She had said lightly, "I'll confess, Mr. Gates. I took the diamond." I'm here now to dispose of it. Now I certainly did believe her; and out of the belief I could weave a fairly logical story.

Ellen's yarn about the hold-up at the Keppert apartment had been quite as phony as I'd sensed it was. She had taken the diamond herself, then had herself tied up and gagged—by one of the servants working with her in the theft, perhaps? Afterward, she'd lain low for a month. With the claim okayed by the insurance company, she had come to the 50 to get some money out of it. From Allen Siltz? Or from Howard Denham?

Anyhow, say Ellen had brought the diamond to the 50. Then a show girl had been murdered. Police all around, searching everyone, and here was Ellen with the diamond on her. What to do? W.L. here also was Samuel Kick-me-Cates, apparently enjoying a measure of Lieutenant Ryan's confidence. Drop the thing in his coat pocket and be rid of it. Afterward.

There I bogged down. It had been no girl I'd seen at my closet door, and it had not been a girl with whom I'd tangled and by whom I'd been banged on the head with a flashlight. It had been a man, and a muscular one. The presumed servant accomplice?

Then I dismissed the servant as improbable, and started over again from another angle.

Herb Block Bohr had been the first of Ryan's suspects to be searched. Then Allen Siltz. Then I'd volunteered. So neither Bohr nor Siltz could have slipped the diamond into my pocket, or it would have been found there later by Ryan. I had been presented with my unwanted gift after I had been searched. And who came after that?

After that had come Howard Denham—and Ellen Keppert. But now either could have transferred the Doyaberg diamond from his or her person to mine under the cool grilling, and stare, of Ryan was more than I could figure out.

But—wait a minute. While Ellen was in Rose's dressing-room under Ryan's

unblinking scrutiny, there had been a distraction. One of Ryan's men had come in with Cheockia bearing the dead girl's dressing-case, just found in the checkroom. And Ryan had turned towards them and then gone over to them. In that period it might have been possible for Ellen to get rid of the diamond.

But, why hadn't she tried some trick herself to recover the diamond while I was with her? With the murder, had she given up entirely on the diamond, wanting now only to be shut of it?

I gave it up and started some breakfast. The diamond I put in a little Home Protection Company envelope; I'd take it first thing in the morning to Lieutenant Ryan.

**A**T nine o'clock next morning I went to the office of the Homicide Squad, after phoning to see if Ryan would be in. He was. I was shown to his small office.

He said, "You have something to tell me about the Rosslyn case?"

I nodded. "Our idea that maybe my Keppert case was somehow tied in was sound." I tossed him the envelope.

He opened it and took out the big diamond. Then he looked at me.

"In my coat pocket," I said. "I found it at about four-fifteen this morning—after someone else had tried to find it first."

I told him what had happened and he took it all in. But though there wasn't a recognisable expression on his face, I began to hear my own story sound as fishy as had Ellen Keppert's.

"You think somebody slipped it into your pocket after you were searched last night?"

I shrugged. "How else could it get there?"

"An interesting question," Ryan said. "Of course one answer could be that it had been put there with your knowledge. Or even possibly by you, after your innocent demand to be searched."

"So why do I hand it over to you?" I said.

It was his turn to shrug. "Maybe you had a few second thoughts last night. There's been a murder. The risk of keeping that diamond around is now too great to take."

"If all I wanted was just to get rid of it, why didn't I simply throw it down the nearest sewer grating?"

"Better to make a gesture of getting rid of it," Ryan said. "A gesture like the one last night when you insisted on being searched along with the others."

"Okay," I sighed. "I brought the diamond to the Fifty last night. Foreseeing that we'd all be searched, I gave it to Dodge Duffy to hide in his baton. Later I took it back from him. Then I got to thinking that maybe it was now too hot to handle, and I brought it here."

"That's easier to believe than the statement that somebody slid it into your pocket and for three or four hours you didn't find it out. Who do you think could have dropped the diamond into your pocket?" he went on.

"I don't know," I said. "It wasn't exactly a lie. I didn't know that Ellen Keppert had."

Ryan tapped his fingertips against his desk. "You're not in a good spot, Gates. Here we have a girl who tells a tale of robbery, the insurance man who clears the story, and the diamond that's supposed to have been stolen. All together in a second-rate night spot where a show girl is shot through the



head. Along with a diamond broker named Silla."

"Aren't you getting a bit off the track?" I said coldly. "You're Homi- side. Remember? You're working on a murder, not a theft. And the fact remains that I was not backstage last night and so I could have had nothing to do with Rose Rosslyn."

"A double-bass player doesn't remember seeing you go back to the dressing-rooms," Ryan corrected me.

"To get positive," I ventured "what does the police lab say about the carpet nap you clipped in Checkka's office?"

"Blood," he admitted. "It looks as if the girl was shot in there."

"And the gun and bullet? You didn't find them?"

"We found the gun. After going through the place with everything but a Geiger counter it finally occurred to me that if it wasn't in the place then it must have been carried out, and that only one thing had been carried out around the time the gun might have been used, and that that was garbage. The garbage cans had been collected by then, so we strained through a truckload of refuse and found the gun. Also a scarf identified as Rose Rosslyn's, bloodstained. No bullet though. And we wanted that."

"The gun?"

"Gar Checkka's. And Checkka says he knows nothing about it, and not till he went through his safe, with our permission, did he know his gun was gone."

"Do you believe Checkka?" I said.

"I don't believe anybody in this business," Ryan said. "And I don't have to tell you that what we have on Checkka is completely circumstantial and that his lawyer can shoot it to bits. And don't think he doesn't know it. I had quite a session with him after you and Miss Keppert left. He wasn't talking. His lawyer," Ryan added unhappily, "is Ryskind."

"Mine," I said, "is the whole legal staff of the Home Protection Insurance Company."

**E**VEN as I said it, I knew that this wasn't much. The whole staff wasn't worth Ryskind. And the evidence against Checkka was circumstantial and it didn't put me in the clear. Nor my alleged, as the papers would say, little jewel thief, Ellen.

Thinking of the latter I said maliciously, "Anyhow, Miss Keppert did come to the Fifty last night to see a girl about a mermaid."

"Yes," Ryan said softly, "and a girl was murdered about the time Miss Keppert went to see her."

I cleared my throat. Wrong, Cates. "You figure the mermaid had something to do with this?"

"I didn't say that."

The interview was over. "Stay in town," said Ryan calmly. As though it were an afterthought I said, "Can I have a look at the mermaid and snapshot?"

Ryan opened a desk drawer and took out a bronze figurine and an envelope. I looked at the snapshot. Symmetrical young man leaning laughingly against the mermaid statue.

I looked at the figurine. Nowhere on it was the legend "Sea City, New Jersey." However, it was lacking a base, perching instead on a flat spot on the underside of the tail. I thought that probably the lettering had been on the base.

I handed it back. "By the way, Cates, you may be a wonder boy to your insurance company, but were not your

insurance company. Keep your nose out of this. I don't want you fumbling around and stirring up a lot of mud."

"Even if I get an idea on it, I'm not to."

"You're to keep out of it! Understand?"

I said meekly "Okay. There's a thing though. I'm still an employee, Ryan, and my work takes me to Long Island and New Jersey and Connecticut, and other points within an hour or so of town."

"Send someone else," said Ryan shortly. "Good-bye."

I went back to my own office and reported to the company the recovery of the Duysberg diamond. I was a little more vague about the method of the recovery than I need have been. I left the building.

I went to the "Morning Star" newspaper morgue.

Dink Hannan was there. "What's up? Somebody steal his own car and put in a claim?"

"Somebody smashed up a car," I said. "Turn me loose with last June's papers, will you?"

The item was small and on an inside page, June 28, the year before. "Richard Rosslyn, dancer, of this city, was killed late yesterday afternoon in an auto accident near Euler's Grove, New Jersey."

"It went on with an account of his theatrical activities, mentioning his sister, but I skimmed that. The important thing was the confirmation of the Sea City locale. For Euler's Grove was within a few miles of Sea City."

I went out and took a cab to upper Park Avenue. The Kepperts' apartment.

I had venom in my heart. I had it because last night I'd kept on liking Ellen Keppert in spite of everything. But now I wanted to see her face when I reported to the insured about the recovery of their stolen property. I rang the Keppert bell. The houseman let me in and I went to the big living-room. The Senator and Mrs. Keppert had hurried home from Washington to be with their sweet niece during this time of crisis, so four people faced me near the fireplace.

The Senator, tall, thin, and platinum-haired, shook my hand; Mrs. Keppert, vivacious and smartly dressed, nodded brightly to me; Marilyn nodded and Ellen shook my hand.

The Senator said, "Won't you sit down?" and I sat down across from Ellen and refused a cigarette.

I said, "Good news. Your Duysberg diamond has been found."

"No!" said Mrs. Keppert. Then, "How wonderful! You don't know how I loved that diamond."

"It was found," I said, "in my coat pocket. Last night."

"You're joking," exclaimed Ellen.

"No. Some time last night, after the commotion at the Fifty, someone, before being searched, dropped the thing into my pocket. I didn't find it out till hours later, when someone else climbed into my bedroom window to retrieve it."

"But—last night!" said the Senator. Then his lips thinned. "And last night a member of this family was at the Fifty. And it was this member who reported the loss of the diamond in the first place. You are trying to make something of these things in your mind, Mr. Cates?"

Marilyn stared with outraged eyes. Mrs. Keppert's darker eyes snapped. Ellen . . . Well, Ellen laughed.

She looked at me, and tried to stop, and kept on laughing. "Oh, dear! I'm

sorry I know it was serious for you. But think of Lieutenant Ryan's expression if he'd found it in your pocket!"

"Think of me in a cell while you're at it," I snapped.

She did stop then. "I know. I've said I was sorry. But I— Who do you think out it in your pocket?"

"I have no idea. And when I turned the diamond in to Ryan and told him about it he had no idea, either. But of course it'll come out, along with the other answers to this mess."

"Let's hope it's soon," murmured Mrs. Keppert, nodding her charming, youthful-looking head. Then she stared at me with polite inquiry as did the three other Kepperts. What now? You have reported the recovery of the lost diamond. Time for you to run along?"

I got up. It was time.

"I'll keep in touch with you if anything further develops," I said, smiling at Marilyn and Mrs. Keppert and the Senator.

The houseman handed me my hat, and I went out.

**O**UTSIDE the building I looked around to see if I could spot a Ryan man I couldn't, so I hailed a taxi and was driven to the garage on Ninth where I stable an elderly car.

It was about eleven when I drove out of the garage, still thinking of Ellen. But I told myself to stop thinking about her. Think about the afternoon's work instead. This little trip down southward. Into New Jersey.

I went across the George Washington Bridge and clocked in on to the newly finished, supercolossal New Jersey Turnpike, and as I went through the tollgate I still didn't know if I'd been followed since leaving Ryan's office.

To make sure, I speeded up a bit. My car is a nondescript-looking maroon heap, but it had amused me to put a motor under the faded hood that was almost twice as powerful as the one that came with the car from the factory. I held it at a hundred for a while, and then slowed and pulled over to the road shoulder and stopped.

Nothing happened. I went on my way, and out the exit nearest Sea City. I breezed along as swiftly as I could, and began smelling the salt in the air after a brief run. I wondered if it were on this road that Dick Rosslyn had had his fatal accident a year ago.

And I wondered, not for the first time, just what Dick had been to Ellen Keppert. She had insisted to me that she had not known him well. Yet she had known him well enough to want the snapshot and mermaid from Rose as mementos.

Salt marsh claimed the areas beside the road, and there were short wooden bridges across which the car rumbled and clattered, and then a longer bridge over a shallow but wide arm of the Atlantic, and at the entrance to this bridge was the sign, Sea City.

The drugstore was almost at the ocean end of the street, and I found a place to park near it and walked on to the water's edge.

Looking up left, northward, I saw the mermaid statue, and I went to it. Six feet high, perhaps, with remarkably scaly-looking scales, a remarkably fishy-looking tail, and then the upper torso of a woman remarkably statuesque. Not a bad mermaid at that, with a green-bronze complexion and a big bronze conch shell held between her hands.

Several couples were beside the mermaid as I got there, and one of these, a pair of youngsters whose hands seemed to have grown together so closely were



they clasped, came towards it, ignoring me. The girl leaned against the mermaid and the boy took her picture. Then he leaned against the mermaid and she took his picture. Then the boy asked politely if I would snap a shot or two of them together. Ah, love.

And who, I wondered, had snapped Richard Rosslyn here last summer before he was killed? And who had been snapped by him in turn?

I went on past the mermaid and to a novelty shop. No mermaid statuettes in the window any more; the vogue—or possibly Chamber of Commerce compulsion—for selling them seemed to be in force no longer. I asked where the Sea City newspaper was. I was told it was around the next corner.

I FOUND the Sea City Ledger in a white clapboard box of a building. It was, I saw, a weekly, which would save time.

A taciturn-looking middle-aged man was sitting with his feet on an open desk drawer just inside a railing a few yards from the doorway.

I said, "Hi."

He said, "Hi."

I said, "What's the formality that opens the gates of the Sea City Ledger morning?"

"You ask the proprietor," he said.

"You?"

"Uh-huh. Mort Channing."

"Sam Cates, insurance adjuster."

"Permission granted. But how far back?"

"The first issue after June twenty-eighth of last year."

He looked at me for a moment with a shade less friendliness and a lot more speculation in his eyes. Then he shrugged, said that would be the July 4th issue, and got it for me.

In New York Dick Rosslyn had drawn a brief obit on a rear page. Here, and probably in Euler's Grove, too, he was front page. I read the full account. Extension truck with telephone poles striking out in back, approaching a bridge. Car coming much too fast behind.

The young fellow in the convertible hadn't slowed when the truck did, and had run smack into the projecting poles. They were just windshield high, and it was lucky he'd had a wallet and identification cards, for otherwise no one could have told who he'd been.

He was from New York, the account stated, and had been a dancer, employed currently at the Ring and Rose. He had been observed about town and on the boardwalk in the company of a young woman, but she had not put in an appearance following the accident.

While I'd been reading this, the proprietor had been looking at me. He said, "The Rosslyn accident?"

I nodded. "It's much more complete than the city news account. I thought it would be."

He puffed his pipe.

I said, "There's mention of a young woman companion of Rosslyn's, before the accident. The implication is that they were extremely chummy."

"I don't believe I said that anywhere in the item," he replied, looking at the pipe smoke.

"Can you remember the affair? Remember anything about the woman?"

"I remember seeing him around Main Street once or twice. Drugstore, I think. But I never saw the woman. That was second-hand reporting."

"Where was Rosslyn staying?"

"Had a room in one of the smaller

hotels. Funny thing, though: Cap Haller, who runs the place, said he didn't stay there. He'd come in every day or two to pick up mail, or maybe with laundry to send out. That was all. As if he paid six bucks a day just for an address."

"Where did he stay, then?"

Mr. Mori Canning shrugged.

I realised there'd been some sort of undercurrent in his manner, and he had guessed too easily what I wanted of the July 4th issue. I said, "Your memory is good about a thing that happened a year ago."

He paused before replying. "It was recently refreshed," he said quietly. "Ten days ago, fellow about your age, only bigger. In the most elegant sport clothes I've seen in years. He wanted to read about the Rosslyn accident, too."

"Thanks," I said. "That's help you didn't have to give me. I appreciate it."

I thanked him again and went back to my car near the drugstore.

The Ring and Rose. They knew where that was, in the store. Out route 136, five miles northwest of Sea City, on the road to Euler's Grove. It was a roadside run by a character named Marvin Bailey.

Several cars in the extensive crushed-shell parking lot hinted that the Ring and Rose served lunch; and it was now two o'clock and I was hungry. I parked, too, and went in the doorway flanked by its glass bricks, and the inside seemed as dark as a cave for a moment after the brilliant June sunlight.

I sat down in a booth and a waitress came to take my order.

I picked sandwich, soup, and coffee, and looked around at posters proclaiming that after nine the Ring and Rose presented to the customers a floor show featuring the best talent of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. The waitress came with the soup.

"The Ring and Rose," I said. "Why, this must be the place Dick worked in for a little while last year."

"Dick?" said the waitress. "Say! He was the one got killed in an auto accident last year, wasn't he?"

I nodded. "Poor guy. It broke his sister up in business for a while. A few other females, too—it sure wasn't a sister he was at Sea City with last June."

She grinned a little. "No, I don't think it was. Are you in show business, too?"

"Me?" I laughed. "No, thanks."

"Too bad your friend had to get it that way. He was a pretty good dancer."

"A good dancer," I agreed. "He and his sister made a nice team. And then he had to go and run into a truck's rear end. It's a good thing we can't read the future—he was happy as a clam in a mud bank when he wrote back, just two days before he was killed, from that motel."

"Motel?" said the waitress. "I wouldn't know about the motel. Unless it was the Crescent. A couple of times, going home, I passed him on the Euler's Grove road, and the Crescent's the only thing out that way, and it's kind of . . ."

Three men had been sitting over coffee and low-voiced talk at a front table. Now they got up and two of them walked towards the door and the third walked towards the waitress, and me. He was about my height but looked as if he had enough muscles to bust me in two.

He stood beside the waitress, looking

at me and then at her, and he didn't say anything.

"This is Mr. Bailey, the proprietor," she said nervously to me.

I said, "Cates. Sam Cates. Nice place you have here."

Mr. Bailey still said nothing. The waitress bit her lip.

"Mr. Cates is—was—a friend of Dick Rosslyn's," she continued, babbling a bit. "You know, the one who . . ."

"I know," said Bailey. His eyes were concentrating on me now.

The girl scuttled off. Bailey continued to stand at my table looking down at me. "Sorry she bothered you," he said. His voice was soft but not reassuring. "You don't want to hear a lot of small talk, now, do you?"

I murmured that I hadn't looked at it as small talk, just a few words about a mutual acquaintance.

"We don't talk about the help, here," he said. "Particularly when they're dead. I'll get your check."

He turned and padded to the kitchen doorway, through which the waitress had hurried an instant before. He was back there longer than was necessary just to get the check made out by her.

"If you're wondering where Rosslyn stayed while he was here, it was the Sands Hotel, in Sea City."

I moved my shoulders. "Thanks for nothing. I came in here for lunch. I remembered that Dick had worked here, I mentioned his name."

"Sorry you were bothered with a lot of gossip," he went back to the table he'd been sitting at before, and I left a tip for the waitress.

I went out into the bright sunshine, pointed my car meekly towards Sea City and then turned off and around towards Euler's Grove. A man at a filling station told me where the Crescent Motel was.

PLENTY of the comments made about motels are undeserved. Most of them are as respectable as most hotels. But then not all hotels are respectable, either.

The Crescent looked all right till after you had actually turned into the curving driveway in front of the semicircle of individual cabins. Then you began to sense the character of the place. It was a second-rate establishment reaching for the easy money.

The centre cabin was bigger than the others and had Office lettered over its doorway. I went in there.

On the desk was a registration card and a pen-and-ink stand.

Registration cards. What I wanted to see were the cards for June of last year.

I looked at the blank card on the desk. On the upper left-hand corner, in ink, were the numerals 68. So there had been sixty-seven previous registrations in June. At least I surmised that; it seemed improbable that there'd been only sixty-seven all year to date.

I heard a step in the rear, behind the closed door, and cleared my throat loudly. The door opened and a woman came out. She nodded amiably.

"I'd like to reserve a cabin for tonight," I said. "I'll be back later with—my wife."

She didn't blink. She nodded and slid the registration card towards me. I started to sign and stopped.

"I'd like the same cabin I had last year," I said, grinning a little sheepishly. "Sentimental reasons."

"Which cabin was that?"

"I don't quite remember," I said. "I've



been trying to, and I kept looking at them all as I drove in. I think it was Nine." I'd noticed a car in the port beside Nine as I entered.

"That's taken," the woman replied. "Anyway, all the cabins are the same."

"I know," I made it apologetic. "But I want the same one just to show the my wife that I remembered."

The woman shrugged and stepped to a filing cabinet behind her. "Name? I'll look it up."

Now I was stuck. I'd thought, or anyhow hoped, that she would just turn me loose with the cards. "You'll think I'm crazy, but sometimes, just for laughs, I give a phony name Mr. Abernether, or General Siler, that kind of gas. I did that last year, and I don't remember what it could have been. If I see the cards for June . . ."

She closed the drawer. "Just for laughs, you give phony names. That's okay, we all have reasons sometimes. Who are you? A private eye or something?"

"No, I'm just a guy in the insurance business."

There was the sound of a car being driven furiously from the direction of Euler's Grove. Its brakes squealed. A man rushed in.

He was a husky-looking gent, and a tough-looking gent. Also, just possibly, a scared-looking gent.

"Compliments of Marvin Bailey," I murmured.

Glaring at me, the man said to the woman, "What's he want?"

"Wants to see the cards for last June."

"Did you show—?"

"Certainly not," said the woman.

The man heaved a great sigh of relief. I saw a fresh scar at his left temple, disappearing under the hair-line. A trace of darkness under his right eye indicated that some days ago he might have had a shiner of monumental proportions.

"Beat it," he said succinctly to me.

"But about this cabin for tonight"

"We're full up," said the man. "Beat it."

Well, so I would. The fact that he was so upset about the registration cards for last June told me enough.

In the June file for last year there would be one card missing. One number gone in the sequence linked in the upper left-hand corners.

"All right," I told him haughtily. "I'll go somewhere else."

"Fine," said the motel man, looking tough—and scared?

I started back for New York. The evidence I'd collected in and around Sea City would never have done for a court of law. But I didn't have the courts in mind and it was good enough for me.

Last year, in June, Dick Rosslyn had come to Sea City and there he had met a girl. He had registered at the Crescent Motel with her and had lived with her the week or so before he was killed.

In his effects, which had been shipped back probably by Marvin Bailey of the Ring and Rose, had been pictures and perhaps other evidence of this meeting. Someone connected with the Club 50, where Rosslyn worked more regularly, had got hold of this and had added to it by getting the damning registration card from the motel man.

There had followed some neat and methodical blackmailing. Against the girl.

What girl was being blackmailed? Well, who had apparently stolen the Dyuysberg diamond and brought it to the 50?

Ellen Keppert.

I half-expected to find a furious Ryan at my apartment when I pulled in at a quarter to six.

There was no Ryan, so I took a shower, thinking that the narrow little stall I was in was no tighter than the box that Ellen Keppert was in.

Look what she'd done. A year ago she'd gone off with this Dick Rosslyn and stayed a week with him in a motel cabin. He had been killed before whatever plans they might have had in mind could be matured. Then Ellen had been blackmailed. At last having her arm twisted till she stole the Dyuysberg diamond, probably being told that with this she could settle finally and permanently with the blackmailer.

So—who had been the blackmailer? Dick's sister, Rose, was one to whom Dick's effects might logically have been sent. The man's own sister—I couldn't believe it. Cheekia, then?

I'd saved the biggest, fattest name till last. The name that had come instantly to mind when Channing, of the Sea City "Ledger," described the man who had anticipated my call ten days before. Howard Denham?

Denham getting into the act? Somehow getting wind of the blackmail set-up and, ten days ago, coming out for himself what I had found out today? Beating out of the motel man the information I'd tried unsuccessfully to get? I recalled the fresh scar and the ghost of a shiner the man had sported. Denham was capable of it.

So Denham could have been the one who put the slug on Ellen for the diamond. Though if he had just found out, about the set-up ten days ago, he couldn't have been the one who blackmailed her before. Or hadn't she been blackmailed till recently?

Had he demanded the diamond and ten thousand from Ellen? But if he'd been given the money he would have been given the diamond at the same time, you'd think. Had he been the one who'd managed to slip it into my pocket?

I dressed, thinking of the things people will do to escape the wrong kind of publicity. And then thinking of the fellow at the club last night whose name was synonymous with publicity of the cheapest and most undesirable sort. Herblock Bohr.

FOR a small-timer in the column racket, Bohr lived pretty well. The apartment building was small but expensive-looking. A manservant opened Bohr's door at my ring.

"Show him in, Janes," a voice called petulantly.

The man led me to a small sitting-room. On the far side of a big table was a portable typewriter and seated importantly behind this, in a Chinese robe, was Herblock Bohr.

"Cates?" he said, as if he'd never heard of me before. He looked at my card. "Insurance?"

"Insurance adjuster," I said.

Then he smiled. "Let's see, you were at the Club Fifty last night."

"That's right."

"And you phoned up that you wanted a few words with me about it now. I can't think what I know about the affair that I haven't told to Ryan."

"Have you talked to him some more today?" I asked.

"Talked to him! The man got me out of bed at ten this morning," Bohr frowned. "What's your approach to

this, Cates? Was Rose Rosslyn insured by your company?"

"Never heard of her before last night," I said. "But in an odd sort of way, a case of mine ties in with the Rosslyn case. A valuable diamond, stolen recently from a client of ours, turned up last night after the murder. Nobody knows yet if there is a connection."

I paused. Bohr said nothing.

"Last night you told Ryan that you'd come to the Fifty to get a story for your column. You said that Cheekia had called you. You went back to his office—at an awkward moment for such a trip—and he told you to stick around. He said there was a story about a 'night-club entertainer and a dame.' You told Ryan that you never did get your story, and had no idea what it was about. That was true?"

Bohr bristled. "Certainly it was true."

"What I meant—I was wondering if any knowledge you had picked up might have given you a hint of whom he was talking about."

"No hints. A night-club entertainer and a dame. How many thousand entertainers are there in New York? How many thousand dames who might get tangled with one?"

"There aren't thousands of entertainers working for the Club Fifty," I said. "And this would be a dame with a name."

"You have some idea who Cheekia might have meant?" he shot at me.

"None whatever."

"But there was a diamond mixed up in it," he murmured. "A large and valuable one."

"Yes. Though that has nothing whatever to do with the murder of Rose Rosslyn."

"Oh, of course not. Of course the story still may break, in spite of last night. Cheekia still may give it to me—though I'd imagine he would keep his mouth shut quite tightly for quite a long time in view of what has happened. If he does talk, you want me to tell you who he names?"

"You catch on quickly, Mr. Bohr."

"Agreed. I'll get in touch with you if Cheekia talks. Now . . ."

"Now I'll be on my way. Thanks, in advance."

"Don't mention it," Bohr waved and bent to his typewriter again.

I got my hat from the servant, and the moment the door had closed behind me I ran for the elevator. It was down, and I didn't bother ringing. I took the stairs, going down five flights fast.

The light was flashing on the lobby switchboard when I skidded around the corner from the stairs, and the porter was just dialling a number. . . . looked up in annoyance as he finished, and then looked with no annoyance at all at a twenty-dollar bill I waved at him.

I touched his telephone and he stared at the bill.

He took the bill. I took the phone. "Gari!" came Bohr's excited voice. "Herb. That story you dragged me over to hear last night—curse you!"

Cheekia's voice came smooth, innocent. "What do you mean, curse me? I had it in mind to do you a favor."

"You had it in mind to use me as a club," said Bohr furiously. "You've done it before. You think I'm dull-witted? I can put two and two together. The Keppert diamond turns up last night. And Ellen Keppert is there. And she was the one the diamond was 'stolen' from, or was in on it in some way. And you have this story that may break."

"Now, wait a minute, Herb . . ."

"Ellen Keppert is the dame you meant. The entertainer? There's only one good candidate around your



## THE BRONZE MERMAID

Supplement to The Australian  
Woman's Weekly—September 8, 1934

crumby little joint. Larry Mansfield. You've got the goods on Keppert and Mansfield. You made her bring the diamond. Why, you even had Allen Silts there to examine it for you, make sure it was the real thing and not paste. Was he going to buy it too?"

"Herb..."

"Ellen brings her diamond or I get the story. That's the threat you use with her. And whose palsy does that make me? It won't work, chum."

"Checkie's voice was no longer smooth. 'Listen, if you print anything about Ellen Keppert and Larry Mansfield you'll be the sorriest...'

"I won't print anything till I get some facts, of course. You can provide those later, sweetheart, when the hunting season is over. In the meantime, I want in. You understand?"

The light winked out. Bohr had hung up.

I nodded and went my way. I had fairly well proved who was the black-maller now. Checkie.

It was entirely incidental that at the same time I'd sent the columnist haring off after the wrong "entertainer" to fit the "dame." I hadn't had any idea of trying to help Ellen when I went to see the man.

I went into a drugstore and latched on to a phone booth.

"Miss Ellen Keppert," I said, when I got my number. "Ellen? Sam Cates. May the Home Protection Company buy you a dinner tonight?"

"Hello, Home Protection Company," she said, coming up to me.

"Hello, Dursberg," I said.

She laughed and took my arm. "Oh, forget the diamond. You got it back, didn't you?"

We went to Sterns, a block away on Third. They have steak thick enough to shoe an elephant, and unless you're known you have to wait an hour to get in. I was known, so we got in. We fought our way through to a corner table.

"Penny for 'em," said Ellen.

"You'll get 'em for free," I said.

"Oo! Go on. I can hardly wait."

"Steaks first," I said.

The steaks came, and Ellen had an appetite as healthy as the rest of her. We ate. I told her about my job, and she told me about herself.

Seemed she was—not the poor relation, exactly—but at least the poorer one. Her father, Senator Keppert's brother, had been the one who stayed contentedly white-collar while the other one went first into law and then into politics, winning for himself a lot of fame and a fair amount of fortune. It wasn't till he married the second time—Beatrice Salsbury—that he'd moved into the ranks of the really wealthy.

Before then Ellen's mother had died and then her father, with her uncle taking her into his home and life. She'd been eleven then, and he had treated her like his own daughter Marilyn.

"Beatrice later was just as sweet," Ellen said.

"What does she think of this Rosslyn business?" I asked.

Ellen winced. "She—wonders. No, not about the diamond. Put away I was at a place like the Fifty. I believe she suspects I went there with Howard Denham. Which is why she wonders. After all, Howard is Marilyn's man."

"And you didn't even know Denham was going to the Fifty last night?"

"Why—no—I didn't."

"Oh—what's your idea of Denham?" I asked. "I mean, for Marilyn. Think he's a nice Joe?"

"I know he's a nice Joe. Marilyn loves him to pieces."

"On?" I looked at the menu and still looking at it, I said, "Why was the base off the mermaid?"

"What?" said Ellen, puzzled. Then she smiled. "How can you skip around, Sam! You mean the little figure I wanted to get from Rose? Way I think Rose took the base off because it was bulky and ugly."

"And because it had Sea City, New Jersey, on it?"

Ellen stopped smiling.

"Want to tell me any more about the mermaid? And Dick Rosslyn? And maybe Denham?"

She moistened her lips.

"Ellen I went to Sea City today."

She kept looking at me eyes guarded by their long dark lashes.

"I talked to the proprietor of the Sea City Lodge, who printed the story of Dick's death last year, and who mentioned in it that a woman had been seen around with him before the smash-up. I talked to a man named Marvin Bailey, who runs a roadside inn called the King and Rose."

"Bailey wasn't saying anything. He could have been paid not to talk. Anyhow, he kept quiet about the Crescent Motel. So I went to the Crescent."

"The man at the Crescent definitely had been scared, especially when I asked to see the registration cards for last June."

"So it seems Dick Rosslyn met a girl at Sea City last year, or went there with her. They rented a motel cabin and for a week were together except for a few hours a day when he danced at the King and Rose. Then he died. Dick's things were sent to his sister at the Fifty. Or maybe just to 'Manager, Club Fifty.' There were some pictures and stuff, and Checkie got hold of them. Since then he has been blackmailing the girl. The last demand was for the Dursberg diamond."

"You can't prove any of this," said Ellen.

"I'd like to be the judge of that myself. Ellen—you were the girl with Dick last June?"

I saw the pulse beat in her white throat, and then the slow, painful color came, washing up over it and over her face.

"Aw, baby," I said, "don't look like that. I think I felt worse than she did. I'm not trying to scare you. I only want some information."

"I'd like to go home now, if you don't mind, Sam," she said.

I took her home. There was a lot more I wanted to ask—but I told myself that slow tide of dull red had answered me so, so I let it go.

I didn't seem to have good sense where this girl was concerned. Whether a few future events might have been changed had I been tougher with her, I don't know. Probably not.

It was still too early for the musician. I have got to the Club 50. I got Dodge Duffy on the phone.

"Cates?" he said. "Oh, yes."

I said, "I want to see the fellow sitting next to Barkasy on the orchestra dais. The one, trumpet player."

"Bob Hallwig." He gave the name reluctantly, saying, "I don't want him to turn up late tonight."

"Where does he live?"

The address turned out to be that of a faded hotel not far from where I was putting Robert Hallwig up on the fourth floor, and I went up without announcement from the desk. I heard stirrings behind the door when I tapped, and then it was opened and the trumpet player looked out at me.

His trumpet case was on his bed closed.

I had only half-noticed Hallwig last night. He was a tall, cadaverous individual with fingers ten inches long, and he'd sat on the dais as if half-asleep until time to lift his trumpet. Then he had come to life.

"Yeah?" he said.

"Sam Cates," I said. "Insurance adjuster. I was at the Fifty last night."

He nodded.

"Nasty bit of business," I said.

He looked at me.

"It put you fellows in something of a spot. As witnesses, that is."

He ground out a cigarette.

"Did you know Dick Rosslyn, the dancer who got killed in an auto accident last year?"

"You have a right to ask questions?"

"Not police authority," I admitted, "but I have reasons for wanting to see this cleared up."

Hallwig stepped to the chair over the back of which hung his dinner jacket. He put the coat on.

"I knew Dick, a little. Not at the Fifty—he crashed before I got chained to Duffy's galley bench—but at a couple of other places. He was a good dancer and a nice guy."

I asked if Hallwig had any idea whether the dead dancer's effects had been sent to his sister or to Checkie. Hallwig picked up his trumpet case. "If Dick had stuff at the place where he was working when he got killed, the manager there would probably just send it to his former place of employment."

I nodded and said, "To change the subject a bit—this guy, Barkasy, the double bass player who sits next to you—"

"Ah, the sixty-four dollar question. Anyhow, I guess Ryan would call it that."

"Ryan?"

"He asked it of me this morning. For about an hour, in a dozen different ways, but all the same question."

"All right. I'll ask it, too. Did Barkasy, at any time you know of during Mansfield's number or the Misses Club Fifty number, leave the orchestra and go back down the dressing-room corridor?"

"No," said Hallwig. "He did not. And I would have known, since I practically rub elbows with him."

"You'd swear to that?"

"Sure I'm wearing a w."

I said goodnight to the trumpeter and went home to kill some time; my next call was to be a late one.

While waiting I wrote down on a sheet of paper the lines last night when various folk went backstage at the 50, adding any other notes or thoughts I had in mind.

Ten-ten last night. One of the Misses Club 50, girl named Edna, saw Rose alive.

Ten-fifteen. Larry Mansfield came out for his number and allegedly sang. Piano and other with the orchestra silent save for the breaks.

Ten-twenty. Columnist Bohr to see Checkie, who was in his office at that time. "Come back later."

Ten-twenty-four or -five. Allen Silts to see Checkie, but Checkie wasn't in his office.

Ten-twenty-seven or -eight. Howard Denham to see Checkie. The man was in his office this time. Short drink with Checkie, and then exit Denham.

Ten-thirty-three. End of Mansfield's number. Mansfield back behind the curtain for a moment, then returning to the supper room and to a table where a lady awaited his charms.

Ten-thirty-five. The cancan number.



Ten-forty. Ellen back to see Rose. Saw her all right. Dead.

Ten-forty-three or -four Rose's body found by Miss Lang, the singer in white, who reported to Checckia, who reported to police.

I looked at my timetable, all ship-shape and scientific. It seemed to me that anyone, from Edna to Miss Lang, could have killed Rose.

I'd started with the preconceived notion that the guilty guy was Checckia; I ended the same way. And by then it was well along towards midnight, so I slid into a raincoat and put on an old hat and headed forth into the rainy night.

The Club 50 was a gloomy place. A murder is no kind of advertising for such a spot. Add to this the fact that it was a rainy and unpleasant night and you can guess at the attendance. The supper-room wasn't a third filled.

The orchestra was on its dais and as I walked in Dodge Duffy, all smile and wavy hair, raised his baton and whipped it down, and the orchestra started playing "In the Clouds with You."

I went to a side table and sat down. A waiter came and I ordered a Scotch and soda. Duffy's brave men played and I watched them.

The orchestra stopped and the several couples dancing stopped. The lights went down, the spot went on, and Larry Mansfield came out of the curtained doorway. He sang with all the quavers and gestures he had used last night.

There was meagre applause. He swelled its meaning into a request for one encore, and then went back through the curtained doorway at Barkasy's elbow. The lights went up and Duffy's boys swung into action.

The curtain moved again and Checckia came out, turning left to walk around the edge of the room and to the door.

The manager of the Club 50 did not look gleeful. He looked pallid, and the corners of his mouth were pulled down savagely. He dropped into the chair across from me. "What are you doing here?"

"Drinking," I touched the glass. "Don't I have enough trouble with the New York police force without getting you on my neck, too?"

"You've been having trouble with the police?" I asked.

"A couple of men here all day. And Ryan at me half the afternoon at my apartment."

"So you and Ryan had a talk. A jolly fellow, isn't he?"

"Jolly like a bear trap." Checckia shot me a mean look.

I smiled blandly. "Well, after all, you're suspect number one."

"What do you mean, I'm suspect number one?" he snapped.

I didn't know whether Ryan had admitted knowing that Rose had been shot in Gar's office with Gar's gun.

I said, "Who were Dick Rosslyn's personal effects sent to after he was killed last June?"

His eyes got very still. "Dick's stuff? Why do you ask that? Ryan didn't ask that."

I didn't say anything.

"I don't know who his things were sent to. Rose, I'd guess."

"They weren't sent to you?"

"No, they weren't sent to me. And what have Dick Rosslyn's shirts or dancing shoes or hair brush got to do with what happened to his sister?"

"I was hoping you could tell me."

"Well, I can't. And wouldn't if I could."

"Do you have the same number of entertainers here now that you had last year?"

"Yes. Except for Rosslyn. Some of the people are different, but the number is the same."

"Where did Dick dress?"

"He was in with Larry Mansfield."

"How did you first learn of Dick's death? I mean, did you read about it, or did somebody tell you?"

Checckia got up, and I think he was having trouble keeping his hands off me.

"Get out of here," he said.

"Okay," I shrugged. "How about later in your apartment? Next door, isn't it?"

"I don't have anything to take up with you—"

"Yes, pal, you have. Something important. To you," I said softly.

He said finally, "All right. Three o'clock."

CHECCKIA had searched through his safe and found his gun gone after a girl had been shot? That wasn't what had turned him around with a sick look. That wasn't what he'd found missing.

The first thing he'd reached for in his safe when Ryan finally let him go through it had been a small, flat tin box. Not the kind of thing you keep a gun in. The kind of thing, rather, in which you keep papers. Special papers. The dope he had on Ellen Keppert, Gene Stolen. And in that first instant Checckia had known it and gone crazy down inside himself.

The blackmail pictures, motel registration card, whatnot—taken from the safe. By whom? Checckia would doubtless have given five years of his life to know that.

And so would I.

The waiter came back with my change, and I went out and to a Sixth Street bar to pass the time till my meeting with Gar at three o'clock.

I couldn't wait till three o'clock. At twenty-five past two I back-tracked through the black, wet, early morning towards Checckia's place. One reason I couldn't wait was because I now had such an excellent story.

Last year, after Dick Rosslyn's death, his effects had fallen into Checckia's hands. Among his things had been some careless snapshots of him and a girl at the town of the mermaid, probably some showing the two at the Crescent Motel cabin. Checckia made it his business to find out who she was: Ellen Keppert, niece of a wealthy U.S. Senator.

Checckia went to Sea City and bribed the man at the Crescent Motel into giving up the registry card of last June for Mr. and Mrs.—Whatever name Dick might have signed. Then blackmail, till Ellen was drained of cash. Finally the jackpot demand. All right. Bring me the Dyuysberg diamond—for which Allen Silty had an undercover customer—and we'll call it quits.

So far, so good. But in the past month something had aroused Denham's curiosity. Perhaps in calling on Marilyn he had seen something of Ellen's to make him suspicious; perhaps he, too, knew Rose and had glimpsed the mermaid and snapshot she owned. Anyway, he'd gone to Sea City and come back with the same information that Checckia had.

Last night he had come to have a showdown with Checckia. And last night Ellen had come, as commanded, with the diamond.

Some time before Ellen and I entered the supper-room, Denham had caught up with Checckia in his office. Faced with Denham's demands, Checckia had cut him in, paying him ten thousand dollars from the office safe for his silence. It was then, in his anger and frustration, that Checckia had forgot-

ten to turn the combination knob on his safe door.

Meanwhile, before coming for the final payoff, Ellen had remembered the little bronze mermaid and the snapshot of himself which Dick had sent his sister from Sea City. Fearing that these, innocent as they seemed, might rouse someone's curiosity, Ellen had phoned Rose earlier and asked her to bring them to her at the 50 that night. Something in tone or word had given away to Rose why Ellen wanted them.

It was the first Rose had known of blackmail. Wild with angst, she'd gone to Checckia's office to have it out with him. Checckia wasn't in his office, and she started searching for the pictures. Found them, too. And then Checckia had come in and caught her.

More courageously than sensibly, she had snatched up a gun she'd come across in her search, and Checckia had tried to get it away from her, and she'd been shot.

That was my story and I thought it a very good story, and there was only one hole in it.

If it were all true, then Checckia would still have the blackmail papers. And I was convinced that somewhere along the line he'd lost his golden goose.

There was one way, I thought, to startle him into betraying himself. Tell him the story I'd dreamed up. Then—the hooker.

I was going to say that I had the snapshots and registry card. Never mind how. I had them—and what would it be worth to him to get them back?

If he didn't crack somewhere along the line, I was a pelican's aunt.

It was twenty-five to three when I got to the building housing the Club 50. Five floors, with the club on the ground floor, Checckia's apartment and some storage space on the second, and small offices for stray business enterprises on the third, fourth and fifth. There was no night porter. At eight o'clock or so the departing elevator man locked up and any tenant after that could use his key.

I went to the dark door at the east end of the building. There was a bell button with Checckia's nameplate.

I started to punch the bell button, then saw that the door seemed not quite closed. I pushed at it and it opened, and I went in.

The narrow building lobby was dimly lit. The elevator had stopped functioning many hours ago, of course. I turned into the narrow stairway next to it and began going up.

There was no light here other than receding traces of the dim one in the lobby. I practically had to feel my way up the stone stairs till I got to the second floor. Then I stopped moving, and almost breathing, because I heard steps on the other side of Checckia's door.

Checckia going out again? Or some visitor, perhaps a significant one, just leaving? I hotfooted it up another flight and then peered down to see what I could see.

The second-floor door opened cautiously and a figure came out so cautiously that I couldn't even see a face, let alone identify it. Then the door closed and all I saw was a shapeless dark bulk.

I moved from the rail, to start down as soon as I heard the outer door close and see if I could identify Checckia's caller on the better lighted sidewalk.

The lobby light went out.

There was no sound of the street door opening. There was only a stillness as complete as the blackness in the stairwell.



I heard a slow step in the blackness. A bare althor of sound halfway up the first flight of stairs. So I must have been heard, and the black shape down there was coming back in pitch darkness to investigate.

I slid silently out of my raincoat, held it over the third-floor railing, and let it drop. I heard it hit, and an instant later my eardrums bent inward with the thunder of a shot in the airless, windowless stairwell.

The silence of stealthy investigation, then a faint rasp at the bottom of the third-floor stairs. Coming up. Coming after the owner of the coat. And he had a gun and I hadn't.

I tried the third-floor door. Locked. Black as a coal mine at midnight. I couldn't see the stairs I trooped on, with nowhere to go but up. Fourth floor. Door locked. And now the distinct sound of a step below me.

I finished the stairs. No more up. Fifth and last floor, end of the line. I faced the stairs and listened, and heard a stealthy sound below. Crouched in the blackness with my arms spread so they spanned the staircase, I gave him time to get about halfway up.

Then I dived. Head first down the stairs, arms out to grab anything I touched, and just as I had the flashing fear that somehow I'd missed my man, my right hand brushed cloth and clamped on to it literally for my life.

I swung pinwheel fashion at the end of my arm, and the figure I'd grasped swung, too. Then the two of us went in a shapeless sprawl to the bottom of the stairs—and I was the one underneath.

Light burst inside my head. Then there was another shot. And then—sweet slumber.

**A**FTER what seemed an eternity, I opened my eyes and realised I had a headache that was the mother of all headaches.

And where had Checkkia been all this time? How could he help bearing, in his apartment, the confined roar of those shots?

I sat up and started on hands and knees for the stairs. My left hand felt something flung it numbly for a moment, then recognised it.

A gun. I didn't have to lift it to my nose. I could smell it from there. Recently fired. Once at my apartment, once at my head—at such close range that even in pitch blackness it was miraculous that it had missed.

I got to the door of Checkkia's apartment on the second floor and I went in, holding the gun I'd picked up. A stubby .32 revolver.

The living-room was large, luxurious and empty. I went to a door on the same side of the room, opened it, and there was Checkkia.

This was the bedroom. Checkkia lay on the bed, sprawled partly on his back, looking up at me out of what seemed three eyes, till I got closer and saw that the third eye was a red-rimmed hole almost exactly over the bridge of his nose.

The back of his head was not like Rose Rosslyn's. This one had not been shot with a little, low-powered .22, but with a more grown-up weapon. The back of Checkkia's head was a mess. Checkkia dead, and in death explaining everything.

"Come at three," Checkkia had said to me. And to someone else. "Come at two-thirty." Or maybe a quarter to three. That one, that first visitor, had come with murder in his mind.

I looked at the revolver and wondered what I should do about it. The murder gun, marked all over with my

prints now. I could wipe it, of course

I shrugged. Who would that fool? I went to a fancy white telephone on Checkkia's drumtop table and dialled Homicide. Then I sat down before I should fall down, and held my head in my hands and tried to piece things together.

I got up after a minute and went back to the living-room. A glance showed nothing disarranged, no evidence of a search in here. I did see the middle drawer of a library table pulled out several inches, and this could have been done by the visitor.

I went over and looked in. A mess of stuff—nothing of significance. Then I saw the flashlight—just the end of it. I took it out, a two-celled job, dented at the lens end and with part of the glass gone. Dented where it had hit me on the head.

Checkkia had been my caller last night. Checkkia had been the one after the diamond. He had been in Rose's dressing-room when Ryan's attention was diverted and Ellen got her chance to get rid of the stone. He'd seen her slip it into my pocket.

I heard a commotion downstairs and heavy steps coming up. Stengel and another plainclothes man came in. "Bedroom," I said, and they went off there, after glancing curiously at my head.

I sat down again, and I don't know how much time passed before Stengel came from the bedroom in answer to another ring at the bell. And then Ryan walked in from the stairs with a lot of other guys behind him.

It was not quite six in the morning. I sat in Lieutenant Ryan's little cell and wished I'd never been born. My head still throbbed like a smashed thumb, and Ryan was officially and actively on my neck.

"So you had an appointment with Checkkia and got there early. You got there as the killer was coming out, and he jumped you because he was afraid you'd seen him and could testify later."

I nodded. Ryan shrugged. "I'd listen harder to you if the Deysberg diamond hadn't turned up in the affair. Turned up in your pocket. Why did you go to Checkkia's apartment in the first place?"

"I thought he'd killed Rose. I still think he may have. And I thought I could shake some answers out of him with the blackmail angle. Have you got a line on the gun yet?"

"We've traced it."

"Whose is it?"

"You didn't pick it out of the drawer of Checkkia's library table when his back was turned?"

"Checkkia's gun? Again?"

"Yeah. A pessimist our friend Checkkia kept a gun in his office and another in his apartment. But I suppose a character like that would be apt to be a bit cautious."

"So you're buying the blackmail item," I said. "That's good. One small part of my story you believe, anyway?"

"I didn't say I believed it. Go over that again—why you thought it might be blackmail in the first place."

I said nastily. "A little mermaid told me."

Ryan glared. "A pretty dame tells a pretty story of a diamond being stolen from her. You okay the claim. Then you go with her to the Club Fifty, where she admits she wanted to see Rose Rosslyn. She does see her, and Rose turns up dead. Then the diamond comes to light, in your possession. Then you go to see Checkkia and he turns up dead. After you've admitted that he was black-

mailing your little pal Ellen Keppert—"

"I didn't say anything about Ellen Keppert!"

"Who else could it have been?" Ryan lit a cigarette. "All right now, go over the mermaid angle."

I did, holding back only my knowledge of who the woman was who'd been with Dick Rosslyn last June. Not that that did any good.

"Ellen Keppert, of course," Ryan said. "If you don't want trouble, you'd better not shout that around," I said. "There is no proof. Besides, it has nothing to do with Rose's death. It wasn't Rose who was blackmailing. It was Checkkia."

Then I remembered something. I'd told Ryan in detail about the fellow looking in my bedroom closet for the coat I'd worn that first night to the 80, and I had given him the fragment of glass from the lens of the flashlight busted over my head.

"That bused-up flashlight in Checkkia's table drawer," I said. "Did the piece of lens fit?"

He nodded grudgingly. "So it looks as if Checkkia was the man who tried to burgle my apartment."

"If so, he must have used a helicopter to get from my grilling at the Fifty to your apartment at that hour," Ryan growled. But it could be that the flashlight worked in my favor, for finally he said, "This time I want it thoroughly understood. You can sleep at home instead of in a cell, but if you even go off Manhattan Island I'll throw the office at you."

I refrained from thanking him for his big-heartedness, and went home to snatch a bit of sleep.

I woke at one in the afternoon and showered and dressed. I felt my head, which now resembled the last melon in a supermarket after a hard day.

I made myself a sketchy breakfast and went out, heading towards the Keppert apartment.

Ellen opened the door herself, and it seemed that Marilyn was out with Howard Denham, and the Senator had flown back to Washington on urgent business, and as I stood near the apartment doorway with Ellen, Mrs. Keppert came into the living room hatted and gloved.

Mrs. Keppert glared at me and went out.

**E**LLLEN and I went to the sofa and chairs near the living-room fireplace.

I said, "You've heard about the new development?"

She nodded. "I certainly have! Checkkia. Lieutenant Ryan was here this morning finding out where we'd all been at two to three a.m. Where we'd all been was home in bed."

"You have nothing to worry about in the Checkkia thing," I said. "He was killed by a man, and a much younger and huskier one than the Senator. I know, I was there."

"You were there?" Ellen said sharply.

I nodded and turned my head to show the Alp back there. She breathed, "Sam," with a concern in her voice that almost made the lump worthwhile.

"But that's not what I came about," I went on. "What I came about was your dealings with Checkkia over the past year. I need some frank answers to some blunt questions."

"Why?" she asked, almost inaudibly. "Because you're not through with your personal trouble. Checkkia lost whatever he was blackmailing you with before he was killed. Maybe the killer got the dope, maybe not. But someone did, and after the fuss has died down the game will start again."



Her voice was steady. "You keep on thinking the blackmail is tied in with the murders, don't you?"

"Yes. And I think if we can nail the killer there's a swell chance he has what's bothering you."

She said "I'll right—Sam."

"The boy—Checchia had on you lay in some picture and a motel registry card, right?"

"Yes."

"When did Dick Rosslyn take the pictures?"

"I think it was the second day."

"At the bronze mermaid?"

"Some of them. Some in front of the motel."

"You were there long enough for the pictures to be developed?"

"Dick picked them up at the Sea City drugstore two days before he had the accident. He sent one, of just himself, along with a souvenir mermaid, to his sister Rose."

I ASKED gently, "Did Rose know Dick was down there with a girl?"

She shook her head.

"Did Dick give you a set of pictures?"

"He didn't give anybody any, except the one to Rose. He kept the one set he'd made, and the negatives."

"They were with his things at the motel?"

"I think so. I think they were in his suitcase."

"Now, this is important. Have you any idea to whom Dick's things would have been sent after his death?"

"Why—to Rose, I guess."

"Would the motel manager have had her address?"

"I hadn't thought . . . I don't suppose he did. So I guess he just bundled everything up and sent it to the Ring and Rose, and the proprietor there forwarded it to the last place Dick had worked. The Club Fifty. And that would mean the manager of the Fifty Gar Checchia."

"Might the suitcases, or whatever, just have been taken in at the Fifty and dumped in Dick's former dressing-room?"

"I don't know."

"Did you know that Howard Denham went to Sea City, and knows about this, too?"

Ellen's hands crept towards her throat.

"Howard?" she whispered. "He found out?"

"Everything. About two weeks ago." I waited, but she didn't say anything. "Got any ideas on that?" I asked her.

She shook her head. I had a hunch she did have some ideas about it, and about the ten thousand in cash found on Denham; but if so, she wasn't going to air them.

I said, "Someone besides you and Checchia—and recently Howard Denham—knew of the blackmail set-up. Rose, and wanted to chisel in. That's the one we want. How did you pay Checchia off?"

"I went to the club to see him."

"You have no idea who else might have found out?"

"None."

I said, "Thanks my dear. You're a grand girl and a game girl. There's one more thing I want to ask you, but this is a personal question and you can tell me to mind my own business."

"Well?"

"Dick Rosslyn," I said. "Is he still a factor?"

"He's gone, isn't he?"

"And forgotten?"

She looked towards a window and I barely caught the words: "You start

something and it grows and grows. It goes on and on."

"And forgotten?" I persisted.

She said, "I think I'll tell you to mind your own business."

On my way out the thought that bothered me was who besides the principals involved knew of the blackmail racket? And how had he found out?

Checchia, Ellen, and possibly Denham. These were the only ones who knew.

I sat up a little straighter. There was another, the dead man, Dick Rosslyn, himself.

It is not every second-run dancer who can share the affections of a girl like Ellen, from a family like hers. If Dick had bragged before some friend who later observed Ellen coming unhappily to the Club 50 and conferring with the manager of that unlikely spot, the friend might have put two and two together.

It seemed a thing worth sniffing around, and I thought I'd start with a man who might help direct the sniffs and whom I wanted to see on another matter, anyhow.

The double bass player, Barkasy.

Barkasy stayed at a small Manhattan hotel. I phoned up and he wasn't in his room. I looked in the lounge and grill. He was in there with a fellow who, I saw when I got closer, was the player who sat next to Barkasy on the 50's orchestra dais, Robert Hallwig. He looked pretty tight. Barkasy didn't.

Barkasy said when I joined them, "Well, well. Cates. You remember him, Bob? Insurance, in some way I don't quite get because he pals around with the police."

"Pals around?" I repeated. "You should have been with me in Ryan's office this morning. I am not to put it mildly in good odor."

"Who is?" said Barkasy, grimacing. Hallwig broke out of his glassy-eyed state. "Grilled me," he said, aggrievedly. "Shoulda seen it. 'D think I knocked off somebody myself."

"Bob and I," explained Barkasy, "have been celebrating our unemployment."

I turned to Barkasy.

"Even back about the Fifty closing. But I suppose it'll reopen under other management before long."

Barkasy's shrug was philosophical. "I suppose Ryan's been at you about last night?" I said.

"Has he?" Barkasy sipped his drink. "Was that what he had you in his office about this morning?"

I nodded. "I was at Checchia's apartment last night. I'm sorry to say. In fact, I'm the one who phoned Homicide to come and inspect the new morgue tenant."

I showed him the back of my head. "I got this lump in a hassle on the stairs with the guy who came out of Checchia's apartment leaving Mr. C. prone."

"The fella that bumped off Checchia gave you that?" He didn't go on with it, but his eyes asked the natural question.

"No, I don't know who it was," I said. "But I did get a hunch that it could have been somebody from the Fifty."

"How do you figure that?"

"I really don't know. I keep asking myself. Maybe it was smell—I don't smoke much and my nose is good. Maybe I smelled starch or something. From a dress shirt."

"Lots of people wear 'em at that hour, so?"

"So have you any idea who, of the club gang, didn't go home when the club closed but went to Checchia's apartment instead?"

"No. I was one of the first to leave," Hallwig, here, and I shared a cab with my double bass. I dropped

him at his place and came on here to my own."

"Nobody went to Checchia's door while you were getting your cab?"

"I don't think so, but I can't swear to it."

"Oh, well, it was another matter I wanted to bring up."

"Like?"

"Like you and Dodge Duffy. You remember night before last, you and I and Duffy were at that table by the door for a minute? And you made a crack about not being able to remember which employee had gone backstage, if any, because you were used to them running in and out?"

Barkasy grinned. "Yes. Dodge didn't like it much."

"Well, did he go back? During Larry Mansfield's number or the Misses Club Fifty number?"

"You'll think I'm a moron, but I honestly can't remember. As I've said, people who don't belong to the place—sure, I can tell about them. But you don't much notice people who do belong there. Between us, I'm pretty positive that Dodge did not go back—I can't think when he would have had time for it. But it was interesting to put a tack in his chair."

"He put one in yours, too."

"Oh, me! He wouldn't know if I or anyone else in the band had gone back. With the spot in his eyes I doubt if he can even see the doorway. Plus the fact that he needs glasses and is too vain to wear them."

I said to Barkasy, "You knew Dick Rosslyn, didn't you? Nice guy?"

"One of the best."

"Who were his close friends? Would you know?"

Barkasy was silent for a moment, at the end of which he looked mildly surprised. "I can't seem to remember any. Real pals, that is. I suppose he must have had some, but I don't remember any coming to the Fifty."

"Anybody at the club he might have got loose-tongued with?"

"Dick was not loose-tongued. I don't mean he was secretive, but he didn't go around flapping his lip."

"Not even about women?"

"I said he was a nice guy," snapped Barkasy. "And I never heard him mention a woman's name. Not once."

"Come on—a my house," crooned Hallwig.

"Good idea," Barkasy said. "I'll put you in a cab." He got off his stool and slid a hand under the fellow's arm. "I'd let you sleep it off in my room, but I have company coming. If you can call Dodge Duffy company."

"Duffy?" I repeated.

"Probably wants to know if I'll stick with him while he tries to get us a spot, or if I'm going to work out for another band."

HELPING the trumpet player to his feet, Barkasy urged him towards the door. I sat a moment longer.

So — back to a fresh start on that old query: Who besides Checchia could have found out about Dick and Ellen? And how?

It was four in the afternoon now. I wandered out of Barkasy's hotel, started walking, and found my feet had pointed me towards Club 50.

The place looked even less salubrious by day than by night. The shoebox of a building it was in seemed shabbier. I got to the club entrance and, still on impulse, went down the three steps to the door. I tried it, and it was locked.

I went along the walk and got to the other door, the kitchen and service entrance, and this was not only



unlocked but showed signs of activity: men going in empty-handed and coming out with burdens. The Club 50, closed for no one could say how long, was unloading its perishables from the kitchen.

I stood a moment watching them, then moved closer and looked inside. A fellow in a white apron was supervising the emptying of refrigerators and chilled bins. I went in and up to him.

"Work here?" I said.  
"What's it to you?"  
"When the club was in operation," I persisted, "at what time did the front door open?"

"About four," the man said.  
"This door. When was it open?"  
"All day. Some of us here from nine o'clock on, gettin' stuff ready for Parrino, the chef."

I felt a little inner prickle. "So anything delivered to the Fifty, anything at all, whether it was kitchen stuff or not, would be taken in here at the service entrance?"

"That's right."  
"How long have you worked here?"  
"About six months."  
Six months. That didn't do me any good. I said, "This Parrino. He's the head chef, isn't he?"

My man nodded impatiently.  
"You know his address?"  
The man gave it to me. I thanked him, and then I wasn't just strolling any more. I took a cab.

Parrino, Joe, lived far up on Fifth. I rang the bell, and I went up to the second floor. Parrino was in the hall doorway, a great big fellow with an enormous stomach.

"You're Mr. Parrino, of the Club Fifty?"

"Was of the Fifty," he said, "till they kills the manager."

"Could I have a word with you?"  
"Sure, sure," he said, with the amiability of a fat man. He stepped back. "Marin Vidit's."

A large woman came from a back room. She also looked carefree and contented.

I said, "I want to ask some questions about the Club Fifty, and the service entrance, and about last June when Dick Rosslyn got killed."

Joe just his jolly look, and Mrs. Parrino sat down again on a chair.

"Nice fella, that Dick," Joe said. "He was out here more than once for a dinner. Him and Rose, too. Nice kids."

"Nice," I agreed, "and also attractive. Dick knew a lot of girls, I suppose?"  
Mrs. Parrino eyed me. "I suppose he worked awfully hard at his dancing, though."

"He could have had plenty of dames," Joe said. "More than one of the club customers batted her eyelashes at him."

"You mean you wouldn't personally know of any he had?"

Parrino looked me up and down. "If you knew Dick Rosslyn, you wouldn't ask that. Nobody could tell if he knew a lot of dames or a few dames, or no dames at all. He didn't talk about such things. Gentleman, if you catch."

I sighed. So Barkasy had not lied. I swerved on to the track that had led me here in the first place.

"Joe, tell me about the daytime running of the Fifty, will you? What was the usual schedule of the joint?"

"Oh, the schedule. Why, the cleaning women and a few in the kitchen got there about nine. The women were through at noon. The kitchen help stayed on, of course, getting stuff ready. I got there about three in the afternoon and took over. Stayed till about eleven, sometimes later. The place closed according to the house."

Like last night. Gar must have started pressuring 'em out early, to get up to his apartment by half-past two."

I winced at this indication that Joe knew all about last night. "Ryan?"  
Joe nodded. "Here earlier this afternoon."

I said, "So the service and kitchen entrance was open all day. The club entrance?"

"Closed and locked."  
"Nobody there but kitchen help and cleaning women till late afternoon?"

"Dodge Duffy and the boys were there often, rehearsing a new number."

"A year ago," I said, "Dick Rosslyn had his accident in New Jersey. His things were sent to the Fifty. If they were delivered any time up till late afternoon they'd have had to be received at the service entrance. Would you happen to remember any such receipt?"

Joe nodded.  
"I remember all right. Rose had gone down to get him, poor kid, and she'd brought back what she thought was all his stuff. But some place she didn't know about was another suitcase with clothes and all." (That would be the Crescent Motel.) "The suitcase came, I think three days later. Express collect. So I was called to the door. I paid the charges."

"And then?" I said, trying to keep calm about it. "Who did you give it to? What happened to it?"

"I was busy so I turned it over to a helper to deliver."

"Deliver to whom?"  
"Why, to Rose Rosslyn. She was the guy's sister, after all. He took it back and left it in Rose's dressing-room."

"You're sure of that?" I asked.  
"I told him to," Joe shrugged. "He said he did. Want to talk to him yourself? Maria, see if Amado's in."

I continued with Joe. "What happened then?"

"Nothing," Joe replied. "Gar came in a little later, and I told him about the suitcase and got the express charges back from him. He went out, and I got to work."

So I had a nice idea—and it had slowly sunk right back into the slough from which I'd started in the first place. Unless someone was trifling with the truth.

"You can believe what this Amado says?" I asked Joe.

"I'd better be able to!" He grinned. "Amado's my nephew."

W HILE he was talking of his nephew, Mrs. Parrino came back into the room with a young fellow behind her.

"Amado, this is Mr. Cates," Mrs. Parrino said. "He wants to ask you some questions about last year."

"Oke, Mr. Cates," Amado said. "Shoot."

"You were with Joe last year in the Club Fifty kitchen?" I asked.

He nodded. "For a few weeks. Till I could get something more in my line. I'm going to be an engineer."

"While you were there, did Joe ever give you a package or suitcase to take back to the dressing-rooms?"

Amado thought a minute, and I could see it was no act.

"A suitcase," he said. "Yeah, I took it back."

"Where did you take it to, Amado? And don't make any mistake about it!"

"To Miss Rosslyn's dressing-room. Mr. Cates. That's where Uncle Joe told me to take it."

"She was in?"

"No. A lot of others were there that day, but not Miss Rosslyn. So I just opened her door, set the suitcase inside, and got back to the kitchen."

"That was all. That answered everything I'd come here for. I thanked the

Parrinos, and I thanked Amado, and I got along.

So Amado had put Dick's suitcase in Rose's dressing-room. Joe, by asking for the express charges he had paid, had incidentally informed Checkka of the presence of the suitcase. Checkka had gone back to her dressing-room, rifled suitcase through the to see what he could see, and thus had got hold of the pictures he'd later held over Ellen.

It was all exactly as I'd doped it out to start with: it told me nothing that I hadn't known before.

I paid off the cab at my address and a car door opened and a man got out and stalked towards me. I came out of my abstraction to see that the car was a police car and the man was Stengel.

"Ryan wants to see you," Stengel said. "In." He held the car door for me.

I had expected to be taken to homicide, to Ryan's office, but instead we went west and a little south and wound up in front of the hotel I'd visited not long before. Barkasy's hotel. We went in and we went up to Barkasy's room.

Ryan was there, standing in front of the window, writing in his notebook; but I had no eyes for him, what with the state the room was in.

It looked like a schoolroom that had been worked over by a couple of particularly vicious juvenile delinquents. Pictures off the walls. Bureau drawers emptied and the stuff strewn all around. Clothes from the closet all over the floor.

But the worst was Barkasy's double bass, lying near the window, with a topcoat and a couple of the rumpled shirts tossed at random over its neck. It had been taken from its vast case by someone who had first ripped the lining out of the case and then deliberately put a foot through the back of the instrument.

"What happened here?" I said, goggling.

"What would you think?" said Ryan quietly.

"Where's Barkasy?" I asked.

"Getting his head sewed up. He opened his door while whoever did this was still in the room. Got a knuck that would have killed him except that it didn't hit quite square. Never knew what hit him. Or who. He came out of it enough to phone the manager, who called a cop."

"Well, I'm in the clear this time," I said. "I was here a little earlier. Was this done while Barkasy was down in the bar with me and Hallwig?"

"He doesn't know. He says the room was okay when he left to go downstairs and meet Hallwig. He says he was with Hallwig for a half-hour or so at the bar and then you came in. He says he put Hallwig in a cab and came back to the lobby, and met Dodge Duffy there. He says he intended to go up to his room with Duffy, but Duffy suggested the bar and they went back in there. For another half-hour, about. Then he came upstairs, got his door partly open and was clubbed."

"So it could have been Dodge Duffy, while Barkasy was with Hallwig and me. Or it could have been Hallwig while Barkasy was with Duffy."

"Barkasy says Hallwig was so drunk he could hardly stand."

I looked around, and a tingle of excitement began forming. A search—for what?

I looked at Ryan and found he had been watching me.

"Pictures," I said, "and a motel registration card."

Ryan just stared at me.

"Somebody thought Barkasy had them," I said. "Somebody, in fact, was positive of it. I looked around the wrecked room. Did he have them, do you suppose? Is he our third party?"



"I just asked him what he thought he might have that somebody would want this badly. He says he can't think of anything."

"What else could he say?"

Ryan shrugged. "Nothing, without admitting he knew what we were talking about. What did you mean, 'third party'?"

"Oh, that's the angle I've been working on. The blackmail end of it." I outlined it then, not knowing whether I needed to.

Some outsider, some third party, learning of the blackmail and long planning to chisel in on it. Taking the pictures and card from Rose, and murdering her in the process. Suspected by Checchia, and killing him to protect himself.

Now it looked as if Barkasy might have been this third party, hiding the pictures in his room against the day when it would be safer for him to start bleeding Ellen for money as Checchia had bled her.

I TOLD Ryan what I'd done in following my third party theory. At the end of it, he said sarcastically, "That's fine. Particularly when I seem to remember telling you to keep out of this."

Ryan lit a cigarette. "Now, what I got you here for—You were with Barkasy and Hallwig at the bar for about a half-hour before Barkasy came up here and got clipped. Did Barkasy act uneasy?"

"No," I said.

"Did he talk about Roslyn or Checchia?"

"Sure, when I prodded him."

"Hallwig—you say he was drunk?"

"Tighter'n a kid's balloon," I said.

"At least he seemed to be."

"What did Hallwig talk about while you were with them?"

"Mostly Duffy. He does not love Duffy. Then he started crooning and Barkasy took him out to the cab stand. And after another minute I left the place myself."

"Skittering around on your third-party notion," Ryan said sarcastically. "It's still a good theory. I could be as snubbed as Ryan. And speaking of it—Howard Denham would be way up there on the list. Him and his ten thousand!"

"The bank told us. The money came out of Howard Denham's bank account, just as he said it did."

"His own dough? But he couldn't—Where does that fit in?"

"I don't know. I think I'm getting an idea on it, but I don't know. You're sure you don't?"

"Every idea I've had on it has been knocked out now," I assured him with feeling. "His own money! That's crazy."

The Ventura was like the Club 50, only in that it was a New York night spot. I might or might not have been able to get into this classy joint, but Ellen was familiar and welcome; she had been here often with her and Marilyn's crowd. We got a good table and sat down, and I stared across at Ellen.

She looked like a million bucks before Uncle Sam gets his hooks in it. "Is my mouth on crooked?" she demanded.

"Nope," I said, watching it. "Why?"

"What were you thinking?"

"I was thinking about those news items."

It had hit the morning papers after I had talked to Ryan in Barkasy's room last evening. Two suspects arrested in what the boys had begun to call the Club 50 murders. Edward Barkasy and Robert Hallwig.

"What has he got on them, Sam?" she asked. "Do you know?"

"He has quite a little on them," I said. "Particularly Barkasy. But nothing that I'd call conclusive."

I told her the story as I'd got it from Ryan and also as I'd been able to fill it in for myself.

"The room that was torn up, Barkasy's. You read about that, and about the smashed double bass?"

She nodded.

"The bass was important. Rather, its position on the floor and what was over it were important. It lay near the window, between Barkasy's dressing table and wardrobe, front down, with the bashed-in back staring up at you. Over the neck of the thing had been thrown at random two of the mess of shirts tossed around the place, and over these a topcoat from the wardrobe."

"So?" said Ellen.

"Whoever broke into that room thought he knew definitely two things: what it was he'd find—and where he would find it in the double bass. He went right to it. He was positive it would be there. And it wasn't. He got so furious he slammed it down and put his foot through the back, partly to make sure that in looking down through the holes he hadn't missed what he was after, but mainly because he was so mad."

"After that he started through the rest of the room, dresser first (shirts on top of the fiddle), closet next (topcoat on top of the shirts), drapes and furniture last. I don't think he ever did find what he was after. Neither does Ryan. But the indication that the double bass was the first thing in the room to be searched points the finger at Barkasy."

"Barkasy, Ryan points out, sits right next to the curtained doorway at the Fifty. He can't help seeing anyone going backstage. Now, for about a year you have been coming occasionally to the Fifty and going back to see Checchia. From the start, Barkasy must have been curious. Pretty soon Barkasy remembers seeing you at least once with Dick Roslyn. . . . You did meet him there?"

"There were several meetings." "Okay, Barkasy doesn't have to be a mental prodigy to catch the idea that Checchia has something on you and Dick. This is a juicy plum and Barkasy wants it."

"Comes the night when Rose Roslyn walks in looking furious and shaken, and goes directly to Checchia's office. She tears into Checchia, having just learned from your phone call about the mermaid how Checchia has been using her dead brother's name. It was then, Ryan thinks, that Checchia closed his safe door and forgot to secure it. Ryan's guess is that Rose saw this and that she stole into Checchia's office later, realising she had a chance here to go through the safe. Remember the curtained doorway?"

"Yes, too well," said Ellen.

"Well, there's about an inch crack between curtain and doorjamb on the orchestra side. I noticed that and asked Barkasy about it later. He said the curtain fitted so nobody could see back into the corridor. I marked him down as just another average, unobservant citizen, and let it go at that. But Ryan noticed, and asked, and did not mark it off. Barkasy, to his notion, was lying. Barkasy kept glancing back over his shoulder through that crack to see what was going on in the corridor. When Checchia went in, he glanced back. And it was after one of these exits that Barkasy glanced—and saw Rose steal across from her dressing-room and into the office. After the same thing he wanted! Could be."

"Larry Mansfield was singing, and the full orchestra was not playing accompaniment. Barkasy wasn't, for one. He slid from his chair and back into the corridor. He opened Checchia's door

and there was Rose at the safe. He closed the door and jumped for her, and she grabbed up a gun from Checchia's desk. Barkasy got her wrist and twisted, and the gun went off."

"Barkasy scooted out. He slipped back into his chair, behind the big fiddle in the darkness outside the spotlight. And in the darkness, he slid the blackmail stuff through a hole into his double bass to hide it."

"The man next to him," Ellen pointed out. "Hallwig. Barkasy couldn't get out of his seat without Hallwig knowing."

"Ryan thinks Hallwig does know. Like this—Barkasy, to keep Hallwig quiet, offered him half of what he might get out of you in the future. Then Hallwig decided he wanted it all. He'd seen Barkasy put the envelope, or whatever, into the fiddle. So yesterday he went to see Barkasy, pretending to be cock-eyed drunk. He left Barkasy, came back, and went upstairs to get what was in the fiddle. He found out there was nothing there."

"Lieutenant Ryan hasn't charged Barkasy with murder?" Ellen asked.

"He hasn't anything definite. Just ideas."

"Barkasy hasn't admitted anything yet?"

"He hadn't talked a syllable worth as of seven o'clock this evening. He says if anything was in the fiddle, he didn't know it. He still swears he didn't notice there was a crack between the curtain and the doorjamb. It was news to him when Ryan pointed it out."

"And Hallwig?" said Ellen.

"Even dumber than Barkasy. And Barkasy, he insists, did not leave his place by the doorway."

"There must be evidence around if Barkasy is guilty. The main thing being—those pictures."

The music was soft and smooth. So was Ellen. Her eyes met mine and she smiled a little and we both got up.

HOW nice it was to be waited by the music. I watched the orchestra absently. They stopped for a minute. They changed music on their racks, and the guitar player set down his guitar and picked up a banjo.

I looked at the guitar player. Two instruments. Well, just about everybody in a good modern band plays several instruments. It wasn't that, exactly. It was.

"Something?" Ellen asked, looking up quickly.

"Well, yes, something," I admitted. And I kept us near the players for the rest of that last dance, and when the music stopped and the musicians got up to stroll out for a cigarette, I went to the guitar player.

"That was swell," I said.

"Why, thanks. You play?"

"I wish I did," I told him. "But I don't. I'm pretty ignorant about music, as you'll know from this question. Do you have more than one guitar?"

He laughed. "Well, I should hope so! I make my living on that box. Suppose something happened to it? I should lay off till it gets fixed up?"

"Do most of the fellows have more than one instrument?"

"Of course. Up to half a dozen. We each have our favorites, but we have to have spares."

"Even," I said, "a double bass player?"

He laughed again. "Freddy—that's ours—has three. They say he rents his hotel room just for them. Sleeps outside in the hall, himself."

I thanked him and turned to Ellen, and we went back to our table. Her eyes were glowing.

"Barkasy?" she said. "You think he would have two?"



"It looks like there's an awfully good chance of it."

"If he does have two, where do you suppose the second one is?"

"I don't know," I said slowly. "It could be in any warehouse in town. Or some friend could be keeping it for him. Or it could be in a hock shop. If what we want is in another fiddle, Hallwig is cleared. I mused out loud. "To a layman a double bass is a double bass. To a musician they must be as different and individual as people. Hallwig, a musician, would never make the mistake of seeing Barkasy slip something into one of them and then going into Barkasy's room and breaking open another one."

"Let's say Hallwig is cleared. He says Barkasy never left the dais, so that clears Barkasy, too. Yet it does seem that there was something in the fiddle, and somebody else knew it. Somebody else knew it was there to hide it in the later commotion when Barkasy and the other musicians weren't around. Somebody like me, who wouldn't know one of the silly things from another."

**I** NOTICED that the orchestra was coming back in. I watched Freddy, the double bass. He sat down behind his instrument, almost hidden by it, till the leader raised his baton. Then Freddy stood up and the music started and he began to plunk.

"When I was a kid," I said, "I used to lay sheet music on the strings of our grand piano. Made an interesting plunk sound."

Ellen blinked.

"It's like this," I explained. "You slip something into the sound box of a double bass. An envelope we'd say, with some pictures in it. Mightn't it dull the sound just a little? Enough for the professional who's playing the thing to notice it and not like it? So, here's Barkasy," I concluded. "Something in his double bass and he doesn't know it. All he knows is that it's slightly off—a faint vibration picked out by certain notes, perhaps. He has a spare to cover just such emergencies. What would he do with it?"

"Take it to a musical-instruments repair shop? Yes?"

"But—what repair shop? How many are there in a city this big? We could be a week just locating it."

Ellen shook her dark-blond head. "It's a big city, but a small profession. I'll bet there aren't a lot."

Sae won.

We went to the dais when the orchestra quit next time and I collared Freddy.

"Where would you go to get the best possible repair job done on a double bass?"

"Where all the professionals go. All the guys take their work there. Venucia and Sons. On Twenty-fourth between Second and Third Avenues. The joint's so dirty you can hardly get into it without falling over something. They're crasy and independent and you never know if they'll take a week or six months."

We got a cab and drove straight over. It wasn't hard to find—the only shop in the block with its lights on. Ellen's hand lightened in mine as we saw this. "We'll get out here," I told the driver.

We walked till we'd driven off and then we turned and walked back. It was in the middle of the block, with fading light letters on its dusty windows. Venucia & Sons. We peered in and saw someone move across an inner lighted doorway and disappear. We went to the street door.

"Look," Ellen breathed

Near the lock the wood of door and jamb was splintered. Somebody had wedged a pinch bar in there and with one heave had forced the lock.

I tried the door. The remnants of the lock held, so I rattled loudly. Again a shape appeared in the inner doorway this time coming forward towards the street.

A youngish man made signs to go away, the place was closed. I took a card out of my case and flashed it at him through the door glass.

He scowled again and opened up. "Insurance adjuster, Home Protection Company," I said, showing him the card in the better light. "I see you've had some trouble here."

"Yes, we've had trouble," he snapped. "Who called you so soon?"

"Nobody called. We were walking past and I saw the busted door lock and the lights on at this time of night, so I turned in."

"We're not insured with you."

"Doesn't matter," I told him. "We all put our interest pretty much when it comes to investigation."

He added sauce for us to enter. The professionally famed soap of the Venucias occupied a space no more than fifteen feet wide by thirty long. Opposite the counter were wall racks and shelves carelessly in rows here were double basses and a row of fiddles. I looked at the basses and there were differences between them of course; but I didn't think I could have turned around, faced back again, and picked out any one of them from memory. So which was Barkasy's, if it were here and not already disassembled?

We went on back.

The next room was a cluttered night-club. There was a long workbench on which was heaped everything having anything to do with stringed instruments. An old man sat at the workbench and another youngish fellow at the opposite side of the room was pawing among a miscellany of stringed instruments.

The two were looking mad and baffled as they searched around, and the old man glared at me.

"Closed!" he shrieked. "It's one in the morning!"

"He's an insurance investigator, Dad," said the fellow who had let us in. "He happened to be passing, and says he might as well take a report now as tomorrow."

He turned to me. "There isn't much to tell. Dad wandered over here from home about an hour and a half ago. He works the craziest hours. He got to the door and saw the busted lock, and then he saw a flash of light towards the back of the front room. He turned his key and boomed right in, and somebody knocked him over on his way out. Dad never had a chance to grab him or see him. He got up and phoned us and then the police—they've just gone. Since then we've been looking around to see what was taken. We have valuable violins here."

"And have you found anything missing?" I asked.

He looked perplexed. "Not as far as we can tell. And we have looked over just about everything."

"Your father saw the light in the front room?"

"Yes. Towards the back of the room. Like a small flashlight, he says."

"Out by the double basses?"

"Yes. You wouldn't think anyone would try to run off with one of those, though, would you?"

"You've checked them?"

"Yes. They're all here."

"Better check them a second time, just to be sure of our work."

"The fact is our heads," he said, stepping into the front room with me. He started with the double bass next

to the partition. "Sheep Connolly. This is Art Riddada's..." There were nine in the line and he went along naming the owner of each with a calm certainty that I found baffling.

"... Ed Barkasy..." my man went on as he got to the next to the last. "Colin Bradey. All here."

"Fuss," I said. "About through with your check-up in the other room?"

"Just about."

"Well, I'll stick around till you're through. We'll stay in front, here, out of your way, and if you turn up something missing I'll make out a report."

He hesitated, then shrugged. "Okay. We ought to be done in a few minutes."

He went through the doorway to the back room.

"Quick," Ellen breathed.

I stepped to Barkasy's fiddle and shone a pencil flashlight into one of the holes. I saw Ellen hold her breath.

There it was—a flash of something whitish on the bottom of the box down near the big end. I shook the fiddle. The white thing didn't move.

"Violin bow," I whispered to Ellen.

Sae got the showcase open with a minimum of noise, and handed me a bow. It just would fit down into the hole. I touched the edge of the whitish thing with the end of the bow and prodded. There was a slight resistance, and then it moved free. I turned the fiddle upside down and shook till the hole was covered by the white paper.

Ellen already had a nail file out of her bag. She slid this up carefully into the hole and got it under an edge of the object. Then she had the edge between her fingertips and was carefully drawing it out.

A plain small envelope with a bloodstain on one corner, and in the centre a blob of chewing gum so that it would stick wherever it hit and not rattle around if someone shook the box.

So there it was, the thing that had caused two deaths and might easily have landed Barkasy and old Venucia on the list of fatalities.

I heard Ellen gasp, and whirled around.

A face showed at the glass of the front door, a face in which calm, cold eyes were taking in first Ellen and me and then the thing she held.

I went to the door. I opened it and Lieutenant Ryan walked in.

"Gimme," he said, holding out his hand.

Ryan took it by a corner to preserve possible fingerprints on it. "We are now," he said evenly, "going to have a long, lovely conversation at Headquarters."

**S**O finally the whole mess was coming out. I thought, riding with Ellen in the police car. "Blackmail. Behind Club 50 Murders. Niece of U.S. Senator Involved..." Miss Ellen Keppert, niece of Senator Keppert, admits paying large sums to Gar Checchia, slain manager of Club 50.

Ryan was sitting in front with the faithful Stengel at the wheel. I said, "How did you catch on to the second double bass? Did Barkasy tell you?"

Ryan turned to look back at me.

"No—Hallwig finally let it slip. Said he'd have told sooner if he'd known it meant anything."

"Ryan—" I blurted. "That envelope. There's stuff in there that should never be introduced as evidence in court. Give Miss Keppert and me a break and let us have it for a minute. You don't need all that's in there." I repeated.

"I'll judge that for myself," said Ryan.

"Anyway," I said, "it looks now as if Barkasy and Hallwig are cleared. And if you get any fingerprints off that envelope, I'll eat it. Too easy to smear 'em."



So Barkasy and Hallway were cleared, unless some extraordinary new fact were uncovered. So now what? Back to pointless speculation about a mythical "third party?" No, thanks! That was where I'd come in, really accepting my Waterloo, if not immediately admitting it, when I drew a blank from the chef, Parrino.

"Nobody would know about Dick Rosslyn's dimes," Joe had said. "He didn't talk about such things."

And: "Dick's suitcase came . . . express collect. So I was called to the door. I paid for it, and turned it over to a helper to deliver. To Rose Rosslyn's room—she was the guy's sister."

And: "He (Amado) took it back and left it in Rose's dressing-room. At least I told him to. He said he did."

Then from Amado: "Yeah, I took it to Miss Rosslyn's dressing-room. That's where Uncle Joe told me to take it."

And so this; I was all done . . .

ALL of a sudden something struck me. Something that should have come to me when I was with Parrino, but which hadn't.

Joe Parrino: "He (Amado) is no cook. Just took a summer job with me last year."

And Amado: ". . . for a few weeks. Till I could get something more in my line. I'm going to be an engineer."

I said, "Ryan. Want to take a gamble?"

He swung around and faced me.

"It's on the third-party deal."

"Oh, for . . ." Ryan began.

"Last year Dick Rosslyn's suitcase was delivered to the service entrance of the Club Fifty, three days after his death. The chef took it in, express collect, and sent it back to Rose Rosslyn's dressing-room. The youngster he sent with it was his nephew. And Amado swears he took it right where he was told—to Rose's dressing-room."

"Amado's no cook. He's studying to be an engineer. He only had a short-term summer job with Parrino. For just a few weeks, he said, till he could get something more in his line."

Ryan was watching us both now, in an interested way. "Got more than you bargained for, didn't you?" he said to me. "But then what's a long shot unless you really have a bet on it?"

I didn't say anything.

"Okay," said Ryan. "Don't think you've made a trade, Cates. You have nothing to trade with and you know it. But anybody who thinks that much of an idea ought to get a chance to try it out. You've got one hour."

Smart, smart Cates! Just call me poison to those who come to trust me.

"Listen," I begged, "have Stengel stop now and phone Parrino to send his nephew, Amado, down to the Fifty."

Ryan said to Stengel, "Phone here. The Eagle Hotel. Then we'll go on up to the Fifty."

We went to the supper-room, with Stengel flicking lights on from the switchboard near the door. By mistake, he switched on the big overhead spot, too, and it glared bleakly down on the vacant dance space.

"We should have thought of that double bass before," I said to Ryan.

Right after the cops came, for a while, everybody was all over the place, including the orchestra. The double bass would be standing there unattended, like a mailbox waiting for someone to stick a letter in it. Which somebody did.

"Brilliant," Ryan said. "Left to my-

self, I never could have thought that one out."

Stengel had stayed at the street door and now he called, "Here's the kid, chief," and Amado, Joe's nephew, came into the room.

I got up and went to him. He looked pretty worried.

"You're okay, youngster," I soothed him. "We just want to ask you a few more questions. About last year when you were with Joe in the kitchen."

I looked at Ryan. "Your play," he said.

I turned to Amado. "Last year about this time, a suitcase was left by the expressman at the service door and your uncle paid the charges on it."

Amado nodded his bushy black head.

"The suitcase held the effects of Dick Rosslyn, who usually danced here with his sister, but was killed in an accident at a New Jersey resort."

"That's what Uncle Joe said later," Amado replied.

"It was sent from the Ring and Rose, near Euler's Grove, New Jersey."

"I wouldn't know," Amado said. It wasn't flippant.

"Your uncle told you to take it back to the sister's dressing-room. Rose Rosslyn's room."

"That's it."

"All right, now. You didn't get up from here, in this room, often, did you?"

"No. Just a couple of times. There was no reason for me to leave the kitchen."

"Didn't you ever get sent back to the dressing-rooms with coffee or sandwiches?"

"No. If there was a call, a busboy took it."

"So you came from the kitchen with the suitcase. Was there anyone in the main room here that day?"

Amado nodded.

"You're sure?"

"Yes. I've been thinking about this all the way down here, remembering everything I could."

"Who was here?"

"Just about everybody that day. Mr. Cates, Duffy had the orchestra rehearsing, and the girls were here going over a new dance number, and the singers."

"Was Rose Rosslyn here?"

"Well, no. Anyway, I don't remember her. I expect she was excused, her brother just dead, and all."

"But everybody else was here?"

"I think so, Mr. Cates."

"All right, you went on through this room and past the orchestra dais and back into the corridor. With the suitcase."

"Yeah."

"And where did you take it?"

"To Miss Rosslyn's dressing-room—but I didn't even go in. I just opened the door, set the suitcase inside to the right, closed the door, and went back to the kitchen."

"Let's do it again," I said. "You have a suitcase in your hand. Take it back to Rose's dressing-room just as you did last year. You can remember clearly?"

"Sure. I remember that, all right."

Amado, with his right hand curled down at his side as if around the handle of a suitcase, went towards the curtained doorway with Ryan and me after him.

"It's just like I said," he told us earnestly—the boy who wanted to be

an engineer and had only worked at the 50 for a few weeks and hence couldn't be expected to know the lay-out very well.

"I was told right where to put it, and that's where I did put it. Here—Miss Rosslyn's dressing-room."

He opened the door of Larry Mansfield's room.

Mansfield could have made us trouble. The prints on the envelope were smeared past identification; we had nothing much on him at that time.

Sure, there was gum on the murder envelope, and he was a habitual gum chewer. But nearly everyone chews gum sometimes.

Sure, Dodge Duffy said that in talking over the smashing of Barkasy's double bass later with the crowd, Mansfield had been present and heard that Barkasy had a spare which he had taken to Venneria's. And Ryan, knowing now what to look for, had found the singer's prints on three of the double basses at the shop. But while this proved that it was Mansfield who had broken into the shop, it was inconclusive as murder evidence.

In his office that afternoon Ryan had Mansfield spit into a cup and gave the cup to Stengel, who went out with it. Then Ryan unfolded a newspaper and began to read it, feet on desk. Not a word to Mansfield.

A man in uniform came to the door with a chambermaid from Barkasy's hotel. She looked at Mansfield, and nodded. Ryan went back to his paper. Mansfield began to sweat.

The man came again presently with a waiter and one of the cancan girls from the 50. They looked at Mansfield and nodded. Ryan returned to his paper.

After about five minutes the singer said belligerently, "You brought me here to ask questions, didn't you? So go ahead and ask them!"

"Questions?" Ryan said. "Oh, we're past that."

Stengel came back with a neatly typed laboratory report in his hand. "Saliva test okay, chief," he said stolidly. "Chemical analysis, bacteria count—it checks with what we got from the gum that stuck the envelope to the double bass."

RYAN stretched and yawned. "All right, Stengel, that does it. Lock him up and we'll all go out and have some dinner. On your feet, Mansfield."

Mansfield, however, couldn't seem to manage that; his knees weren't working very well. He was innocent, he screamed. They couldn't prove a thing on him. It was self-defence! He hadn't meant Rose any harm. An accident! A crazy woman came at you with a gun.

It was about as we had worked it out before—making the sole, but rather important, mistake of applying the theory to the wrong person.

Mansfield came into his room that day to find a suitcase there which he recognised as Dick Rosslyn's. Dick dead, his effects probably not inventoried, let's look and see what's there. Mansfield was that kind of guy.

He looked, and saw a yellow developer's envelope, and got a glimpse of the pictures inside. Enough to recognise a girl he had seen Dick meet in the time he'd shared a dressing-room with Dick. Then Chicckia burst in and commandeered the suitcase. He was manager here, he would deliver it to Rose himself.



With the first or second worried trip to Checkin's office of the girl in the snapshots, Mansfield saw what he had missed. Money for those pictures.

And it could have been his. From then on, Mansfield thought of nothing but getting them back. Not so young any more he needed money badly.

Then, the night of Ellen's appearance with the diamond, Mansfield sang and sang. He bowed and started off, and turned back for an encore. He bowed again and went towards the curtained doorway—and through the crack saw Rose Rosslyn steal into the manager's office. What was the sister of Dick Rosslyn after? He followed and found out. And left her dead—for Checkin, scared green, to carry from his office to her dressing-room.

It wasn't clean. The vengeful manager, if no one else, knew where those pictures probably had gone; he knew Mansfield had seen them. Checkin ordered Mansfield to his apartment next night and bluntly accused him of killing Rose and taking the envelope. Mansfield shot Checkin with his own gun, ran from the apartment—and tangled with a possible witness on the stairs.

Now he had to have money to get away on. And the envelope wasn't in Barkasy's double bass where he had hidden it, and it wasn't in Barkasy's room, and later at Venucci's he couldn't tell which fiddle was which and there he was.

This came out a little later, though first after Stengel had half-led, half-supported Mansfield from the room. Ryan opened a desk drawer and surprisingly tossed the bloodstained envelope on to the desk.

"You'll want a look at these," he said, fanning the contents of the envelope out on the desk. Negatives, a motel registration card signed Mr. and Mrs. R. Roswell, and pictures.

Dick Rosslyn and a girl standing by his car. Dick Rosslyn and a girl in front of the bronze mermaid at Sea City. Dick in front of the mermaid; the girl in front of the mermaid. Dick Rosslyn and a girl arms around each other, in front of one of the cabins at the Crescent Motel.

Dick Rosslyn and a girl  
Marilyn Keppert.

People in and out of Ryan's office. Denham's turn.

Ryan said "What got you into this act?"

Denham stared at him silently.

Ryan then touched with a fingertip the two envelopes on his desk. One was the plain white one with the bloodstain, the other was the smaller, developer's yellow envelope originally inside the white one.

"In here," said Ryan, as if thinking aloud, and touching the white envelope, "are a motel registry card and a poorly snapped picture showing Dick Rosslyn and a girl, but with the girl's face turned away so that she could hardly be identified. I think that's all we need"—he touched the yellow envelope—but I'd certainly hate to lose this, with the negatives and all the rest of the pictures in it."

Ryan got up then, and lit a cigarette, and turned to a filing cabinet behind his desk.

Denham's eyes were desperate on the yellow envelope. He stared at it, and at Ryan, and Ryan showed no signs of turning.

Denham grabbed the yellow envelope and put it in his pocket, and his face was kind of crumpled around the edges

when Ryan finally left the filing cabinet and sat down at his desk again.

"As I was saying, Denham, what got you into this?"

"I'd rather not tell what first got me into it," Denham said. "I don't think you'd really want to know. I'll just say that for a long time I'd wondered if Marilyn weren't in some kind of trouble, because of the way she acted."

"I'd seen the mermaid and snapshot Rose had—she and Marilyn were good friends. Finally, on a hunch, I went down to Sea City and pieced together what was happening. Then I got up ten thousand dollars and went to Checkin to try to buy Marilyn off. In about ten seconds I saw that that sum was peanuts in his game, and I left his office and came out to try to figure some other angle. It was figured for me when Rose was killed."

Ryan glanced at me, and I don't know that he actually grinned, but he looked as if he were considering it.

Ryan looked around his desk. "Funny I thought two envelopes were here. Guess the yellow one must be misplaced in the files somewhere. Good-night, Denham."

He shook Denham's hand.

With his faint, reflected hint of a possibly considered grin, Ryan shook my hand, too, and I followed Denham to the door.

On the street we walked together for a moment, and then I said, "What did first get you into this, the thing you didn't want to tell Ryan?"

"I was with Marilyn when we came back and found Ellen tied up and the Duysberg diamond gone, a month ago. Remember? That clothes-line Ellen was tied with. I'd seen Marilyn tie knots before. Or try to. It clinched the feeling I had had that she was in a jam of some kind."

"Well, well," I said. "So you knew all about the big gem robbery, too! Hi, there, accessory."

**W**ADDLING on short legs, Mama came up to the door when Ellen and I walked into the Auberge de Marseilles at nine o'clock. She beamed at Ellen and then beamed twice as much at me. A lovely night, monsieur, was it not that it was? A night for amour."

I said, "Yea," and tossed my hat at the check girl. "Mama, this is Miss Keppert. We may—keep the fingers crossed—be in together a lot from now on."

We sat down at a table. I looked at Ellen. I said, "Will you marry me?"

"Marry you!" she repeated, with the finest look of surprise I've ever seen outside the movies.

"Yea," I said. "You know—first you get engaged, and then you get a licence, and then you get married."

"You've seen me—what? Three times?"

"Six, I think."

"What about my past?"

"Your past is yours," I said. "Though I think you were a chump for taking on someone else's. Even your beloved cousin Marilyn's."

"She was engaged to be married, and I wasn't," Ellen said, more seriously. "Poor dear. She met Howard after Dick died, and she found out then what it really meant to love somebody. But she'd thought she was in love with Dick. They were going to get married as soon as they could think of a way

to do it without giving Auntie and Uncle a stroke. A senator's daughter and a night-club dancer—I'm sure Marilyn meant it and I think Dick was playing square. I met him, through Marilyn, and he seemed quite nice. But they went to Sea City together. And Dick got killed."

"All right," I said. "You didn't have to take all the risks for Marilyn. That diamond stuff!"

"She was scared to death that Howard would find out, so when Checkin said he'd give her the pictures and everything in exchange for Aunt Beatrice's diamond, she finally told me what was going on, and we hatched up the robbery."

"And you volunteered to take the thing to Checkin?"

"Marilyn had a lot more to lose than I did. And everything I have has been given to me by those nice people. Including trust. You saw how Uncle and Auntie backed me up." Ellen nodded forlornly. "Anyway, nobody had any idea something like someone being killed would happen."

"It did happen, and you got caught in the middle, and still you played it out. Why didn't you at least tell me that you weren't the girl Checkin was tormenting?"

"Would it have helped by then? It was murder, then, not theft. It wouldn't have helped me any at that late date to throw Marilyn to the wolves. Anyhow, why should I tell you things? Posing and prying around, trailing me to the Club Fifty."

"And walking out with your confounded diamond in my pocket! And if you laugh again I'll—I'll astound the Auberge de Marseilles!"

She didn't laugh. She sampled an hors d'oeuvre.

"Another thing," I said. "Precisely what did you and your precious cousin think you'd do about the sixty thousand dollars the Home Protection Company paid your Aunt Beatrice for the loss of the Duysberg diamond?"

"Why, return it. After all the smoke and shouting had died down, when Marilyn was twenty-six. She came into quite a lot of money, when she's twenty-six."

"Peachy," I said. "And how did you propose to go about returning it?"

"Why—" Ellen began confidently. "Why—" she said, less confidently. "Why—I guess we hadn't figured that out."

"Send it back in an anonymous letter?" I snorted. "Heave a certified check for it over the transom? You hadn't figured it out at all. You need a smart accomplice, that's what you need. Now if you marry me—"

"Marry!"

"Sure. Like I said. First you get engaged, then you—"

"Ah, no, you don't! First you meet the girl, then you try to sell her on your charm and other more steadfast virtues, and then you get engaged."

"For Pete's sake, darling—"

"We will consider that you've met the girl," my love informed me. "As for the rest—" she finished her hors d'oeuvre—"you may commence."

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Printed by Compress Printing Limited for the publisher, Consolidated Press Limited 168-174 Castlereagh Street Sydney



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# "Far whiter than last week...Look! I've just tried PERSIL"



"MY CURIOSITY WON" says Mrs. McIvor of Drummoyne, Sydney.

"Being naturally curious, I thought I'd try this Persil which I've read so much about. I did. Oh my, what a difference! My Persil wash was so much whiter."

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## PERSIL WASHES WHITER!

KAY MELAUN SAYS . . .

## Here's your answer

A young South Australian bachelor has written congratulating Mary Tremayne on her article, "Is Virtue Old-fashioned?", which we published some weeks ago.

ALTHOUGH he has no problem, I thought his letter was interesting. So here is the space he requested in which to give his opinion.

He writes:

"This frank opinion of the current moral standard is an excellent piece of philosophy which should be adhered to by all teenagers if they wish really to enjoy life.

"Girls, why gamble or kid yourselves that John or Bill is the only one and that you must give in to him at all times? If he makes passes you do not like, don't be afraid to tell him what sort of a person you really are; if he does not respect your moral code he is not worth worrying about and will never be any good to you or himself.

"Remember, there are all types of men and women who make up this world. Those who wish to lower the moral standard to suit themselves are not worth having as companions. I have the greatest admiration and respect for the girl or boy who says 'No' to temptation."

Bachelor, Plympton, S.A.

Here are some other letters in this week's mail:

"I WILL be 16 soon and I am having 15 girls around home for a party. But I am a bit worried as I do not know of any games that will be suitable to hold in a room about 16ft. long by 12ft. wide. Being held at night means that we cannot use the grounds. I was wondering if you would be able to help me by giving me a few ideas of what to have."

M.C., Beecroft, N.S.W.

Here are three games you could play within a comparatively small space. A good idea is to get your guests in a circle, it's area-saving and mixes them up, too, until you settle down to records and nattering and supper.

WHEN last heard of, "Little Things Mean A Lot" was streaking its way towards the million-sales mark in the States in a recording by Kitty Kallen. She can now be heard on DO70102. She has a throaty voice with a beguiling throb. Tune is negligible, but the lyrics (which are a lesson in manners to young suitors) carry the day. It's slow and sentimental. "Are You Looking For A Sweetheart?" Kitty asks on the reverse. A nice enough little routine item, but "Little Things" steals the limelight.

THERE are more versions of "Secret Love" than I've been able to hear. I did however, catch up with

1. Get a deep bowl and put in it folded pieces of paper stuck through with hairpins. Each guest takes out a piece of paper (make it a fish-bowl and have them fish for their paper with an improvised line, if you like). Each piece of paper has an instruction and each guest must follow the one she takes. Examples: Give a two-minute speech on careers versus marriage; imitate a tramguard collecting fares, or a movie-star, or a tightrope walker; sing a song without making a noise; do a tango with Fernando Lamas.
2. Two words of equal



"This boy who phoned and whose name you didn't catch. Did he sound as if he was tall or short?"

length are announced and each player writes them down. Then, changing one letter at a time, the players have to change the first word to the second. One example is Man, Mat, Mot, Not, Nut. Much of the fun lies in trying to change opposites, for instance warm into cold, poor into rich.

3. (This one doesn't require any cleverness, and it's a lot of fun.) Sit in a circle. Everyone asks her right-hand neighbor a question and answers the question put to her by her left-hand neighbor. Then someone puts the question that was asked of her to the girl sitting directly opposite in the circle. That girl must reply with the answer that was given to her by her right-hand neighbor. Example: If someone asked you, "What

would you do if you won the lottery?", you would have to answer, "I'd learn to sing."

"IS it necessary for a junior bridesmaid who is ten but is very big for her age to have an escort? There will be two other bridesmaids, and to me it seems wrong for her to be the only one without an escort. It is a very vital question, so I would be grateful for an answer."—Mrs. A. B. Sydney.

It is not usual for a junior bridesmaid to have an escort in the wedding procession. Usually she walks unescorted and at the reception is seated beside a very young usher.

That is the general ruling.

In this instance, I think it rather depends on whether the girl is to be treated as a grown-up for the occasion or is to be a child wearing an unmistakably junior version of the older bridesmaids' dresses.

Whom did you have in mind as an escort for her? This is the real problem, because a boy of her age would be far too juvenile an escort for a "young lady." But perhaps you know a teenage youth who wouldn't scorn her lack of years.

A happy way out of it might be to let her walk unescorted, as is customary. Her feelings wouldn't be hurt if she were allowed to lead the whole bridal procession or if she were told she was to walk after the other bridesmaids and their partners, "just before the bride."

"I AM fond of writing poetry. I do not know if any of my efforts would be of publishing standard, but it has occurred to me that other teenagers may welcome the suggestion that verse be included in the new teenage section."—A. S., Gracemere, Qld.

No, sorry. Just now we are not publishing verse, and there has been no other request for it.

## DISC DIGEST

Gordon Jenkins' version on DO70093, and it's a better-than-average ballad. Flipside, "I'll Know My Love," is based on the lovely melody of "Greensleeves." Stuart Foster sings it in waltz time.

NOW that the fans have heard Gene Krupa in person, they'll be wanting to add some of his discs to their collection. A recent issue on DO3651 couples "Leave Us Leap" with "Calling Dr. Gillespie." Both are solid senders that will give you plenty of fast footwork. Gene's backed by his own orchestra.

WHILE in the groove don't pass up Duke Ellington's newest: "V.I.P.'s Boogie," a very smooth piece of playing, and "Jam With Sam," which is as hot a piece of jump as you'll hear in many a day. The Duke makes some sounds that are super-sonic, so don't be surprised if bats come flying through your window!

LEN BARNARD blends homespun with Dixieland in "Whistlin' Rufus" with the most happy results on A7859. Plattermate is "Takin' No Risks" and is played in the same Dixie idiom. I can recommend it.

—BERNARD FLETCHER



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QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET

CN-5

# Worth Reporting

**MOANING** loudly recently about a minor cold in our head, we felt ashamed when we learnt that scores of Sydney cats are suffering from influenza and only miaowing softly.

When several cases of cat influenza were reported to us, we rang a local veterinary surgeon to inquire whether there was an epidemic of it among the city's cat population.

"Well, I don't know whether I'd really call it an epidemic," he said cautiously, "but there's certainly a lot of it about—much more than usual."

"Of course, some cats have a more severe dose than others. Some are a ghastly sight—just emaciated wrecks, sneezing, snuffling, and gurgling."

"For the very bad cases, we prescribe three capsules and two tablets a day and three shots of penicillin spread over a week."

"For the milder cases, we advise the owners to take them home and use commonsense nursing."

"They should be regarded in the same way as convalescent humans, kept warm and given invalid-type foods such as glucose in water."

"And of course they should be encouraged to eat. As the cold makes them lose most of their sense of smell, they should be fed with strong-smelling foods such as kippers."

## Rough Colonials no longer

**MR. JAMES DE HOLDEN** STONE, visiting former art director of "Vogue," is impressed with what he calls "the way in which Australian men leap to their feet to give a woman a seat in trams and buses."

"I know this surprises most Australians when I mention it," he said. "But time and time again since I have been out here I have seen men give up their seats to women."

"Nowadays if any man did that in England he'd be considered an eccentric."

"Over there, we recognise the equality of the sexes in business and professional life. It's no surprise to anyone that women are lawyers, doctors, aircraft designers, and prominent in business fields."

"The men consider them as equals and when they have a seat in a bus and see women standing, they think, if they think about it at all, 'If they are tired, so are we. We have done just as hard a job today as they have.'"

"Women can't have it both ways and perhaps it's better for them to have equality than to have a seat in a bus."

When asked how he liked working with women, Mr. de Holden Stone replied, "I can answer that best by saying that I was a feminist before I joined the staff of 'Vogue' and was still one when I left."

"Before the war it was the fashion to be a feminist. Most men of my generation were prepared to hand over the running of things to women, because they felt you couldn't go



## The captain has green fingers

"ANYTHING will grow down here," they say in the Avalon Beach (N.S.W.) district. To prove it one of the residents, retired British sea captain Captain A. J. Hemmons, grows tomatoes in his living-room.

The plants are grown in two deep terracotta pots on a ledge inside the living-room windows, where the sun beams on them from morning until late afternoon.

"We can sit at our meal table," says his wife, "and just reach across for a tomato, straight from the vine to the plate."

Captain Hemmons began this unusual form of horticulture when he retired to Avalon Beach five years ago from his home base in Dorset, England.

However, he brushes aside the suggestion that this is a novel idea.

"Not at all," he said. "When we visited my wife's people in the north of Scotland back in 1921, we were delighted with the fat, juicy tomatoes grown in pots inside the cottage windows."

"The rays of the sun and the warmth of the cottage acted like a hot-house."

Captain Hemmons is not only an expert indoor gardener, but also an authority on shipboard gardening.

"A man at sea gets used to growing things wherever he can keep a bit of earth on board," he said. "Take potatoes, for instance. Back before the days of dehydrated potatoes, we'd have used up all our potatoes just a few weeks out from Liverpool."

"We'd come round by sail and discharge our cargo at Capetown where we would fill the hold with earth as ballast before sailing on to Australia for a cargo of wheat."

"A day out from Capetown and the men would be down in the hold with a bag of seed potatoes, planting them out. We'd always have ship-grown potatoes on the menu long before we reached Australia."

"But you don't want him to grow up knowing me better than he knows you!"

on shutting up half of humanity in the home all the time.

"And they felt if women did make a mess of things, it was a worthwhile experiment."

"Today, there's no question about it. Women have achieved equality—or in England, anyway."

**IN** over-crowded, house-hungry Sydney, five double-story houses are going begging—at about £7300 each—and the municipal council that erected them can't understand why.

The homes, which can be bought for £1000 deposit and further payments over a period of 40 years, are part of the Ryde Municipal Council's housing scheme which has taken eight years to complete.

Although there are 599 houses in the scheme, they lack the standardised, all-of-a-pattern look that some big housing settlements have. Most of them are three-bedroom brick cottages of modern design with streamlined kitchens.

The five houses still empty are not luxury mansions. But they are modern and well planned, have a pleasant outlook, and are within easy reach of two bus services.

## BOOK NEWS By HELEN FRIZELL

**A** BOOK on horses which will leave no withers unwrung is Henry G. Lamond's "The Manx Star"—which tells of stallions, mares, and foals who rove the back country of Queensland.

This is no cosy, horsey yarn fit for the youngsters, but a stark and lucidly cruel account of an ex-racehorse, Manxman, who escapes from the men who are taking him to a country property, and runs wild with the brumbies.

The city-reared Manxman has first to battle with rival stallions and later with the elements, the hordes of stinging sandflies, and the men who attempt to catch him.

When Mr. Lamond writes of human beings, he is never as successful as when dealing with animals or with the out-back country.

But, dealing with those, he writes so vividly that one can see the swarms of flies and the horses protecting themselves from the stings by stamping "fly rings" from a claypan, until the earth breaks up, becoming "light enough to float in the air."

"That kept a halo of dust floating in the air above them: a thin dust, just a haze, not in any way inconvenient, a perfect protection from all types of flies."

Inevitable as the seasons, death comes to Manxman, and in the telling Mr. Lamond brings tragedy home, even to the suburban readers whose knowledge of horses is nil.

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## DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep



D.S.103.—Summer lingerie blouse with pretty circular sleeves and low-cut neckline. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Dress Sense, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

A fresh fashion for summer allure is the crisp, frothy new look of the lingerie blouse. Worn with a dark skirt in cotton, it makes an ideal ensemble for late afternoon or evening in hot weather.

THE summer fashion flash above answers an inquiry from one of my readers in Northern Australia.

Here is her letter:

"I HAVE a very nice black skirt from last season and wondered if you could design a top which I could wear with it for the late afternoon and in the evening. The catch is, the top must be washable because the heat here seems to ruin rayons, and nylon is rather hot."

My suggestion is a chalk-white cotton lingerie blouse. There it is illustrated above. The blouse can be laundered and has all the freshness and frothy simplicity which look so right in hot, sunny weather. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. The lines under the illustration give further details and tell you how to order.

Here are other letters from my readers, and my replies:

"I WOULD like your help and advice in choosing some blending colors for separates, that is, if separates are still being worn. The outfit I am trying to plan is for everyday wear. I look best in tailored clothes."

Separates still continue to

be in the current fashion picture. One of this summer's smartest day-in, day-out ensembles has its colors mixed, its cut simple, and is not too bare. For instance, you might consider a grey linen skirt worn with a blue shantung shirt-blouse and pink cardigan-type jacket. The same idea could be carried out in a different color scheme—a zinnia-printed white linen skirt worn with a white long-sleeved cotton shirt and tan jacket.

"I AM writing on behalf of a friend who is shortly to be married and she wants an idea for a going-away outfit. The wedding is to take place just before Christmas."

As the wedding is in high summer, why not have something really pretty such as a cotton chiffon flowered in blue and white, worn with a dress-length blue coat? Have the coat in silk shantung and (if you want to be really extravagant) lined in the dress fabric. Wear the ensemble with one of the season's tiny white hats, white sandals, and short white gloves.

"WOULD you let me know through 'Dress Sense' the type of bathing costumes girls are wearing abroad?"

Abroad, the currently fashionable swimsuit is a one-piece. Often it is made in

wool and finished with sleeves and a decolletage like a dress. One suit of this type I saw had long sleeves and a sash worn at the natural waistline and tied obi fashion. However, I consider this type of suit entirely unsuitable for our Australian climate and for the average Australian girl.

Broadly speaking, swimming in Australia means swimming or sunbathing and not just sitting on a strip of sand looking decorative. If your figure can take it, there is nothing more comfortable than a two-piece suit made in a pretty or "mad" cotton. If not, our main stores are showing plenty of one-piece suits designed to flatter the not-so-slim.

"COULD you help me by suggesting a design for a piece of floral silk? My age is 18, size SSW. I want the frock for informal parties, but would also like it to be suitable for summer afternoon wear."

Combine a fitted bodice-top, sleeveless, and finished with a bateau neckline, with a wide skirt; the result is a pretty summertime dress suitable for afternoon and later. Wear the dress over a stiffened waist petticoat, and if you have any thought of new party shoes buy a pair of pastel-colored sandals—they look very new with a flowery print.

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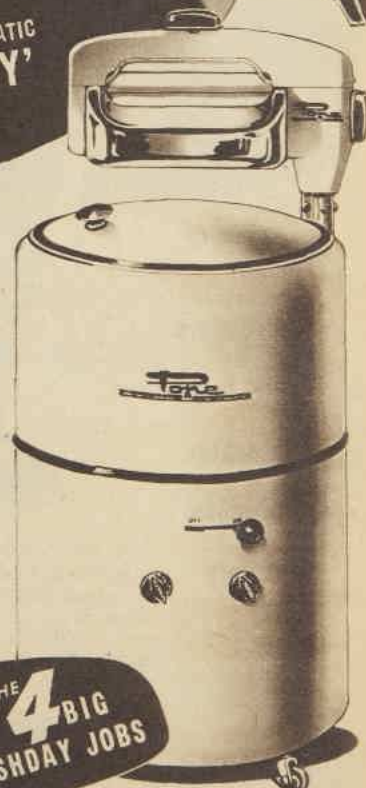
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<p><b>Uncrushable!</b> Just fold Vilene, pack it in a suitcase. The creases just bounce out!</p>	<p><b>Half the weight</b> of less-accomplished interlinings. It's porous, supple, cool to wear.</p>	<p><b>Wash or dry-clean</b> Vilene. Irons back to perfect shape; never shrinks; dries quickly.</p>	<p><b>Top Pattern-names</b> star shape-holding interlining in New York fashions (see above).</p>	<p><b>Vilene Shapes</b> VALANCES, BEDSPREADS</p>	<p><b>5 VILENES FOR SPECIALISED USES</b></p>
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Continuing . . . .

Elizabeth's throat, and Elizabeth, watching the darkness, turned all at once to ice.

There was a pair of eyes, looking in, watching. Yellow and shining like a monstrous cat's, just above the ragged black tops of the clipped-down cedars under the windows. Elizabeth knelt there, frozen, afraid to move her own eyes from that blind and glittering stare.

It vanished suddenly. It was there, and then it was not.

Elizabeth only half heard Noreen's shaken release of breath behind her. She was watching incredulously as outside on the lawn a hand came up in salute, the blackness shifted, the porch light flickered on Steven Brent's face.

He hadn't been in the cedars—that was her changed perspective. He had halted on the path, probably struck by the tableau visible through the living-room windows, and the light had reflected on his glasses . . .

Elizabeth rose, and gave Maire's shoulders a reassuring pat; her legs felt weak. She smiled at Noreen in relief—did her own face look as bleached, as sucked-dry with fear?—and said, "It's Mr. Brent."

It seemed a long moment before the girl managed an answering smile and a murmur as she took Maire's hand. Then Elizabeth went to open the door.

"Oun?" . . . Oh, of course, the night we were here and Maire—Good Lord!—Steven was concerned and apologetic, amused only when he found, five minutes later, that Maire would still come willingly to his knee. "What's it all about?"

Elizabeth told him about the snarling cats on the lawn that afternoon, and her own translation of it. The sound, probably heard by Maire for the first time at night, one of the cats jumping up on a windowsill to glare into the lighted room.

"Something like that, anyway," said Elizabeth, and drew an enormous sighing breath, realising the full measure of her relief.

Steven was watching her thoughtfully. He said, "You know, I think this has done you more good than all the medicine and rest in the world. Take a look in the mirror—you're a changed woman."

He stood up. "As a matter of fact, that's what I dropped by for—to see if you were well enough to start thinking about when we can expect the finished book."

He talked about dates and publishing schedules, and Elizabeth, naming a month that would give her leeway, went with him to the door. "Tell Lucy that I rang her when she was out, will you, and that I'll probably see her tomorrow."

"I will. Meanwhile, I hope I've shaken off Maire's own for good."

Elizabeth felt lighter than she had in weeks; it was as if Maire's monster, in crashing down, had revealed a doorway to safety and reason. She had been convinced that the own was a synonym for evil, she had started up in panic at a child's aberration.

That night on the stairs Maire had caught a glint from Lucy's locket, or Constance's shell-rimmed glasses or Steven's, and that was all there was to that.

The gift clock said a few minutes after six, and she thought in a way she hadn't thought in weeks: Oliver's late. She would get out the ice for cocktails, and the anchovies, and the imported crackers—it was, in a way obscure to everyone but herself, a night to celebrate.

When Constance came in at

## The Iron Cobweb

from page 5

the back door, returning from her usual before-dinner stroll, Elizabeth said at random. "Let's go out tonight, shall we? Have a drink here, and then find a place with no home cooking? We haven't been anywhere for so long."

Constance gave her a startled glance. "You oughtn't to go out—" she began doubtfully.

"But I feel wonderful. In fact, I—"

Elizabeth broke off short, her hands motionless on the ice tray. Behind her in the pantry, Constance said, "I still don't think . . ." and then urgently, at the quality of the silence, "Elizabeth! What is it?"

Elizabeth didn't answer. She stood without moving, head tilted a little, staring through the window at darkness that should have been absolute—and wasn't. She went on staring, until a hopeless trembling began and she stopped it fiercely, brushing past Constance, running blindly for the telephone.

She had thought in surprise, when she first saw the flaw of gold against the darkness of hill and sky, I left a light on in the studio, after all.

And then she thought, But lamplight wouldn't—rush and ebb like that. It looks like . . . flames, it looks almost as if—

The studio's on fire.

It was like the plunge after a slow, icy, unwilling wade. Elizabeth lost a moment in sheer disbelief. Then she was on the telephone and giving the address to an alert voice at the wire, running into the darkness to watch the distant yellow leaping, not heeding Constance's wail: "Elizabeth! You mustn't, not without your coat, you'll catch pneumonia and there's nothing you can—"

Oh, Oliver, thank goodness you're here."

**O**LIVER was a warm, hard shape in the windy cold, holding Elizabeth's shoulders briefly, saying against her temple, "Thank heaven you're all right. When I heard the sirens heading this way—"

The engines, arriving, blotting out his voice. A spotlight struck through the dark, there was a sudden noisy tangle of running men and fire hose.

After what seemed an eternity, they were all inside again, with the warmth and the cruelly mocking surface of safety, as though it were one of a million contented homes, and not—and not—

"You're cold," Oliver said, watching her. "Come over to the fire and finish that drink before we even think about this . . ."

Cold, Elizabeth thought, lifting her glass docilely to her lips, not tasting what they touched; yes, but not a cold that bourbon or flaming driftwood could touch.

Her outpost, the studio, was gone. And how could you build barricades against a thing as sly and seeking as a mist, that permeated your very day-to-day existence under the name of deference, or loyalty, or love?

Oliver said casually, "It's one of those things. Firemen are often guessing, have to be. The heater—"

"It wasn't on."

Elizabeth began to explain about finding herself in the studio with only two cigarettes, using her last match, searching without success for more.

Unspoken, but louder in the room than her own desperately calm voice were the things that all of them knew and none of them said: that Elizabeth without adequate cigarettes and matches was as unimaginable as a wingless bird, that

when she was at her desk she would often, in her concentration, light a fresh cigarette while a forgotten one burned at a perilous tilt in her ash-tray.

She looked at their faces. She said, "It isn't only that. I left my manuscript on top of the typewriter and put the cover over the whole business. It isn't there—it's what the fireman found the remains of, on the couch. It didn't get there by itself, unless," said Elizabeth, suddenly tired and bitter, "the characters are more lifelike than I thought."

Constance breathed through her nose, a sign of distress and perplexity. Oliver propped an elbow on the mantel and looked into his glass. He said, "But are you certain—" and abandoned that as leading straight to trouble. "We'll go up in the morning and make sure. There's always the chance . . ."

Elizabeth met his eyes, or tried to; Oliver's flickered away. She said, "I'll go and do something about dinner, if you think I'm to be trusted around the stove," and walked quickly out of the room, feeling the silence close behind her like a door.

The meat was overdone, the small green peas mushy, the potatoes past their delicate prime. Rebelliously, Elizabeth ate nothing at all. Oliver talked about a traffic accident; Constance shook her head perfunctorily and began an anecdote of her own. Elizabeth nodded blankly at intervals and could not break out of the other world, the place of terror.

Fire. The hatred, bored and sated by the delicate vibrations it had set up in her life, could feed for a time on this new and more personal excitement—the destruction of her book, the charring of her studio, the more subtle issue of her irresponsibility when alone, her need to be watched.

But this too would pass, and what then?

The children.

There might be a step between, but unless the evil were caught and stopped, it must certainly come to that. To Maire and Jeep, fast asleep upstairs, Maire with her pig within reach of her small, relaxed hand, Jeep with the head of his fly-swatter protruding neatly from under the blankets . . .

There were precautions to take and Elizabeth took them, walking stubbornly over the bewilderment and disapproval and silent concern that met her on all sides. The children's afternoon walks ceased; they played within the confines of the grounds.

She went through the medicine cabinet and threw away everything that might constitute danger to a child, or—at the very back of her mind—an adult.

Above all, she watched.

She watched Lucy Brent, who dropped in the day after the fire in the studio, full of horrified questions and headshakings; she watched Constance, whose long, bland face might hide anything at all; and Noreen Delaney. She even watched Steven, whose wordless understanding had become a prop.

And, icily aware of the state to which she had come, she watched Oliver.

She thought, Which of them?

The children reacted instantly to the unaccustomed confinement and Elizabeth's new sharpness. Maire grew quarrelsome and mulish, losing her clear, piping voice in a maddeningly accented sing-song with an expression to go with it: Jeep reverted to all-fours, said

To page 48

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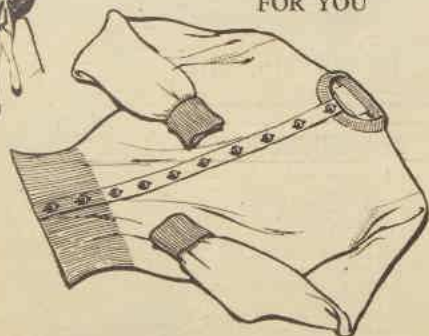
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Continuing . . . .

## The Iron Cobweb

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simply, "I baby," and behaved accordingly.

That was why, on a bitter dark day towards the end of January when Noreen was off, Elizabeth gave the children an early supper and herded them up for their bath an hour ahead of time.

Here, at least, they were both under her eye. The water ran, the mirror and the window grew blind and steamy, wind rustled coldly about the shutters. Elizabeth pushed her white silk sleeves high, tossed boats and soap and rubber ducks into the tub, and caught herself straining for another sound over the tumult and splash from the faucet.

But even when she turned it off and undressed the children absentmindedly, all her concentration on the empty house about her, there was nothing.

There couldn't be, of course, because Constance was out and the doors were locked. That distant click was the refrigerator, the muffled sound on the stairs was wood reacting to heat . . . and this was precisely what she was supposed to be feeling: that the bathroom, a refuge ten minutes ago, was in reality a trap.

The thought brought steadiness with it. Elizabeth said, "Stop that!" to Maire, who had placed a dripping washcloth on Jeep's head, and knelt forward to intervene. She wasn't in time.

Jeep, emerging from the cloth with his eyes screwed shut, flung a double handful of bath water at Maire, who leaped up in a stung-pink slipperiness that evaded Elizabeth's fingers, seized the towels from their rack and plunged them triumphantly at Jeep.

Elizabeth scooped them both promptly out of the tub and spanked them impartially: in an interval between howls she heard a door close somewhere on the same floor. Constance was back, and could bring her dry towels.

She fixed the children with a bleak eye, said, "Don't move, either of you," and opened the bathroom door and stepped into the hall. She got as far as "Constance? Could you hand me—" before her voice died in her throat.

"Did I frighten you?" Oliver was smiling at her. He took his shoulders away from the wall, breaking the terrifying immobility with which he had been standing when Elizabeth glanced up the hall. His face was watchful behind the smile, but it had lost its look of—was it rage?

"It was just—you're early, aren't you?" Elizabeth said it before she thought, because the finding of any words at all just then was an accomplishment.

Oliver's eyes changed. He said flatly, "Yes, a little," and started past her. Elizabeth was saved from speech by a violent splash from the bathroom behind her.

"Bad boy," said Maire with an undercurrent of admiration. "Bad gel," said Jeep, complacent.

"Hand me a towel, would you, Oliver?" said Elizabeth, and escaped.

She dried the children and put them, suddenly meek and full of virtue, into their pyjamas. She tried to forget, because it was so disturbing, her first impression of a total stranger—waiting, menacing—who had spoken and smiled and turned into the man to whom she had been married for five years.

The children went thumping downstairs in search of Oliver. Elizabeth sat still on the edge of Maire's bed, recapturing in spite of herself the sound that had made her step out into the hall. It had been the closing

of a door, and involved in it was the protesting shiver of faintly warped wood. There was only one door in the house that closed that way, and it was the door of Constance's room.

So that Oliver's early return from Boston, at a time when she would normally have been busy in the kitchen with the children's supper, was not as casual as he had tried to make it seem—was not, in view of his stormy face, casual at all.

What had he seen in her cousin's room—or searched for, and failed to find?

At ten-thirty that evening, because the silk scarf she had tied over her hair was wet with melted snowflakes, Elizabeth went reluctantly back into the house.

Oliver, deep in a book, glanced up and said, "Still snowing?" and went to the window to look.

At the desk, pen poised over a sheet of notepaper half-covered with her small, decisive writing, Constance lifted her head to say dutifully, "Jeep cried out a few minutes ago, and I went up. His head seemed a little warm, I thought. Do you think he might be catching cold?"

"Probably," said Elizabeth, and hung up her coat and scarf. "I'll go and have a look."

Jeep was snuffling damply in his sleep. Elizabeth felt his forehead and the hand she could find; he was warm, but not alarmingly so. The morning would tell. She tucked in the covers and went downstairs again.

Oliver had abandoned the window and was back with his book; Constance was sealing an envelope at the desk. Elizabeth paused a long moment in the hall at the foot of the stairs, and then found her voice.

"Isn't there—don't I smell something?"

Constance lifted her head, the light glimmering in her glasses, and sniffed thoughtfully. Oliver rose sharply to his feet. Elizabeth said hastily, "Not smoke."

Perfume. A tiny, teasing whiff of it, as surprisingly present as a strange hat and coat draped over the newel post. It was a heavy scent, sweet, musk-laden, with a tired edge. It was the kind of scent that would be thoroughly at home in, perhaps, the Hotel Savoy . . .

It was the scent that had hovered in Noreen Delaney's room, so palpably wrong in its surroundings, on the day an alien face had stared blindly up at Elizabeth's studio.

It didn't take her long to find the source. The hall closet door hadn't quite caught when she closed it, and the perfume was bolder when she swung it wide. Under her scarf, which had slithered to the closet floor, was a handkerchief, damp from contact with the wet silk, and reeking.

Constance wrinkled her nose as Elizabeth lifted it. "That isn't yours, is it, Elizabeth?"

The handkerchief bore no initials. Smoothed out, it was a small square of white linen, a woman's, but other than that, anonymous. Whose fingers had dropped it, how long had it lain there before dampness had released the latent fumes?

To Elizabeth, it was suddenly the very smell and touch of hate. Aware of Oliver's grimace, she walked steadily to the hearth and dropped the handkerchief on to the smouldering logs. Behind her, Oliver was silent; Constance said startledly, "Oh! Did you have to—?"

"Yes," said Elizabeth, and

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"They'll whisper about you!"



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turned to face them both, her hands behind her back so that neither of them could see how desperately her fingers clutched each other. "I'll be glad to make restitution, but I happen to loathe that particular perfume. I think I'll go up now—is anyone else tired?"

Half an hour later, she gazed at Oliver's back, bare above the waist, and said carefully, "Oliver, I think I'll go away for a while."

There was nothing in her voice to suggest panic; it sounded like an idea she had considered for days rather than a desperate measure, thirty minutes old. But, watching Oliver's leanly muscled shoulders, Elizabeth thought that

they tensed, as though his hands, exploring in his bureau drawer for a matching pyjama top, had forgotten what they searched for.

If it happened at all it took the barest part of a second, because Oliver turned almost instantly and said emphatically, "Good idea—it's what you need. Get a complete rest from the house and the kids."

"I'd take them with me." There was a brief silence, loud with the implications that brought Elizabeth's chin up defensively. Then Oliver said slowly, "Oh, I see. Where will you go?"

She hesitated only fractionally, but it was too long.

## Continuing . . . .

"You don't trust me, do you, Elizabeth?" Oliver was almost gentle. "While I—!" He moved with sudden controlled violence, shaking a cigarette from a package on the bureau, tossing the burned match in the direction of an ashtray. He didn't look at her.

Elizabeth sat up straight against her pillow, as stunned and tingling as though she had been struck. There could be no evasion now, even if she had wanted it. This time the small pause in the bedroom had the tight inevitability of the space between lightning and

# The Iron Cobweb

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thunder. Into it she said steadily, "I think I'd better hear the rest of that."

"Do you? All right—" Oliver turned abruptly. Because his voice was as careful as hers, his face bleak and unreadable, the astounding question came at Elizabeth with no warning at all. "Where did you spend the night of November 19th?"

Incredibly, it wasn't a joke. Elizabeth stared at him. "The night of—here, of course, where I always do."

"Not that night. I was in New York for the stockholders' meeting. When I telephoned home—late—you weren't here."

"Then I—"

ELIZABETH broke off, groping through bewilderment for a moment before she remembered. "I did sleep at the studio once when you were away. I suppose it was then. Constance must have told you when you phoned."

She looked at Oliver's face in the instant before he turned his shoulder, and the last words trailed away. The bewilderment went with them. Shock took its place, and a butterfly anger in her midriff.

"Of course Constance told you," she said slowly, "and you don't believe either of us—which must mean you have a theory of your own. All right, Oliver, where did I spend the night of November 19th?"

Oliver's back had stayed grimly turned until then; the mockery stung him. "As a matter of fact, a number of people say you were at a hotel in Boston."

Elizabeth was so astonished that the full meaning of that didn't register at once. When

it did it was like an answer in a crossword puzzle, radiating other answers in every direction. The Hotel Savoia and Oliver's presence there, the mysterious telephone calls, the menacing voice on the wire—

but she must make sure of it. She said in a voice as impersonal as Oliver's, "The Hotel Savoia, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"And not alone, needless to say."

"No—not alone." In the silence after the short crossfire Elizabeth reached blindly for her robe, pulled it about her shoulders, and slid out of bed. Oliver was standing furiously still across the room. She said incredulously, "You're paying blackmail for that—blackmail. You don't believe—"

"Never mind that." The violence left Oliver suddenly; he looked white and tired. "The point is that you make it so infernally hard—"

There might have been more; Elizabeth didn't hear it. She found her slippers and then the doorknob, and at last the refuge of the hall.

She woke at a little before six o'clock, stiff and cold, in the wing chair where she had finally fallen asleep. The lingering winter dark at the living-room windows, the silent yellow lamplight, the brimming ashtray at her elbow had a dream-like air. With an effort, Elizabeth forced herself to face the inevitable waking of the house, and her own remembering.

Ugly as her own errand at the Savoia had been, Oliver's had been worse, because she had depended purely upon the evidence of her own senses and Oliver had not. He had gone there at the suggestion of someone else—not the person who hated her, that would be too dangerous, but a go-between—

and he had found the evidence arranged for him. He had balanced that against all that he knew and had loved about her—and she had lost.

How? Last night in their bedroom she had been wholly concerned with the repercussions between Oliver and herself; nothing had mattered at all beyond the fact that he could believe what he did. But there had been the solitary hours in the wing chair after that, and the realisation that evidence of a sort would have been easy to supply after all.

There was her driver's licence, and there was the hair-coloring, the kind you could wash in, and, just as simply, out. Given even that vague assistance it shouldn't, at the Savoia, be difficult to find a clerk, a bellboy, to absorb and repeat a description of Elizabeth's coat, her bag, her rings—to cover a night when she hadn't been in the house and Oliver had phoned from New York.

A woman, of course, would know the telling power of personal detail. And there had to have been a man.

Had Oliver also been furnished with a description of her supposed companion, or had he stopped short of listening to that? Put together, Elizabeth was bitterly certain it would have added up to Steven Brent.

Go away now, today—the place on the Cape, the small house her parents had left her, hadn't been rented this year. She wouldn't have to see Oliver at all; she could phone him at his office just before she left with the children.

But she found that, in her plans for departure, she had reckoned without Jeep. His eyes were drowsy that morning, his face flushed and hot. Elizabeth telephoned the doctor and went stubbornly about

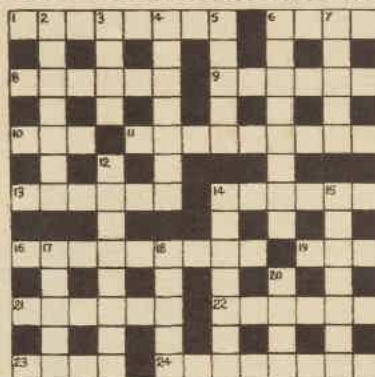
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## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- Adherent of a party in a strap (6).
- Mother with an afterthought is useful for students of geography (4).
- Desire earnestly a venomous serpent with anger (6).
- The sucking fish is more troubled inside (6).
- Skill in a partner (3).
- Particular kind of food on our discredit (9).
- Attack as ship collectively (6).
- Pummeled with weights several times 16 ounces (6).
- Lo, I sing in blowing the trumpet (9).
- Exes (3).
- This hound becomes the Earl of Shrewsbury in King Henry VI, Pt. 1 (6).
- Lads in a place surrounded by water (6).
- According to R. L. Stevenson, "Everyone lives by . . . ing something" (4).
- It is ineffectual to give back a gun to a conservative (8).

Solution will be published next week.



### DOWN

- Sucks in sailor's eyes (7).
- Go wrong on a jaunt (4).
- Pa's lice are particular (7).
- Byron called Sir W. Scott the Aristotle of this (5).
- Quantity of motion in a body but it may last longer than shown in the beginning (6).
- Reckless are in a troubled dupe and in France they would be lost (5).
- Point in a water-way becomes a mad-eater (8).
- Kick the ball with shaken spirit when backing a horse (7).
- Conjecture is mostly devoted to God's service (7).
- Silly to be found out in a negation (6).
- Rested in closely woven silk (5).
- Opening often for a penny (4).

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PMS 72

## Continuing . . . . . The Iron Cobweb

from page 49

the rest of her preparations, assembling blankets, warm clothes for herself and the children, a carton of emergency rations. She drove the car into Boston for a complete overhauling and a change to snow tyres, and then she prepared to wait.

She closed her eyes to the reactions around her: to Oliver's bitter, adamant silence and her cousin's speculation, to Noreen's troubled air and the shrewd curiosity Lucy Brent didn't try to conceal.

Deliberately, she locked herself away from them, allowing herself to feel nothing at all, until the morning of the day before she was to leave for the Cape.

They were at breakfast when Oliver said abruptly, "Oh, by the way, I won't be home until late tonight. One of the vice-presidents and his wife are up from New York—Moulton was going to take them to dinner and the theatre, but he's home in bed and I'm stuck with them. So expect me when you see me—?" He was rising.

Always, before, she and Oliver together had entertained the visiting hierarchy; it was an established custom. In spite of the iced neutrality between them now, Elizabeth was stung, so instantly that words slid to her tongue before she had time to think.

"I'm so glad you reminded me—I've got to dine out too, as a matter of fact. Crale, one of the men at Hornham's, wants to talk to me about resurrecting my book in time for September."

It wasn't true. Crale had mentioned dinner, but they hadn't got as far as dates. She had only to pick up her car at the garage in Boston and drive home again to dinner with Constance while Oliver, who had started thinking of her as an embarrassment to his work, did some deferential escorting of a vice-president and his wife.

She caught a train to Boston at a little after three o'clock that afternoon.

She had regretted the childish subterfuge almost instantly that morning. Under Oliver's eyes she had felt compelled to go through with it, although it meant a sudden welter of rearrangements. A telephone call to Lucy, explaining that they would not be able to come for cocktails at the Brents' after all, apologise to Constance, who would have to curtail her activities as hostess at the charity bazaar in order to be back at the house by six o'clock, when Noreen Delaney had to leave.

But I'll be back by then, Elizabeth thought, watching the bleak marshes flicker by. I'll say Crale was called unexpectedly to New York, and Constance can go on being hostess and I can finish up the last of the packing.

At North Station she took a taxi to the garage in Brookline. They were finishing up on her car, the foreman told her; they had had to install a new battery. If she could come back in about an hour . . .

Elizabeth found a small restaurant four blocks away and had a solitary cocktail and a chicken sandwich. It was nearly dark, at a few minutes after five, and a raw, raging wind had come up. She almost ran the distance back to the garage, coat skirts whipping, gloved hand anchoring her feathered felt cap.

Her car was ready, unaccustomedly shining, smoothly obedient when she pressed the starter. By this time tomorrow night she'd be getting supper for the children in the house at Orleans. Knowing that they

were hidden and safe, feeling none of the sudden pricking nervousness that brought her foot down now on the accelerator.

She realised for the first time, with a sense of shock, how very close she had come to leaving the house unguarded for a dangerously long period of time.

It was night there, too, and the wind would be shaking the windows, driving the lilacs against the glass, meeting itself angrily around the house corners. And both Oliver and she were out of the way, for any purpose that might produce itself on a black and noisy night like this . . . the very eve of escape.

How could she have become so blinded by resentment at Oliver as to forget that?

Elizabeth drew to a stop in front of the house as inwardly breathless as though she had finished a race.

She ran up the lawn under the toes and swish of maples. She pushed the front door shut on a shudder of wind, and called, "Constance? I'm back, so why don't you—?"

But it was Lucy Brent on the stairs; it was Lucy, crisp, unfaltering Lucy who took that oddly fumbling step towards her, and spoke her name in a voice Elizabeth wouldn't have known.

"What's the matter?" Elizabeth said, staring. "Lucy, what's . . . Are the children all right?"

How white and strange Lucy looked. How quiet the house was, as though two small and rebellious children hadn't been put to bed twenty minutes ago, as though there were only Lucy and herself here.

As though—

Lucy found a thin echo of her normal command. "Elizabeth, take it easy. Don't—"

But Elizabeth was already on the stairs and running.

Not nightmare, but fact—the waiting crib, the empty bed, the plush pig smiling foolishly at the dreadful silence.

Elizabeth went downstairs again, holding herself as quiet and calm as if she had discovered the children on a cliff-edge, where a sudden sound, an incautious gesture, would send them over.

Think, now. Before you pick up the telephone to call the police, think about what could have happened to Constance to delay her. If one of the children had got hurt in any way, she would have had to take both to the doctor. Just because your children weren't in their beds at six-thirty on a black, wild February evening didn't mean they'd been kidnapped.

And even if they'd been kidnapped it didn't mean you'd never see them alive, or button them into their pyjamas, or spank or catch them close to you again.

On the other hand, if they had been kidnapped, it might be dangerous, even fatal, to call the police.

At that instant, Lucy said sharply, "Elizabeth!" and then, more gently, "Here, for heaven's sake, have a drink of your own bourbon, and don't look like that. There's been some mistake, the messages got mixed up . . ."

"Messages?" said Elizabeth, and with the words she swam up to reality, and knew that she hadn't been there before, but only existing in a merciful sub-layer. "Lucy, if you know anything at all about this—"

"There was a message for Constance," repeated Lucy, pausing in her nervous circling

To page 58

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# LANA TURNER and her husband

★ Is film star Lana Turner tired of movie glamor? Hollywood thinks the 33-year-old actress is keen to do some serious acting. Lana, however, says that she is not entirely lost to glamor roles.

WHEN she recently changed the color of her hair from synthetic platinum back to its natural mid-brown shade, filmdom took it as a sure sign that Lana was vacating her position as the screen's top glamor girl.

Whether it's true or not, the single decision to become a brunette must have taken a good deal of courage on the part of Metro's box-office blonde.

For it is all of 16 years (and 28 films) since the studio put young Lana Turner into a sweater and endowed her with pale golden hair as part of a full-scale glamor build-up.

The young actress made a big hit and was soon established as Metro's top glamor girl and dollar spinner.

Her platinum-colored hair remained over the years the symbol of feminine glamor everywhere.

Laughing away the idea that her brunette hair has any bearing on her career, Lana says: "I simply wanted a change. Women do it all the time. I let my hair turn brown to play an Italian girl in 'Flame and the Flesh' and kept it that way for 'Betrayed,' in which I'm a Resistance worker."

It may be just a coincidence that the Turner roles in both these films have little in the way of glamor but offer plenty of acting opportunities.

"From now on it's dark hair for me in real life, though," she says. "With it I can wear all sorts of colors like red, deep blue, and orange that I didn't wear much as a blonde. It is so stimulating."

"Besides, my husband likes it this way, too."

Lex Barker, 35-year-old actor, is Lana Turner's fourth husband.

Barker, scion of a socially prominent family and best known as one of a long line of movie Tarzans, had been married twice before. His first wife was Constance Thurlow, a non-professional by whom he has two sons. Then came actress Arlene Dahl, whom he married in New York early in 1951.

The tangled relationships of Turner, Barker, and Dahl took another complicated turn in June of this year, when Arlene married Argentine-Hollywood actor Fernando Lamas, who had previously been Lana's favorite boy-friend.

Lana, who is noted for her stormy romances, had been married three times previously.

Husband No. 1 was bandleader Artie Shaw, whom she married in 1940. The match lasted only a short while.

In 1942 the actress eloped with Stephen Crane, a tobacco heir, who is the father of her daughter, Cheryl Christine, born in 1943.

Bob Topping, heir to a tinplate fortune, led Lana to the altar in 1948 in a spectacular Hollywood-style ceremony which was followed by a two-year-long European honeymoon.

This marriage was dissolved in December, 1952.

Miss Turner married Lex Barker in Italy in September, 1953, after a whirlwind courtship.

Recently Lana Turner was handed a plum role in "The Prodigal," a Metro "biggie," in which she will co-star with young Hollywood newcomer Edmund Purdom (of "The Student Prince").

In this spectacle she will wear her hair in three different colors for three separate sequences.

But as it is filmed in color deluxe, "The Prodigal" is sure to be a showcase for Lana Turner's glamor.





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## Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

### ★ Lucky Me

STORIES about workless troupers who battle their way to Broadway through a set of unoriginal breaks still provide studios with material for musicals.

"Lucky Me," Warner's first Cinemascope production, follows the same well-worn path. Here it is decorated with splashy color and sets stars Doris Day and Robert Cummings in the opulent, playground atmosphere of Miami. High-lighting the mediocre story about a singer who falls for a garage mechanic who turns out to be a song writer with a hit musical in the offing, Doris Day sparkles her way along with unflagging exuberance.

A couple of pleasant songs, some dances, a few amusing situations, and conventional romance dot her progress.

As the composer of a Broadway-worthy show, Robert Cummings is agreeable in a collegiate way.

Pretty little Martha Haver does another of her spoiled-daughters-of-wealth roles as the girl who tries to sabotage the show and the romance.

For laughs there is bespectacled comedian Phil Silvers, looking shinner than we remember him, and Nancy Walker, a knock-about comedienne from the stage and films of the World War II period, now curiously subdued.

In Sydney—Regent.

### ★ Heidi

THE simple charm of "Heidi," a Swiss-made morsel about a child's need for happiness, is largely found in the natural gift for acting of the little girl who plays the name role in the film.

She is sweet-faced, pig-tailed Elsbeth Sigmund, about 10 years old, and as unspoiled as her mountain home. Elsbeth's performance is all the more creditable because she had no previous acting experience.

Watching the adventures of Heidi will delight the children, many of whom will be familiar with the Johanna Spyri story on which the film is based.

Technically the film is below standard. Camera work and special effects are unimpressive.

In Sydney—Esquire.

## CITY FILM GUIDE

### Films reviewed

CENTURY.—★★ "The Moon is Blue," comedy, starring William Holden, Maggie McNamara, David Niven. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★★ "Hobson's Choice," comedy, starring Charles Laughton, Brenda de Banzie, John Mills. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★ "Heidi," juvenile drama, starring Elsbeth Sigmund, Heinrich Gretler. (See review this page.) Plus "Sabaka," technicolor adventure, starring Boris Karloff, Victor Jory.

LIBERTY.—★ "Rose Marie," technicolor musical, starring Ann Blyth, Howard Keel, Fernando Lamas. (Re-release.) Plus featurettes.

LYRIC.—★★★ "The Greatest Show on Earth," technicolor circus extravaganza, starring Betty Hutton, Charlton Heston, Cornel Wilde. (Re-release.) Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★★ "Johnny Dark," technicolor thriller, starring Tony Curtis, Piper Laurie, Don Taylor. Plus ★★ "Fireman, Save My Child," slapstick comedy, starring Spike Jones and his City Slickers.

MAYFAIR.—★ "Beat the Devil," mystery satire, starring Jennifer Jones, Humphrey Bogart, Robert Morley. Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★★ "Knock on Wood," comedy, starring Danny Kaye, Mai Zetterling. Plus featurettes.

PALACE.—★★ "Princess and the Pirate," technicolor comedy, starring Bob Hope, Virginia Mayo. (Re-release.) Plus "Road Agent," Tim Holt Western.

PARK.—★ "The Moonlighter," Western, starring Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck. Plus ★★ "Highway 301," crime drama, starring Steve Cochran, Virginia Grey. (Re-release.)

REGENT.—★ "Lucky Me," WarnerColor Cinemascope musical, starring Doris Day, Robert Cummings, Phil Silvers. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★ "Marriage of Figaro," German opera, starring Angelika Hauff, Willi Domgraf-Fassbaender. Plus ★★ "Beauty and the Beast," French-language fantasy, starring Jean Marais, Josette Day. (Re-release.)

STATE.—★★ "The Red Beret," World War II technicolor drama, starring Alan Ladd, Susan Stephens, Leo Genn. Plus ★ "Cruising Down the River," technicolor musical, starring Dick Haymes, Billy Daniels.

ST. JAMES.—★★★ "The Student Prince," technicolor Cinemascope romantic musical, starring Ann Blyth, Edmund Purdom. Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—★★ "Infidelity," Italian-language omnibus film, starring Gina Lollobrigida, Vittorio De Sica, Aldo Fabrizi. Plus featurettes.

VICTORY.—★ "Here Come the Girls," technicolor musical, starring Bob Hope, Arlene Dahl, Rosemary Clooney. Plus ★ "Flight to Tangier," technicolor drama, starring Joan Fontaine, Jack Palance.

### Films not yet reviewed

CAPITOL.—"Desperate Moment," post-war action drama, starring Dirk Bogarde, Mai Zetterling. Philip Friend. Plus "Little Big Shot," comedy, starring Ronald Shiner.

PLAZA.—"Prince Valiant," technicolor Cinemascope adventure, starring James Mason, Robert Wagner, Janet Leigh. Plus "Homeward Bound with the Queen," technicolor Cinemascope documentary of the Royal journey from Fremantle to London.



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- MEDICAL WORLD, "Should prove invaluable to the man or woman of middle age whose figure has begun to 'spread.'" 10-8-51.

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**1. BEREAVED** Helen Phillips (Jane Wyman) refuses aid from playboy Bob Merriek (Rock Hudson). She blames him for the death of her husband.



**2. INJURED** in a car smash while trying to evade Bob's pursuing taxi, Helen loses her eyesight. Heedless Bob suffers grief and remorse on making this grim discovery, and decides to resume his medical education.



**3. RECUPERATING,** Helen unknowingly makes friends with Bob, who, at his own expense, arranges for her to consult Swiss eye specialists. Friends worry about deception.

## MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION

★ Starring together for the first time, Jane Wyman and Rock Hudson are a new romantic team in Universal's "Magnificent Obsession," which is based on the well-known love story by Lloyd C. Douglas.

The theme of the story is that of a woman's dependence upon a man whom she has every reason to hate. Out of his devotion to her comes his magnificent obsession to make amends for past wrongs.

The role of the rich wastrel in this technicolor drama is a complete change for action star Rock Hudson.

Veteran actress Agnes Moorehead and newcomers Barbara Rush and Gregg Palmer play main feature roles.



**4. DOCTORS** tell distraught Helen there is no hope for her sight and operation would be useless. Her suicide attempt is prevented by the unexpected arrival of Bob at her hotel. He is still unknown to Helen. She is encouraged by his visit.



**5. THAT NIGHT** Bob takes Helen out, reveals his true identity, asks her to marry him. She accepts, but next day disappears leaving a note for Bob. A long search for her fails.



**6. HIDING** from Bob and the family for a number of years, Helen is later traced to a distant hospital. There Bob, now a famous brain surgeon, finds her in need of immediate surgery.



**7. OPERATION** is performed by Bob in a last desperate attempt to save Helen's life. From a fearful beginning Bob gains confidence in his own skill, decides to make an effort to restore her sight.



**8. REGAINING** consciousness after the operation, Helen finds that she can see a little light. During slow convalescence, Helen and Bob are happily reunited.

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# Movie 'escape' story has humor

From a staff correspondent in London

Now the British are making a prisoner-of-war film that is funny. Many ex-prisoners of the Germans may have strong reasons for applauding this, and for saying it's high time.

THE story London Films has chosen is also one of the most thrillingly funny, for it's the saga of the German fortress castle of Colditz—from which the Germans proudly claimed, it was impossible for prisoners to escape.

They stocked it with the most recalcitrant bunch of prisoners the world has known—Allied officers, drawn from all the other camps in

Germany, and locked up in the impregnable centuries-old castle of Colditz as a lesson for having tried to escape.

The author of the story himself escaped from Colditz and survived to write his story. He was Captain Pat Reid, now a Conservative politician. In the film, John Mills is playing the role that Reid lived.

On the day that I saw them filming at Shepperton the cameras were trained on a gloomy underground vault with barred windows, from the

walls of which moisture dripped ceaselessly. In one corner stood a weird instrument—a brazier, heating a large jug from which sprang a tangle of tubes. These passed through a cooling system into a tub. A prisoners' still. They were brewing their own liquor right under the noses of the Germans.

The prisoners, headed by Eric Portman as a British colonel and John Mills as Reid, the author, were holding an escape conference.

After repeated failures in attempts to get away through the sewers, by digging themselves graves in the exercise grounds, by dressing up as women and hip-swaying their way past the guards, they were now set for an attempt to tunnel their way out under the Commandant's office. To celebrate this, hooch was served all round.

## Hard liquor

THE cameras rolled while Portman and Mills drank theirs. A realistic spasm contorted Mills' face for a moment before he set his drink down; for the liquor of Colditz, though potent, was hardly a connoisseur's dream. The cameras stopped and he came over.

"Never had so much fun in all my life," he told me.

"It's all terribly tense and exciting, but there's something about the way they set about burrowing their way out of the castle that has us holding our sides. It's as if the spirit of these boys has been resurrected on a film set."

"The story I like most, for instance, is completely mad. It appears there was one



JOHN MILLS (right) plays chess with a fellow prisoner while others argue around them in this scene from "The Colditz Story." The burning question concerns how the Commandant found out about their tunnel. Is there an informer among them?



GERMAN COMMANDANT (Frederick Valk), left, addresses a mixed crowd of prisoners at Colditz Castle after an escape attempt has been foiled. John Mills, Eric Portman, and David Yates are among British prisoners in the front row.

character who took a rather gloomy view of the war. He had also heard that some of the castle had wood worm, which was rotting the timbers.

"So he collected wood-worm cultures and bred them. Then he placed them all over the castle. He reckoned that if an Allied bomb didn't get it before, the whole thing would collapse, eaten away by his worms, in 20 years."

"Mind you, the castle had only been standing a mere thousand years."

They say that all girls love a uniform. Well, the studio restaurant these days is a riot of the weirdest uniforms ever seen. There are British prisoners with French caps, Polish

trousers, Air Force tunics, and clogs. There are Dutch, French, English, and Polish players.

## Dapper Poles

BUT the group who cause most heads to turn, and the most feminine chatter, are the Poles—dapper, well-groomed, romantic, preserving that strange ability they showed during the war of being able to stay dazzlingly spick and span whatever the circumstances. And, with famous film stars nibbling at chicken or steak all round them, it's the Polish small-part players who are the focus of all eyes.

All the rooms of this famous Colditz Castle have had to be

re-created in a British studio by the wizardry of the prop men. The original castle stands on the river Mulde high upon a grim pile of rock, its slitted windows overlooking a moat.

For despite the proud boast that it was escape-proof, 22 British prisoners succeeded in escaping from it. Of these, 11 got clean away to England.

Above all, a weird vein of comedy lies behind the story of each escape, and accents the story being told in the film "The Colditz Story."

As for the castle itself, John Mills says, "I was talking to Pat Reid, the author, the other day. He says as far as he knows, the worms they left there are still eating it away!"



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of the room, "at that wretched bazaar. I got stuck as a sponsor, and I was sitting beside Constance when one of the caterer's men came up to tell her she was wanted on the phone. It was somebody calling from the Touraine, she said, to say that you"—was Lucy's glance faintly inquiring?—"didn't feel well enough to drive home alone, and would Constance please take a taxi into Boston and meet you as soon as possible. Like fools, we didn't check it in any way. We both thought—"

"I see." And, incredibly detached, Elizabeth did see: her behaviour of the past few weeks had seemed like the logical prelude to a crack-up. She said steadily, "The message wasn't from me, of course." Oh, the moments going by! "So Constance left, arranging with Noreen—"

"No, Constance was in such a flutter that I said I'd come over and stay until you both got back, so she phoned Noreen and told her that. I got here at the dot of six, and I've been waiting ever since. They'll probably walk in now," said Lucy, forcedly brisk, "having been on some perfectly logical errand, and here we'll be, ten years older."

Neither of them believed it. Lucy's set face and wide, worried eyes were a flat contradiction, and the faint, repeated thundering of the wind said what Elizabeth could not bring herself to say: that no errand would keep Noreen out with two small children, one of them just over a bad cold, on a night like this.

While Constance, drawn away and disposed of by a false telephone message, sped in all innocence to Boston.

Five desperate minutes went by at the telephone, with Lucy roaming nervously past her, before she found she could no longer stand the operator's leisurely connections, the paging at the hotels she called, the polite, far-away negatives.

Elizabeth looked at the clock, the cradled phone, the black windows. She thought clearly: This is what you're here for, this is the ultimate responsibility. She said, "I'll look upstairs and see if anything's—"

## Continuing . . . .

gone. Then I'll call the police."

"I'll try Steven again, he wasn't home when I called before. He might—"

Elizabeth lost the rest of that, she was running again up the stairs which she had descended, in some impossible measure of time, not quite fifteen minutes ago. She flung open the door of Noreen's room and switched on the lamp.

She hadn't quite liked sniffing at the girl's cologne on the day an alien face had stared up at her out of this window, probing the small amount of privacy left to a household employee wasn't pleasant. She was ruthless now, throwing the closet door open, staring hard at the few dim shapes on hangers, gaze going instantly to a small suitcase on the floor at the back.

Had the suitcase been emptied?

It hadn't. Downstairs, Lucy's voice said tensely: "—gone, both of them. . . . What? Well, what else could it be? Get over here as fast as you can, will you?"

And Elizabeth stood staring at the open suitcase on the bed. There was a beige cardigan and what looked like a nightgown, stockings rolled in a ball, a pair of black, still-heeled pumps, very worn. Carefully folded away, a small cotton dress, flowered in peach and blue, still in the basting process.

A dress for a child of four or five.

Elizabeth picked it up, half-numbed, and the child herself smiled up from the cheap blue rayon lining of the suitcase. Not pretty; a thin little face inside straight dark hair, with frightened eyes cancelling out the obedient curve of the mouth. Noreen Delaney in miniature.

Not much older than Maire. But so very thin, so fragile.

Elizabeth slid a shaking hand once more into the cuff of rayon that lined the suitcase. Another photograph met her fingers, and she stared at it for a long moment before she knew that it was a photograph of Noreen.

## The Iron Cobweb

[from page 51]

Cool, deliberately flirtatious, a little bold; the eyes laughing, the vivid lips parted. A scrawl of ink in one corner said: "To Stony, from his N."

There were still the things she couldn't change: the shape of the face, the setting of the eyes . . . .

"I caught Steven in his shower, but he's coming right over," Lucy said. She looked exhausted. "He says—what's that?"

"She had a child," said Elizabeth, and said it again carefully, while she looked for her coat. "She—had a child, Noreen."

"Noreen?"

ELIZABETH found her coat and put it on; she glanced distractedly about for her pocketbook and saw it in the chair where she'd flung it, contents spilling out. She said to Lucy's staring face, "It'll save time if I take her picture down to the police station—where are my keys?"

Her lipstick had rolled, her cigarettes were tilting out across the striped cushion; there were all the familiar trappings of nightmare. Lucy cut through them with impatience. "I'll drive you, my car's here. But oughtn't we—"

"I'll leave a note, Constance might be back before we are, or Steven . . . there was a pencil here this morning . . . oh, I'd better take pictures of the children, too."

"I have a pencil," said Lucy. "Go get the pictures, I'll write a note . . ."

Noreen.

So quiet, so very solicitous, with those small, deft hands. That air of almost pitiful innocence, the shadowed eyes that, Elizabeth realised now, could come from an excess of gaiety, a reckless spending of the emotions that must have been choked in this house.

If you had a child of your own whom you couldn't acknowledge, and had to take

care of other children, bathe their small, satiny bodies, see the wealth of love and belonging they'd been born to . . . Lucy—shrewd, noticing Lucy—had sensed something false from the beginning. If only—but there wasn't time for that now.

Elizabeth managed to find one of the pictures they had taken under the tree at Christmas, with Maire looking sceptical for the camera and Jeep caressing his fly-swatter.

The fly-swatter. The pig . . . If she started to cry now it would be the undoing of everything; it would break through Lucy's layer of strength and she herself would go crashing.

Lucy said briefly, writing at the telephone table, "Ready?"

"Yes. Let's leave the front door open in case Steven or Constance . . ."

She stood on the bottom step of the stairs, watching Lucy's fat little backhand that said with the haste of a telegram: "Constance—Children gone, out looking for them with Lucy. If you know anything call me at police station. Back soon."

Elizabeth watched with a kind of dreadful fascination while her own signature flowed out from under Lucy's pencil, sharply different from the script above. Forward sloping, casually looped, as airy and expert as though Elizabeth herself had written it.

Lucy looked, too, and the pencil stopped on the tail of the "h" and dug sharply into the paper. There was a tiny explosion of breaking lead, and then their eyes, meeting slowly, locking.

Out of a kaleidoscope world, Elizabeth managed to say carefully, "Let's go, Lucy."

"Oh, no," said Lucy slowly. "Let's not." Her hand reached out: without taking her eyes from Elizabeth's face she crumpled the sheet of notepaper into her palm. She said almost casually, "We weren't going anyway, you know—no farther than my car."

The house shook under the wind, the gilt clock ticked. Elizabeth knew suddenly why

Lucy's eyes had kept finding her face with such intensity ever since she had walked into the house. It hadn't been shock or pity; it had been a devouring fascination.

She said, "Where are my children, Lucy?" and must have stepped off the stairs, because Lucy said sharply, "Stay where you are!"

The whip hand. The voice like a whip, too, flicking out, biting in. Before Elizabeth could move, it came curling at her again.

"You're losing your husband," said Lucy stingingly. "If you don't want to lose your children, too, you'll do as you're told."

She was shockingly the same, except for her tone and her bright, unwinking eyes. Elizabeth knew dimly that she was all the more dangerous for that. She said as quietly as she could, holding back desperation, "What do you want, Lucy? Tell me and I'll—"

"Mrs. March," said Lucy, smooth and ugly, "will reach for her ever-present cheque-book. Oh, I've watched you, Elizabeth, how I've watched you. Quite the lady of the manor, weren't you, when we'd go in to Bonwit's? You could write a cheque—and I could sit up for nights in a row, sewing at some dreary little copy. Clever Lucy, however do you do it?"

It might have been fantasy, but for Maire and Jeep, and the wood of the newel post pressed against her shoulder. Elizabeth thought back in bewilderment to the other woman coaxing her on shopping trips, urging a blouse, a dinner skirt, a nightgown—and realised what a fierce enjoyment she must have derived from every purchase. Something else to feed into the fund of hate.

She said wonderingly, "You tore the roses, didn't you, Lucy? And all the rest of it. I think you must be mad."

"Oh, do you?" said Lucy mincingly. "I'm not, though. It's just that I had everything—and I had nothing. I thought I'd like to see how you looked wearing your world

To page 60

# RHEUMATIC PAINS

## De Witt's Pills "give me the relief I so desire"

Full of triumph and confidence is a letter which comes from Mr. E. H., who lives in Victoria. Back in 1937, after a prolonged spell of rheumatism, he discovered "the only thing that gives me relief" (his own words then). Now he sends us grand news. De Witt's Pills which helped him in 1937 have kept a firm check on his rheumatism for sixteen years. In this instance, as all must agree, the value of De Witt's Pills has been endorsed emphatically by time and experience. You are entitled to see both the letters from Mr. E. H., for they surely offer real hope to other sufferers from this cruel complaint. HE SAID THEN in a letter dated 27th July, 1937.

"I would like to express in as few words as possible how valuable your De Witt's Pills are to me. I have been suffering from rheumatism for the past eight years and my case was bad. After trying many medicines I find that De Witt's Pills is the only thing that gives me the relief I so desire."

—signed E. H., Moonee Ponds, Victoria.

HE SAYS NOW in letter dated 25th May, 1953.

"I am thankful that I am enjoying the best of health after taking De Witt's Pills. On any recurrence of Rheumatism I simply take one large bottle of De Witt's and the trouble is over. Since taking the Pills I honestly feel years younger."

—signed E. H., Moonee Ponds, Victoria.

(The originals of these letters can be seen at our Melbourne office).

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 8, 1954

Page 59





Your lovely hands  
agree with your  
sheerest hosiery...

*Lux is so safe.*



Slender ankles in web-sheer  
hose... but not a mite prettier than  
the lady's elegant hands. How  
does she do it? Simply by shunning  
strong soaps and harsh washing methods.

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in gentle Lux suds after every wearing keeps  
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clean up dirty dishes—whoosh—  
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Continuing . . . . .

## The Iron Cobweb

[from page 58]

around your ears, that's all. It's hardly becoming. Lucy cocked her head with indescribable malice—but it's certainly interesting.

The children, Elizabeth thought doggedly. Mustn't allow herself to forget the only thing that mattered. If Lucy wanted money, why didn't she

But Lucy was staring at her, and saying curiously, "You never thought you'd want something you couldn't buy, did you, Elizabeth? Because you've always had everything. The clothes you wanted, the home you wanted, the husband so deaf and dumb and blind to anyone else that he only spoke to other women to consult them about you when you got home from the hospital. What shall we do about Elizabeth? Never mind that you were all right, and the children were all right—just poor, dear Elizabeth."

So this was it! This was the seed of Lucy's hatred. Left alone, it mightn't have grown to the monstrous thing it was, but there was Oliver, whom Lucy must have wanted, and there was the symbol of the cheque-book. Not the money itself, but the assurance, even now, standing in a controlled terror, Elizabeth knew that.

Lucy could not be bought, could never have been bought. What she wanted of Elizabeth, what she had wanted all along with such terrible eagerness, was not her money but her destruction, complete, in a wiping out of love and sanity and safety.

And Elizabeth knew now what she had to do.

She moved, breaking the rigidity that seemed to have been a matter of hours rather than minutes. She couldn't see the telephone, but it was there, behind Lucy's thin, braced body. She said, "I'm going to call the police," and took a step forward.

Lucy moved, too, but it was only the hand that had staved behind her back while the other crumpled the note with the betraying forgery. She had been holding something that, while Elizabeth froze, took a slow, silver bite at the air.

Lucy had the kitchen scissors.

Shining, complicated things; you could cut spinach with them, or uncap bottles, or unscrew stubborn jar tops. You could sever a telephone wire with them very easily, or open a vein. Lucy must have gone for them as soon as she finished her call.

Her telephone call, Elizabeth made herself stop staring at the scissor points and looked at Lucy instead. "You're waiting for someone, aren't you, Lucy?"

"So are you."

"Who?"

Lucy laughed, a sharp, start-line sound. "Who do you think?"

The back of Elizabeth's neck was wet. She said the name as she thought it, slowly, incredulously. "Steven?" And Lucy laughed again and said shortly, "You're more of a fool than I took you for."

The telephone rang. Elizabeth felt her heart catch and pause, and saw Lucy stiffen. It rang again, and it was all she could do to stay still, to go on watching and realise with a sudden quickening that if she had a chance at all, if the trap were not to close completely, it was this.

Because Lucy, in spite of her immobility, didn't like the loud, imperative summons either, or the things it had to mean—a hand holding a receiver somewhere, a voice waiting impatiently to speak, a wonderment growing in even the most casual mind, because houses containing two small children were rarely vacant at this hour of the night.

The telephone rang again, and Elizabeth steeled herself. If she could reach it before it stopped . . . Lucy's first peak of triumph was past; she was edgy now with the waiting and the delicate, dangerous balance between them. It showed in a flicker of pulse at one temple, a rigid stilling of her fingers so that the scissors pointed awkwardly in. She had been breathing fast and audibly before; she seemed now not to be breathing at all.

Gather your muscles, so very quietly, aim for that thin, strong, unmovable wrist. The whole manoeuvre had to be a single unceasing action, or Lucy would be warned and the scissors might find her face.

The phone sounded once more—for the last time? Elizabeth took a final lightning look at that other face—and felt every impulse in her body come to an astonished halt.

Lucy Brent seemed to have forgotten her existence. Her eyes, dark in the pallid, high-boned face, had the huge, silent, swelling stare of a cat's. And she wasn't only watching. She was listening, filtering sounds out of the windy night.

Elizabeth, who had heard only the roaring and oblivious silence of desperate concentration, listened, too, gaze trained warily on the woman with the scissors.

That long, trembling scrape was the blades bowing against the windowpane. The thump was a shutter, flung loose in the wind.

But the brief, ringing peal, so close to Elizabeth that she jumped, was the doorbell.

The doorbell. She knew later that one of the most difficult things she had ever done in her life was turn her back on Lucy and that dangerous stillness. That—waiting. As though, when she reached the front door after five or six running, interminable steps, she might let in another and horrifying familiar enemy—the person for whom Lucy waited.

She wrenched at the door-knob, and it protested—or did she sob?—and the door swung wide so suddenly that she swayed.

An enormous pink policeman, so like a policeman that he might have sprung from Elizabeth's own wild brain, stood on the step, holding his visor against the buffeting of the wind.

He said politely, "Mrs. March? We're just checking around—your husband called the station and asked us to. Has this man any business here?"

Elizabeth had her attention so riveted on his own rosy reassurance that it was an effort even to look away at the man anchored firmly beside, and a little behind him. A stranger, neither young nor old, over-coated, felt-batted, one of the thousands of people you passed and never saw. Completely anonymous—or was he?

The policeman gave his catch an ungentle urge forward, and light from the hall reached out for the shadowed face. It caught the bold, curving planes of flesh, and shimmered in the heavy glass lenses protecting his eyes.

She had seen that face before, she had talked to it, had said "I'm looking for Mr. or Mrs. Ambrose Miller" at a two-story house in Arlington.

She found her voice. She said shakily over the wind,

To page 61

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of cleansing and purifying the  
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lant-diuretic, promoting healthy  
kidney action, which has brought  
relief to sufferers all over the  
world. No need to put up with  
discomfort—get Doan's today!

# Continuing . . . The Iron Cobweb

(from page 61)

"Officer, there's been a kid-  
napping here. This man and

Jagoe—his name came back  
to her in the instant before  
he spoke—had been staring  
coolly at her, as though daring  
recognition. Now he glanced  
over her shoulder at Lucy. He  
said in the high, soft voice  
Elizabeth remembered, "You  
stupid fool. You—"

The policeman stopped him,  
after a blink of astonishment.  
He said to Elizabeth's wet face,  
"Just a minute, ma'am, what's  
that you said about a kidnapp-  
ing?" and hoisted his captive  
briskly inside.

Elizabeth told him.  
The words came out in a  
harsh tumble, further shaken  
by her glance at the gilt clock,  
and Lucy's voice, interrupting,  
was quite unnerving.

"I don't know what to think,  
officer. I'm utterly bewildered.  
Mrs. March has been ill, of  
course, and has been employing  
a nursemaid much too young  
for the job, who's simply gone  
off on some lark on her own  
and taken the children with  
her. As for this man—" Her  
eyes roved with a remote and  
scornful air over Jagoe's face,  
the white socks just visible over  
his shoes, the stained pigskin  
gloves. "Is it necessary to say  
I've never seen him before?"

"Oh, you've never seen me  
before, Mrs. Lucy Brent." Jagoe's  
rage came out in a  
high, slow trickle. "Then I  
suppose you've never—"

Elizabeth was sickened by  
what came after that; the  
policeman listened until a  
shocked and incredulous scar-  
let overtook him and he said  
peremptorily, "Here, now! I'll  
call the station and report the  
children, Mrs. March, and then  
we'd better all go down and get  
the rights of this."

Elizabeth's ears still rang  
with Jagoe's detailed obscenity.  
She wanted, out of a mixture  
of rage and wonder and revolt,  
never to look at Lucy again;  
Lucy who had gone to the  
Hotel Savoya with this man,  
who—why had she never re-  
laised this before?—had de-  
liberately registered them under  
the name of March, in Eliza-

beth's handwriting. That would  
be the evidence that had been  
shown to Oliver.

But Lucy didn't matter now,  
except that she or Jagoe must  
be made to tell where the chil-  
dren were, because she couldn't  
stand much longer the peculiar  
torment that had begun inside  
her own head. It was a tele-  
scoping of all the years since  
Maire's birth, and a blending of  
her voice with Jeep's into a  
thin, lost-sounding cry. It was  
a condensation of panic and  
blind trust, calling "Mama"  
when she was unable to find or  
answer it.

The policeman started pur-  
posefully for the telephone.  
Elizabeth put her bowed head  
into her hands, pressing the  
heels of her palms in so that  
they hurt, and heard the front  
door open.

Oliver walked in.

His face was chalky and  
grimier than she had ever seen  
it, with a curious admixture of  
tenderness for Maire, whom he  
carried still crying in his arms.  
He said over his shoulder to  
the policeman, "It's okay, skip  
it," but his eyes caught Eliza-  
beth's and didn't leave them.

Behind Oliver, Noreen De-  
laney was clutching Jeep. His  
cheeks were rumpled with  
tears, his fast-closed eyelids the  
only clean portions of his sleep-  
ing face.

Noreen moved gently with  
him. Her own eyes were wide  
and hollowed as she came across  
the room to where Elizabeth  
was standing and crying with-  
out any sound at all.

She contrived the transfer of  
Jeep very deftly, so that he  
barely stirred when Elizabeth's  
arms came about him.

**M**AIRE stopped  
waiting at the sight of Elizabeth  
and the familiar room. She  
struggled higher in Oliver's  
arms, peering over his shoulder  
at the assembled faces—Lucy's  
in carved white ice, the police-  
man's, confusedly gaping. It  
was at Jagoe that she directed  
the unerring, single-track stare  
of childhood before she said  
simply, "Oun, Daddy."

"He won't hurt you, baby.  
Believe me, he won't," said  
Oliver softly between his teeth.  
He didn't even glance at Jagoe.  
There was no one in the room  
for him but Elizabeth. He said  
almost lightly, "Speaking of  
which, did either of these—?"  
"No," said Elizabeth. "No,  
I'm all right."

She slid Jeep to her hip and  
reached for Maire's hand. She  
walked past Jagoe, she walked  
past Lucy, who flattened her-  
self with a curiously feral move-  
ment. She heard the police-  
man say with desperate pa-  
tience, "Mr. March, this man  
here—" and then she went  
on up the stairs to put the  
children to bed.

"But where were they?" said  
Elizabeth shakily, afterwards.  
Her hands were still unreliable;  
she kept them tightly together  
in her lap, waiting for the re-  
action to go away. "I was half  
mad. I thought—"

"I took the children, Mrs.  
March." On the couch, Noreen  
DeLANEY lifted haggard eyes. "I  
never dreamed you'd be back in  
time to miss them, but when  
Miss Ives called and told me  
Mrs. Brent was coming over to  
stay with the children I got—  
frightened. It seemed so funny,  
things working out like that  
when you and Mr. March were  
both in Boston. I didn't know  
what she might do if she got  
alone with the children, so I  
called a friend of mine, Rose-  
mary Teale, and she came right  
over and drove us back to her  
place. We all stayed there un-  
til—"

Constance could stand it no  
longer; she interrupted in be-

## MANSION OF TREASURES

**WHEN** Miss Edith Col-  
lier died in her 80s  
in Melbourne last Febru-  
ary, she left the income  
from £1,250,000 to char-  
ity—and a 30-room man-  
sion which is the epitome  
of the solidly prosperous,  
thoroughly respectable  
Victorian era in which it  
was built.

The mansion, "Wern-  
dew," which stands in  
four acres at Toorak,  
Melbourne's most fash-  
ionable suburb, is  
cramped with typically  
Victorian bric-a-brac.

Soon, however, all this  
will go: nobody wants a  
home that size in these  
days of high upkeep  
costs; so "Wern-dew" is  
to be demolished.

In its issue of Septem-  
ber 7, A.M., the popular  
family weekly, publishes  
a color-illustrated article  
about this fascinating  
relic of a vanished age.

wilderness, staring from face  
to face. "But I don't under-  
stand. What made Noreen sus-  
pect—? Do you mean to  
say that she and Lucy Brent  
knew each other before?"

Lucy, a statuette, not glanc-  
ing at any of them while she  
repeated her cool denials, had  
been allowed to go her own  
way. The policeman had left  
with Jagoe firmly in tow; Con-  
stance had arrived from Boston,  
frantically worried because she  
had received no answer to her  
indignant telephone call from  
the Touraine.

She was waiting for a differ-  
ent answer now; they all were.  
Noreen Delaney glanced up  
from her hands, flushing. "I  
wasn't sure at first."

The hands gripped each  
other, mutely defensive. "It  
was six years ago, in Boston.  
She wore her hair differently  
then, and she wasn't so thin.  
Everyone called her Ceil—Ceil  
Poynter. It never occurred to  
me until I heard her called  
Lucy, here, that Ceil could be  
the other part of Lucille."

She braced herself visibly,  
gazing at Elizabeth. "I'm  
twenty-five, not twenty-two.  
My name isn't Delaney. I  
took that because—"

"I think I know," said Eliza-  
beth gently, and Noreen  
glanced quickly away. "I was  
nineteen then, and working as  
a maid for some people named  
—but you don't care about  
that. They had a lot of money,  
and their son had just got en-  
gaged to Mrs.—Miss Poynter.  
We all knew his parents didn't  
like it, but they gave in. There  
were a lot of parties."

Between the halting words,  
Ceil Poynter grew out of the  
lamplight, hungry, shrewd,  
fiercely determined under the  
air of sureness and casual pose.  
Her charm had carried her  
through the screen set up by  
cautious and elderly parents,  
and the conclusion was fore-  
gone: the sheltered young man,  
surrounded since college by  
suitable daughters of suitable  
families, was instantly dazzled.  
They had met at Christmas,  
they were to be married in  
July.

But Ceil made the classic  
mistake of wanting the best of  
two conflicting worlds, and at  
a week-end house-party two  
months before the wedding the  
worlds collided.

"I couldn't help it," said

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**A**L characters in the  
serials and short stories  
which appear in The Aus-  
tralian Women's Weekly are  
fictional, and have no refer-  
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Continuing . . . .

## The Iron Cobweb

[from page 61]

Noreen, flushing, "and I wasn't spying. I'd had the job of straightening out the living-room after they all went upstairs, and I woke up hours later wondering if there was something I'd forgotten to do. It worried me so that I went down to look, and—Ceil Poynter was there with a man."

She had screamed at the sudden, startled sound in the dark room, and the house awoke. The man with Ceil, whom she had introduced as a cousin, turned out to be a well-known figure in gambling circles—the heady world Ceil Poynter couldn't quite bring herself to leave entirely, whose stimulation she craved.

The affair was glossed over, the explanations of both parties accepted—and the engagement dissolved. For Ceil Poynter, the money and the servants, the summer house at Bar Harbor, and the golden security of the inner circle fled before a housemaid's scream.

Soon after that Noreen had left her position as a maid in the house. She left her aunt and uncle's home, too, because she was going to have a baby.

She was not accepting the way out that Elizabeth had offered her. Her color came up, but her eyes didn't lower. "I hated being a maid, and he said he'd marry me. He didn't, of course. I'd saved some money, so I went to New York and got a part-time job and had the baby there."

The baby was a girl, and frail. Noreen might have managed somehow to support a normally healthy child; she felt defeated before a long future of medicines, clinics, special care. She had made a few contacts at the dress shop where she worked, and one of them led to a home for the little girl. Then, torn between loss and relief, she had returned to Arlington to live with her aunt and uncle.

And, thought Elizabeth—remembering the gay girl in the photograph, looking now at the pale face and downcast eyes—the self-imposed sackcloth-and-ashes.

The next time Noreen saw the woman she had known as Ceil Poynter was in Elizabeth's living-room.

She said again, "I wasn't sure. It was such a long time ago, and she didn't seem to recognise me at all. But there was something about the way she came in the day after Jeep's birthday . . . I began to think who it was she reminded me of."

Of course, thought Elizabeth, her mind flashing back. Lucy in the doorway, Noreen at the foot of the stairs, looking at each other with that hostile awareness. And, later that day, Lucy's alien face staring out of Noreen's window, and the drench of heavy, obvious perfume she would never have connected with Lucy, and the discovery of Mrs. Bennett's pocket-book on Noreen's closet shelf . . . would any of it ever have happened, would Lucy's bitter envy have overflowed the bounds of reason if she had not found the perfect scapegoat?

"She came to the house in

Arlington," Noreen said, twisting her hands. "She knew I'd changed my name, and she guessed why—I suppose she'd watched me with Maire. That's where she met that—Jagoe. She pretended to be nice, she said she'd rather I didn't mention that other affair because it might get back to her husband, and he was so jealous. She asked about my baby, and said she wouldn't dream of telling you because that would be the end of my job. And then a few nights later, when you people were out, Mr. Jagoe came here to the house."

She shivered a little. "I'd always been afraid of him, and that night he told me that if I was careful and kept my mouth shut the way Mrs. Brent said, nothing would happen to Maire or Jeep. It frightened me, because he'd been outside the window long before I knew it—Maire saw him first."

Maire, and her own. The very real touch of danger, pinpointed in those thick, curved lenses that watched among the cedars. Elizabeth stirred in her chair.

Noreen said in a low voice, "Something else happened later on. On Christmas Day I got a telegram from the people who adopted my little girl. They'd promised to let me know if they decided to have the operation the doctors said she needed—but this was an emergency one. I couldn't think of anything else, I just left. When I came back I found that Jagoe had the name and the address in New York. I must have left the telegram in the hall. I was so terrified at the idea of Mrs. Brent getting hold of it . . ."

For the first time she began to show reaction, hands going to her cheeks in remembered dread. She said falteringly, "I didn't know what to do. I thought that maybe if I stayed and did as they told me I'd be able to catch Mrs. Brent at something—because I could see by then that she was so jealous of you," her eyes went to Elizabeth, "that she hated you even more than she hated me."

"If you'd only come to us in the beginning—" That was Oliver, keeping his voice in check.

"Would you have believed me?"—Noreen made a small, hopeless gesture—"if I'd made accusations with no proof at all about a very close friend of yours? When you'd never seen me before a few weeks ago—and I had a child you didn't know about and was using an assumed name?"

She said it quietly, forcing them to consider it. Oliver stared at the fire in silence; Constance, on the couch, shifted uneasily. Elizabeth remembered her rush of certainty earlier that evening when she had found the photograph of the child in Noreen's suitcase, and said slowly, "I don't know. I don't think so . . ."

"I wonder—what about her child?" asked Constance awkwardly in the silence that followed the soft closing of Noreen's door upstairs.

Elizabeth shook her head, seeing again the small cotton dress on the girl's bed. Unfinished. She would ask tomorrow, because tomorrow she would have room in her mind for something else beyond the indelible picture of Lucy, braced, vicious, holding the kitchen scissors.

Had Lucy, waiting for Jagoe to arrive and turn to advantage the inexplicable absence of the children, intended merely to cut the telephone wire if it became necessary?

Or, if Elizabeth had struggled

To page 63

## Homemaker

Running a home is no small job, even with the help of modern equipment. That is why so many young wives have a household cheque account. Paying the grocer, insurance, time payments, rent, and so on, is quickly and easily done in your own home when it is simply a matter of writing a cheque. What's more, a current account provides a permanent record of your expenditure.



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**DONALD DUCK**

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 8, 1954



with her, would she have used the scissors in another way?

She would never know that, not would there ever be a firm base to her own conviction that Lucy, activated solely by her own destroying hatred, had allowed herself to be coaxed into a scheme for profit as well. With the stolen chequebook, the driver's licence, and the hair dye they wouldn't have had to use the ransom money until—something Jagoe had said in his rage came back to Elizabeth—they were safely away.

The plane itself had been hurriedly contrived, forced by her own announcement of a trip to the Cape. Lucy couldn't allow her victim to leave the source of contamination, because peace and perspective might have undone all her slow and infinitely cunning work. She had gambled everything on tonight; that was why she had to look so white and brittle and unlike herself at Elizabeth's unexpected return.

## Continuing . . . The Iron Cobweb

from page 62

How very delicate the timing had been, how slender the margin of safety between Noreen's departure with the children and Lucy's arrival at the house.

Elizabeth looked up at Oliver, who had reappeared with fresh drinks for all of them, and said, "What made you phone the police when you did?"

"I called here to say that if it was too late when I got rid of the Treadwells I'd stay in town. When I didn't get any answer—it was about a quarter to six—I waited ten minutes and tried again. I began thinking about the fire in the studio, and," said Oliver grimly, "I phoned the police here and turned the Treadwells over to poor Bishop and got into my car and drove like mad. It seems that the Teale girl—Noreen's friend—called my office when they got back to her

apartment with the kids. They told her I was on my way home, so there they all were in the girl's car, half-frozen, waiting at the bridge."

The girl's car, waiting . . . something stirred in Elizabeth's mind, became the memory of a black car, the faintly familiar figure of a man, sun bouncing from his glasses—and Constance. She sent a quick, startled look at her cousin, and Constance was standing, playing nervously with a pin at her throat, clearly wanting to get something uttered and having trouble with it.

It came with a rush. "I suppose we'd better have something to eat—sandwiches, I thought," said Constance distractedly, and then, "No, let me . . . I did want to tell you both, though it seems such an odd time for it, that

—that I'm going to be married to Horace Willett."

In the middle of their exclamations she escaped to the kitchen, blushing brilliantly, and Elizabeth swallowed an unsteady impulse to laughter. Aunt Kate's vigilance over the affections of her useful daughter had instilled a habit of secrecy in Constance, and the occasions, the mysterious exhilaration, the experiments with uplifted hair boiled down to nothing more sinister than Mr. Willett.

No wonder his distant figure had seemed familiar; he was the rosy, prosperous owner of the market where Elizabeth dealt and where, for the past four months, Constance had shopped so diligently.

NOW that Constance had left the room, and she was suddenly alone with Oliver, Elizabeth was almost afraid to move and find that although Lucy was gone the glass wall was still there. But if Lucy had built the wall, the hard, polished coldness between two people who loved each other, she herself had laid the groundwork.

It had begun, she realised bewilderedly, with her own silent retreat to the hospital—and after that, when Lucy had started to make such skilful use of the emotional temperature of the house, she had walked arrogantly away from Oliver, putting more and more distance between them, expecting him to follow blindly and without question. And Oliver, stubborn, baffled, hurt beyond comprehension, had not . . . Had Lucy left her mark, after all?

Constance moved distantly about in the kitchen, and for Elizabeth, suddenly and enormously shy, it became the precious, seconds-counting absence of a chaperon. She said, "Oliver—" and Oliver said simultaneously, "I've been ninety kinds of a fool . . . Exhibit A."

He came to the hearth to stand beside her, so close that Elizabeth had almost no atten-

## LATEST CASPARY NOVEL AS OUR NEW SERIAL

FIRST instalment will appear next week of "False Face," latest novel by the brilliant and popular American mystery writer Vera Caspary.

Attractive young art teacher Nina Redfield little dreamed what the effect would be when she did her simple citizen's duty by informing the police of the whereabouts of a wanted criminal.

The subsequent developments bring dismay and wild excitement to Nina and lively entertainment to our readers.

Set against a colorful background of Halloween, this is a swift-moving story packed with action, intrigue, and romance. You will enjoy it right from the beginning of next week's long opening instalment.

tion to spare for the thing he held and was staring wryly down at, the thing that should have been surprising and wasn't. It was a registration card from the Hotel Savoia, dated November the 19th. Looping blackly across it, the casual, confident "Mr. and Mrs. Oliver March," in Lucy's expert forgery.

Elizabeth said in a whisper, "Jagoe had it with him?"

"Yes . . . You'd have thought," said Oliver, "that I was trying to separate him from his right leg. He called for the law, but the law was conveniently on the telephone. Lucy, I take it? Or some homework of his own?"

"Lucy. But I don't see how he—"

"Jagoe used to be hotel detective at the Savoia. My guess is that he got thrown out because of a tendency to blackmail, but he still had an unofficial foot in the door. I haunted the place, asking questions, but they're all boys together at the Savoia."

They had had this to show Oliver, and she herself had shown him nothing but the unnatural moods of terror; she had flinched from the touch of his hands.

She must have murmured something, because Oliver was looking at her and saying briefly, "The whole rotten business was like a magician's trick—convincing even when you know the rabbit's built-in. The trouble was," he glanced away, "that you didn't seem to be in shape to have a thing like this

thrown at you. It wasn't until after the fire in the studio that I even began to suspect."

"Constance. I know." Later, tomorrow, she would tell him about the cheques and her own silencing doubts. She took the card from Oliver's fingers and dropped it on to the logs without speaking; it made a satisfying swallow of gold for the dying fire.

He still hadn't moved, or touched her. Elizabeth was quietly, painfully conscious of every breath he drew, of the faint brush of his sleeve against her arm, the utter stillness of them both. Then Oliver moved abruptly, turning so that he faced her. He said as though it were being dragged from him, "What about Steven Brent?"

Elizabeth stared. "Well—what about him?"

"I had an idea that you— that you and he—"

A full moment went by, in which Lucy, warped, triumphant, seemed to hover in the air between them. Then Elizabeth was safely in his arms, not knowing whether he had reached out for her or whether she had taken a single blind step; she was saying unsteadily against his cheek, "Oh, my sweet, how well she knew us both . . ."

Footsteps echoed purposefully in the kitchen, a door opened. Oliver called "Coming" in a voice recklessly full of irritation, and gathered Elizabeth closer and bent his head.

(Copyright)

## ★ As I read the stars ★ By EVE HILLIARD

**ARIES** (March 21-April 20): Take no chances with colds or flu, September 7, even if you must sacrifice an appointment. September 12 is excellent for polishing off odd jobs.

**TAURUS** (April 21-May 20): The evening of September 9 is unfortunate for love affairs. Postpone meetings, social arrangements until September 11 with happy results.

**GEMINI** (May 21-June 21): If September 9 brings a brain-wave, work out details carefully September 12 and sail into action September 13, confident of a personal triumph.

**CANCER** (June 22-July 22): Plan that long-desired expedition September 8, overcome all obstacles and congratulate yourself September 12 on achievement beyond your hopes.

**LEO** (July 23-August 22): You will be able to push through any business matter hanging fire on September 8. September 13 favors the job-hunter or bargain-seeker.

**VIRGO** (August 23-September 23): Your influence as a peacemaker may heal a breach between friends, September 9. September 12 is tops for the young and romantic.

**LIBRA** (September 24-October 23): A small windfall may drop into your lap, September 10. You may recover lost property or receive a bonus, September 11 highly social.

**SCORPIO** (October 24-November 22): Others may be deceived, September 8, but you will see through appearances. Keep your knowledge to yourself and make no trouble, September 11.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23-December 20): Don't go asking favors, September 8. This applies particularly to your business affairs. Wait until the morning of September 13.

**CAPRICORN** (December 21-January 19): Personal matters may take an unexpected twist and you'll benefit on September 7, but do not throw away your advantage, September 9.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20-February 19): An unlooked-for opportunity may crop up, September 8. Investigate carefully, September 9, and make a fortunate decision, September 13.

**PISCES** (February 20-March 20): If in love, September 10 is glamorous; others enjoy amusement, party-going, Group activity, sports, and pastimes flourish, September 11.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



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# MENTHOID CREME

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## Continuing . . . The Three Daughters

from page 10

before this," he said now, smiling to provoke her.

She ignored the smile. "Priscilla is used to not living with you, but she isn't used to having a stepmother here. We don't want her to go through what we both went through, Joanna and I."

He looked troubled. "Did you really mind?"

"Of course we did. But it's too late to think about us. Think about Priscilla."

"I've been a bad father, haven't I?" he murmured.

"Yes and no," Muriel said briskly. She got up as she spoke. "At least you've kept us in touch; we've had a stake here in your house, even if it wasn't our home. I've got over everything now. I'm only thinking of Priscilla. She loves you terribly."

"I know she does," he said humbly. He sat down and looked sad, but that would only be for a moment, she knew.

"Well, I'll be off," she said in her dry fashion.

"Goodbye, daughter," he said. He was leaning back, looking at her with quizzical eyes, where nevertheless some of the sadness remained. "I can't say you've been a comfort exactly, but maybe you've done me some good. We'll wait and see."

She nodded, made a small smile, and went away.

After she was gone, she reflected as she walked down the street, he would probably tell himself that she was too much like her mother and then pour himself a drink and turn on the phonograph to Beethoven and forget all about her. She knew him well, and that was the way he was.

Her mother would not be home yet from her bridge. She played almost every evening with three other women in the same apartment house, one of whom was a widow and the other two divorced. The house was full of women alone, though not always lonely. Some were young business women like herself, but Muriel did not make many friends among them.

She had really only one friend, a small, acid-tongued girl a year younger than herself. With Liz she could say what she thought, and Liz could be as frank. They told each other the truth — that they both wanted to get married, but not on any terms. They wanted men who really suited them.

One thing she never talked about with Liz was her father. That would be to reveal too much of herself and her wounds. She knew there were secret wounds, and that it might be she was too deeply wounded ever to be able to love a man. All the deep tenderness in her nature was absorbed by Joanna and Priscilla, so long as they both needed her. Joanna was so childish, so much like her mother, and she must be protected until she married some man who could watch over her as well as love her. And Priscilla was so little that the woman in her could not yet be seen.

The tenderness even spread beyond the daughters to the three foolish mothers, each foolish in her own way, and

needing a strong, cold young daughter like Muriel to keep their accounts straight and persuade them not to spend all their alimony.

She spent a moment's pity for her father, a wish that somehow she could have kept him from being so prodigal of his money as to get entangled in such a web. Had she been older when he and her mother parted, she might have held them together.

But her only memory of the days when they were in his house was one of painful strain, she a small, bewildered girl in the midst of two angry adults who waged their battles over her head and avoided her that they might strike their blows at each other. She had been relieved when they parted, and yet she had cried terribly when she and her mother moved out of the house.

Well, it was all over, she thought, sighing. There was nothing now but life: the life she had — a pleasant life it ought to be on so quiet and clear a night as this. The streets were almost empty of cars, and people strolled along the sidewalks, still hours away from tomorrow's work and cares. Nothing could be altogether evil on such a night.

It was at this moment that Muriel met Angela Markham, walking, she realised the moment she saw her, towards her father's house. Then he had telephoned her; he had found it too much to be alone after his sharp-tongued daughter had left. Or perhaps her words had stung him so that he must see for himself whether he really wanted to marry Angela enough to defy his daughter. He was an impulsive creature — he acted upon an idea, a need, a longing, without waiting to examine it — and so he had telephoned Angela.

She was hurrying along the lamplit street, looking rather pretty in a dark suit with white collar and cuffs and a small blue hat with white flowers and a short veil. Muriel saw each detail in one glance, though Angela did not see her. Suddenly she decided to speak, to stay that swift, purposeful walk.

"Miss Markham?"

Angela stopped. "Yes?"

"You don't know me, but I am Muriel Reynolds."

"Muriel—oh, yes!" Angela's voice was pleasant, neither soft nor hard; a detached, kindly voice, just now somewhat cautious.

"I don't know if you even know of my existence," Muriel said.

"Oh, yes, indeed," Angela said. "Your father has told me about his three daughters. Of course I know Priscilla quite well. We are good friends."

"I wonder if you would stop here at the park and let me get to know you a little, too," Muriel said.

Angela hesitated. "I'm afraid—"

"I know my father expects you," Muriel interrupted her. "I've just been with him. As a

matter of fact, we were talking about you."

Angela looked surprised, hesitant, cautious again. "Perhaps for a few minutes," she said.

So they sat down on one of the empty benches. In a few minutes there was not much time, certainly none to be wasted, and Muriel crossed her long legs, folded her hands in her lap, and began at once. "I don't need to know about you and Dad, because any woman who ever comes near him wants to marry him. He has suffered from his own charm. I really want to know now whether you are thinking of joining the procession."

"Is it your business?" Angela asked quickly.

"I think it is," Muriel said. "I'd like to protect us all from still another mistake, but especially Priscilla. I don't think she or the rest of us could stand another mistake. I don't know you, and I feel I must."

The lamplight fell on Angela's face under the short veil. It was an honest face, not unusual except in its honesty. Muriel rather liked the face, without being at all willing to yield to its appeal.

"Will you tell me in a few words why you want to marry my father?" One could put such a question to that face, and she did so, outrageous as it might be.

Angela looked down at her gloved hands.

"A strange question," she said, "and I would be quite within my rights if I refused to answer it. But I shan't refuse. I have thought often about Morgan's three daughters. I have imagined a great deal about you and Joanna. I've even asked him about you. He doesn't know you very well. As you've grown up, he seems to have mixed you up with his memories of your mothers."

"We are quite different from them," Muriel said.

"I am sure you are," Angela replied. "I can imagine that you would try to make yourselves even more different. I would not be willing to marry your father if it meant he would push you further from him. I don't love him enough for that."

"Then why do you marry him?" Muriel asked. She felt moved to defend her father, though she knew very well he did not need it. "There isn't much money, you know," she went on ruthlessly. "He has to divide nearly all he makes between the three of them. He has to pay for Priscilla's education, just as he had to pay for mine and Joanna's. And if you should have children—"

"As I hope we may," Angela said firmly.

"Well—" Muriel said, and spread her hands in a gesture meaning: You see, so how can you?

Angela lifted her head. "I must tell you that if he asks me to marry him, I will do it."

"Then he hasn't asked you yet?"

"No, but I think he will — tonight."

"Why tonight?"

"Something he said over the

To page 66

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



### BY RU'D





Left: See how NAIRNFELT pattern No. 1005/3 adds dash and sparkle to this modern kitchen. The checkerboard pattern of red and buff is accented by brilliant green and black corner motifs. High-gloss, easy-to-clean Nairnfelt will stand up marvellously to kitchen traffic.

Centre: Gay NAIRNFELT pattern No. 1008/4 brings cheerful charm to this dining area. Colour harmonies for walls, ceilings, accessories are based on the NAIRNFELT scheme. (See coupon below for free "NAIRNFELT Home Decorating Guide.")

Bottom: The quiet floral motif of NAIRNFELT pattern No. 1012/5 harmonises perfectly with the pale pink furnishings and deep jade green of walls of this modern bedroom.



*Now—beautiful floors, budget-priced, with*

# Nairnfelt\*

THE FINEST FELT-BASE FLOOR-COVERING

*An average-sized room covered for less than £5!*

*Thirty new patterns to choose from!*

Don't just wish for a new floor! Now, with NAIRNFELT, the high-gloss, thick, top-grade linoleum-type floor-covering, your wishes can come true—and at an almost unbelievably low cost. It's a fact that the average room can be covered for less than £5.

#### Colourful, serviceable

In a range of glorious colours and patterns keyed to to-day's decorating trends, NAIRNFELT is easy to clean, sheds dirt and stains, stays bright and fresh even with the hardest service. It's by far the most economical floor-covering—for any room in the house!

#### What is NAIRNFELT?

This amazing new floor-covering is made from tough,

thick, waterproofed, impregnated felt. The underside is sealed, and the upper surface is treated with a heavy paint undercoat. On top of the undercoat is the finished surface—the high-gloss, hard-wearing, enamelled wear layer.

#### Don't take Substitutes

NAIRNFELT is a genuine, top-grade, felt-base floor-covering. Ask for it by name and make sure it is genuine NAIRNFELT. Your NAIRNFELT retailer (all good home furnishers throughout Australia have stocks) will be pleased to show you a full range of colours and patterns. See NAIRNFELT to-day! It's the perfect answer to your flooring problems!

**NAIRNFELT** is easy on the pocket! Less than £5 for average room.

**NAIRNFELT** is easy to clean—occasional rub over keeps it bright and shining.

**NAIRNFELT** can take it—and give years of service.

**NAIRNFELT** is easy to lay—easy to cut—easy to handle.

**NAIRNFELT** is easy to decorate with—patterns are right up-to-date.

**NAIRNFELT** is easy to buy—stocked by all good furniture stores.

A PRODUCT OF MICHAEL NAIRN & CO. (AUST.) PTY. LTD., LINOLEUM MANUFACTURERS, AUBURN, N.S.W.

**FREE!** "Home Decorating Guide"—full of valuable ideas on co-ordinated colour schemes for floors, walls, furnishings! Fill in coupon carefully—it will be used to address the envelope to you—and mail to "NAIRNFELT," BOX 42, P.O., AUBURN, N.S.W., enclosing 3jd. stamp to cover postage.

PLEASE USE BLOCK CAPITALS!

TO:  
NAME  
ADDRESS

STATE

FROM:  
MICHAEL  
NAIRN &  
CO. (AUST.)  
PTY. LTD.  
AUBURN  
N.S.W.



Issued by Kelvinator Australia Limited —  
pioneers of refrigeration throughout the world — and makers of the first  
Australian-built refrigerator — built in 1937.

## A helpful guide to all who are thinking of buying a new refrigerator this coming Summer . . .

This advertisement is planned to help you buy not only a good refrigerator, but one that will suit your family needs best.

Size is important! In the past, a refrigerator had to look really big to give you big capacity. That is not so today. The new "Space-saver-Seven", illustrated below, gives cold "clear to the floor" — that is, from top to bottom. It is a new type of refrigerator which gives a full and true capacity of 7.75 cu. ft. — yet takes up less kitchen space! This new design has since been copied — but Kelvinator created it.

Which are the most important features to look for?

**THE FROZEN FOOD CHEST** must be really big. It should hold at least 24 lbs. of frozen foods and make 50 ice cubes or three big trays of ice cream. The **FULL-WIDTH Frozen Food Chest** of the "Space-saver-Seven" shown below holds 27 lbs. of frozen foods, makes 63 ice cubes at a time — or 3 trays of ice cream.

**THE MEAT TRAY.** Two things are most important here: capacity and correct refrigeration at all times. The **FULL-WIDTH** meat tray shown below gives extra cold storage for 11 lbs. of meat and fish. Keeps steaks and chops fresh for up to 10 days.

**THE FRUIT AND VEGETABLE CRISPER.** The best crisper is big, full-width — a complete unit so there's no need to cut up bulky vegetables. The **FULL-WIDTH** crisper shown below will take 18 lbs. of fruit and vegetables. It will keep salad greens moist and fresh — and you can store a really big cauliflower inside without having to chop it up.

Apart from these special features, what is the most important single feature to look for — inside the cabinet?

The answer is **TRUE** refrigeration. By that we mean that your cabinet interior must maintain — at all times — the temperature you set on your control dial. If the temperature goes above it, then

your foods can spoil. If it drops below it, you can "dry out" the vitamins and other values of your foods.

With the Kelvinator "Space-saver-Seven" every inch of cabinet space provides the right degree of temperature and moisture to preserve those precious vitamins and food values — all year 'round.

**What does Temperature Control mean? What do you have to do to make sure that you get the right temperature at all times?**

Temperature control automatically shuts off the motor and saves your electricity when the refrigerator is cold enough.

Right above the Frozen Food Chest in the Kelvinator "Space-saver-Seven" you will see the simple temperature control dial. It gives you the correct setting for every temperature you will ever need. It includes "Defrosting", "Off" and a special "Vacation" position. So simple — yet so very effective at all times.

**Which is best — a right hand door or a left hand door?**

A refrigerator which opens with the left hand leaves your right hand free. You don't have to change over in order to open the door. Another Kelvinator "first".

**Is there any difference in the way refrigerator cabinets are constructed?**

Yes! Some cabinets are welded together, some made from a single piece of steel. Every Kelvinator starts as a sheet of fine-grained steel. This is bent into cabinet shape — in one piece. A

Kelvinator will never twist out of shape and there are no welded seams to catch dirt. The door will always close squarely and tightly — so that warm air will never leak into the cabinet to increase running time and operational cost.

**How important is the Sealed Unit? Are some better than others?**

Your refrigerator (regardless of size, price and features) is only as good as the sealed unit inside. Today, some refrigerator manufacturers build their own sealed units — but the majority make only the cabinets and then buy a unit to go in it.

Kelvinator has always made its own sealed unit — the **POLARSPHERE**. It is found in no other refrigerator. And, as refrigeration experts will tell you, **PolarSphere** is the model sealed unit . . . the most perfectly engineered sealed unit of all.

See your nearest exclusive Kelvinator retailer and have this brilliant new "Space-saver-Seven" demonstrated. Inspect the full range of four beautiful models.

See the new Kelvinator-6, the new Kelvinator-5 and the big "De-Luxe-7" Model.

For **FREE** illustrated pamphlets giving full details of all models write to the Kelvinator address in your State:

Kelvinator, 133 Euston Rd., Alexandria, Sydney.  
Kelvinator, P.O. Box 4576, Melbourne.  
Kelvinator, P.O. Box 1347, Adelaide.  
Kelvinator, Box 41, Broadway P.O., Brisbane.  
Western Appliances, Box 52, G.P.O., Perth.  
Max Gees Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 281C, Hobart.

The **POLARSPHERE** Sealed Unit has enough reserve power for five ordinary refrigerators, yet costs no more to run than an ordinary refrigerator. You could have a scorching hot day — 100, 110, 120 degrees — but it would make no difference to your Kelvinator. That **POLARSPHERE** is hermetically sealed and permanently self-lubricated in a bath of oil for smooth, silent power. Costs only a few pence per week to run.

**MORE ABOUT THE MIGHTY POLARSPHERE SEALED UNIT**



CHOOSE

# Kelvinator

FOR BETTER LIVING

Available in Ivory or White  
lowest deposit and easiest terms

**KELVINATOR "SPACE-SAVER-SEVEN"** . . . Width 24½ in.; Depth 27½ in.; Height 53½ in.

**INSIDE:** Three plastic door shelves. Big cabinet storage space for those longer bottles. Easy-to-reach temperature control dial with wide range of safe temperatures. Inside door trim of easy-clean plastic. Cabinet interior of oven-baked porcelain enamel — the most lasting beautiful finish of all.

**OUTSIDE:** Cabinet of durable, oven-baked synthetic enamel. Left-hand opening door for greater convenience. Simple, sure, fast-locking latch. Inspect all the features of this brilliant new Kelvinator "Space-saver-Seven" in your exclusive Kelvinator retailer's showroom.

PRECISION BUILT BY KELVINATOR AUSTRALIA LIMITED

Continuing . . .

## The Three Daughters

from page 64

telephone. He's very lonely." "And you were hurrying before he changes his mind!" "Perhaps."

Angela did not look ashamed. Instead, she turned her face to Muriel's gaze, and the lamplight fell plainly upon her. The lips, Muriel saw, were tender, while the eyes pleaded.

"You ought to understand,"

Angela said. "You are a woman, too. But perhaps you are still too young. I am not. I am thirty-three. That is not young. People talk about youth being as young as you feel, but that's not true for a woman who is not married. The young girls keep pushing up like flowers in a garden, and you see the fresh little faces — you see them every one when you are my age, and you know you are not young any more — not unless you are married, and then another sort of youth comes back. It's very hard."

The tender lips trembled slightly, and Angela bit them to hold them firm. This girl, this daughter of Morgan's, was young and cruel. She would not understand.

"Then you're marrying my father just to be married," Muriel said in her cold, clear voice.

But her wise justness demanded: It is a crime for a woman to want to be married? Isn't this what Liz and I have talked about, and what Liz at least is bent upon? So isn't it a fair enough reason for Angela to marry even my own father, provided she does him good and not evil? And there was no evil in Angela, she felt sure. Oh, she had often enough discerned evil in women to know that there was a good woman.

Angela was speaking in a soft, quick voice.

"I am not ashamed to say I want to be married, but that is not to say that I don't love him. I shall love him with all my heart. Maybe it isn't falling in love, as I might have called it when I was your age, but it will be love. It will be love because it will be home and children and life as women want to live it, and he will be there. A man has to be there. And then it is the woman's duty — no, I call it joy — to build the home around him. I am not marrying him for myself alone. I am marrying him to build a home around him, for him."

"I don't need his money. I can make money — all I need. Money doesn't matter. But a man and woman together — that matters, and nothing else does. I am old enough to know it — and pay for it — when I see the man I can love." She paused, and then added a few pointed words. "And time runs short on a woman. The years for us are too few."

There is none to waste, for me or for him."

She spoke so steadily, so quietly, that Muriel could not reply. It occurred to her that for the first time a woman came to her father asking nothing for herself, except that he be what he was. Her own mother had wanted so much besides; she had wanted money and prestige, she had wanted to be THE Mrs. Morgan Reynolds, but first then he must be THE Morgan Reynolds, and he had not cared enough to be that. And Jill had wanted pretty clothes and furs and jewels and pleasure — oh, pleasure above all else — and Jennie had been stupid. Jennie had wanted to be lazy and eat and get fat.

But Angela wanted the man to be what he was, and she would build about him the house of love and her womanhood. Into that house, perhaps, they might all come, his daughters, too, each in her fashion. Oh, she could see there was hope for it, with a woman of big heart.

The night was soft and dark about them; the people were going home now; her mother might be waiting, wondering where she was. Muriel got up from the bench.

"I've kept you a long time. Dad won't know what has become of you. Please tell him that we met, and that we talked. Tell him whatever you like, only please tell him, from me, that everything is all right — whatever he does, I mean."

Angela got up, too, and they clasped hands strongly.

Muriel looked down into the good face, the sweet face. "Oh, but I must warn you," she cried in a low voice. "He is so restless — he wants variety —"

The good face dimpled unexpectedly.

"I know that," Angela said. "It may surprise you, but I can be quite different one time from another. I have — call it imagination."

"Oh," Muriel said, not knowing what to make of that. Only she was sure that her mother did not have imagination, nor had Jill, for that matter, nor Jennie.

"I'd like to know more about that for myself," she said. "Sometime — not now, of course." She hesitated, and Angela took the moment.

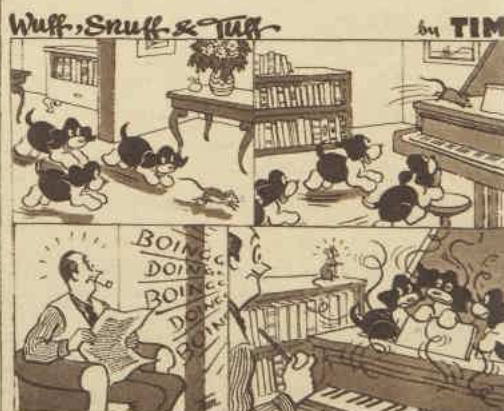
"Could you call me Angela?" she asked gently.

"Yes, of course," Muriel said. "Angela — it's a pretty name. Well, good-night. I dare say we'll be seeing a good deal of each other from now on."

"I think so," Angela said, and went swiftly down the street.

(Copyright)

FOR THE CHILDREN





# Cottage home in forest

In the heart of French's Forest, N.S.W., is a small cottage called "The White Dove," which has been made into a charming and picturesque home by its owner, Mrs. Beatrice Robinson.

**MRS. ROBINSON** bought the cottage, which is situated in half an acre of land, last February. She began immediately to improve the grounds, and spent the autumn and winter months cleaning, clearing, and extending the garden, and planting flowering shrubs and climbers.

In intervals between her outdoor work, she designed containers for wall plants and novel baskets and holders for potted plants.

She is very fond of pot-plants and climbers, and her collection, which began with one plant, now numbers hundreds, ranging from miniature cacti to monsteria deliciosa and the exotic cyclamen.

She has several attractive plant stands made from old wrought-iron balcony railings bought at a junk sale. Recently

felled trees on a neighboring lot yielded the log-seats to place round the barbecue.

Her evenings are spent on shell work. She has an exquisite collection of bracelets, necklaces, and ear-rings made from shells collected some time ago when she lived by the sea.

Mrs. Robinson plans to turn the patio illustrated below into a glass room where she will grow rarer types of plants as well as crotons from Queensland. A tea-table and gaily cushioned chairs will be part of the furnishings of the room.

An old-fashioned brick wall will be built out from the eastern side of the house in line with the front wall. This white-washed wall will give shelter and privacy to the patio and add to the appearance of the tiny home.

Mrs. Robinson will retain every tree on the property and encourage the growth of wild flowers.—Eve Gye.



"THE WHITE DOVE" is the name of Mrs. Beatrice Robinson's tiny weather-board cottage in Warringah Road, French's Forest, N.S.W. The name was chosen by Mrs. Robinson because of the many white doves that have come to make their home in her garage. Although situated in the bush and hidden from a busy highway, it is only eleven miles from the centre of Sydney.



ON THE PATIO, Mrs. Beatrice Robinson (above, right) discusses her potted plants with Mildred King, a visiting American who is an authority on indoor gardens and pot-plants.

GARDEN ROOM (right) is Mrs. Robinson's name for this little room. Here she draws up her original designs for plant-holders, and makes jewellery and accessories from shells.



DINING-ROOM where the walls and ceiling are lined with cypress pine. Part of the wall at left separating this room from a small bedroom is to be removed and a fireplace built in the alcove. Mrs. Robinson plans other alterations.





# THERE'S A *'LIGHTNING'* ZIPPER FOR YOUR EVERY NEED...

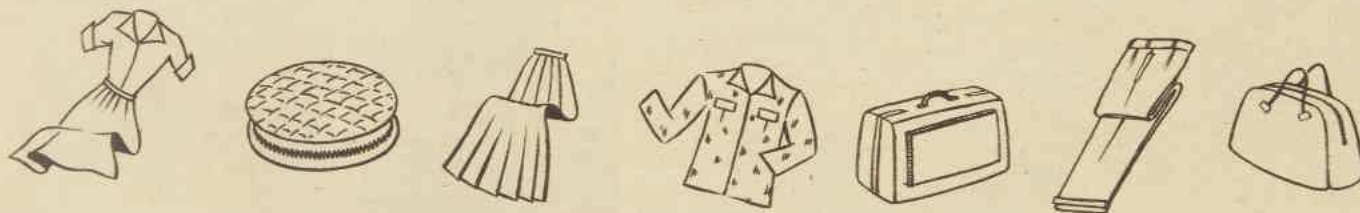


From dresses to overnight bags, from slippers to compacts, from feather-light zippers for filmy frocks or rugged types for tweedy skirts . . . "Lightning" zippers are giving excellent service throughout Australia.

Home dressmakers, in particular, approve the wide range of "Lightning" zippers . . . you see, there's a "Lightning" zipper for their every need. And each zipper is attractively packed with a complete set of fitting instructions.

Look for the "Lightning" zipper counter dispenser at your favourite store or pattern counter and remember when buying zippers or made-up garments, to look always for the name "Lightning" on the fastener pull.

## FOR YOUR OWN DRESSMAKING THERE'S A "LIGHTNING" ZIPPER IN PACKAGED FORM!



Nowadays, men appreciate the smoothness of line that goes with "Lightning" zipper-fitted trousers . . . Smarter, Smoother, Neater. See that you have a "Lightning" fastener on your next purchase. For your protection . . .

# *'LIGHTNING'* ZIPPERS ARE GUARANTEED

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"LIGHTNING"  
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For adults, too—in convalescence or "run-down"—Roboleine is the ideal reconstructive.

**Roboleine**

In 12 ounce and 36 ounce glass jars at all Chemists



**Activated Seismofite (PATENTED PROCESS)**  
gives famous Old Dutch Cleanser

**Twice \* the Speed**

**Buy the BIG 14-oz. Economy Tin**

**7 TIMES More Grease-Removing Action**  
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Minutes always count in cleaning! And from that last-minute bathroom job to daily kitchen tasks—see how many minutes, how much actual rubbing you can save with famous Old Dutch Cleanser—better than ever with new detergent action plus activated Seismofite.

**THE WILD PLACE**

By Kathryn Hulme

This is a very unusual book. It is the story of six years' work in an U.N.R.R.A. camp in Bavaria; the author has a gift for vivid description and presentation of character.

Price, 15/6. From all Booksellers.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 8, 1954

Continuing . . . .

## Grandma's Girl

*from page 3*

through the trees. He had to lean forward to hear it at all. She wasn't really talking to him, and hardly knew he was there.

"I went into her room and started to clean it out, so as to be done with all those years. I had a great bonfire down the yard. I only kept the things she'd promised me and that I'd always wanted. And I was trying them all on . . ."

Suddenly her head went down on her arms and she was weeping noisily, a child. Her father came into the room again and nodded. This he expected and could understand. This was proper.

"We'll just leave her be a while," he said, "till she's washed it all out of her system. Everything to each other those two were, Grandma and Phina. Even when Grandma was five years tied to her bed she still kept the reins in her hands." He accepted one of Dermot's cigarettes and puffed his satisfaction.

"They don't breed 'em the same any more now," he said, "not like my mother."

He invited Dermot to come and have a look round the farm. Not a great acreage, he said, as farms go, but a wonderful producer for its size. Grazed twenty milkers and reared all the heifer calves, raised porkers on the skim milk, and ran chickens as a sideline. Cut all their own grass hay, and always a nice paddock of winter green crop. And what's more, they had a pretty little stand of lemons under irrigation.

"There's science for you, see?" Jim Powell said proudly. "Science and Grandma—she was the one! Got all the journals and read 'em up and saw to it I tried out all the latest ideas. Strip-grazing, now, and contour-ploughing, and silage—even when her eyes got bad and she couldn't see to read, Phina had to read for her, she couldn't bear to miss anything."

The cows, silver and fawn, small-hoofed, mild-eyed, came trooping down from pasture. The scene had its attractions, Dermot had to admit, strolling with hands in pockets beside his host. In the city you had neither the time nor the space to become intimate with nature.

Dermot was awakened early next morning. He sat up on his stretcher on a front verandah latticed with creepers. In front of him loomed the blue heights of Mt. Arrowee, timber-clad and mysterious; and all about him spread rolling uplands, pastoral and solitary. Mists eddied between earth and sky, shocking the newcomer into fresh awareness of the great spaciousness of the earth.

He heard a dog bark, and a pony trotting. He jumped out of bed and leaned over the high verandah rails. Away down the track the cows were coming in to the bails, before sunrise; the drowsy earth still with sleep in its eyes.

As the pony went down the lane the man knew the girl by her swinging plaits. She was wearing old faded dungarees and a blue jersey. She and her pony had all the grace in the world. But they never even turned his way.

There was no hot water in the place they called a bathroom and used as a laundry, off the back verandah. Dermot had to fetch his shaving water in a mug from the kitchen stove where already a huge black iron kettle squatted on the flames, preparing to cope with the day's emergencies. Beside it, a pot of oatmeal simmered. Dermot was beginning to feel quite at home with Grandma now.

When he came in for breakfast, Jim Powell was hanging up his hat again behind the door after the morning's milking. The farmer began mixing a brew for a sick cow. A few minutes later the whirr of the separator ceased from the dairy. Soon Phina also appeared, dressed now in blouse and skirt again.

"Haven't you got the sponge ready for the dough yet?" Jim asked her. "Isn't the yeast working?"

"I'm not making bread anymore," Phina told him. "I'm buying it from the grocer. He calls three times a week now."

The farmer's jaw sagged. "Grandma wouldn't—"

Phina's eyes flashed as she cut him short. "I'm boss of the house now, Dad. I'm taking time off to live for a change, instead of baking bread, making butter, curing cheese, salting bacon, and boiling soap! On top of everything else."

"Caesar is dead. Hail Caesar!" murmured Mr. Bryson.

They didn't notice him, Jim Powell sat down to his breakfast in a bewildered silence, looking old.

Phina handed them each a plate on which snuggled a couple of chops, two eggs, and tomatoes fried with last night's leftover potatoes. Her voice was gentle, persuasive, as she said: "You'll have to get used to a lot of changes, Dad. We can't always live in the ways of fifty years ago. There are better things to do than being a blind slave to the kitchen."

"You're not trying to tell me Grandma's ways weren't best?" the farmer demanded, nearly choking.

Phina shook her head as she smiled at him. It was going to be very hard to make him understand, Dermot, watching, thought—because he's never been young. And in only a few years the girl would have been the same.

"I'm only trying to tell you," Phina said. "that if Grandma hadn't been born so long ago she wouldn't have forgotten that when you're young you want a bit of life and fun before it's too late. She had her day, didn't she?"

Powell finished his breakfast and went out, still chewing her words over. He saw the habits of fifty years suddenly swept away, and he was scared. Dermot thought, after all, that's only natural. We none of us like to feel the sands shift under our feet. He's only one of millions who have never learned to do their own living.

Phina was holding out to him a great sharp pair of shears.

"For Pete's sake!" said Dermot. "what are those?"

"Sheep shears," she said. "They were Grandma's, she brought them from the old homestead. I want you to cut off my plaits. I won't be a laughing-stock about the Creek another day."

He looked at her thick ropes of hair, and shook his head.

"If I hack off those plaits your hair will be all ends. You'll have to loose it first, and comb it out."

Obediently she loosed it and it fell to her waist, a vital shower, springing and shoeny. Dermot stared. He had an impulse to put out his hands to feel it soft against his palms, but wisely he kept still.

"No," he said. "I'm not touching it."

"Why not?" she asked. Then, laughing, she urged, "It won't take two minutes just to run round it with the shears."

His mind saw it lying in a heap about her feet, springy

*To page 77*

Don't let Australia's *Skin drying* climate put getting-older signs on your face!



Dry lines age your face.

Replace natural oils and your skin will keep soft, dewy, young!

**Dry skin drinks up this cream's extra lanolin richness.**

Even before 25 your face begins to lose its natural, softening oil—tiny dry lines age and coarsen your skin. Don't let your skin look old. Begin tonight to use this special oil-replacer—Pond's Dry Skin Cream. You can actually feel the extra lanolin-richness—the smoother, fuller consistency of this wonderful cream.

The beautiful Countess de la Falaise finds that "for such a rich cream, it's amazing the way Pond's Dry Skin Cream goes right into your skin!"

**It's homogenized to soak in deeper, quicker!**

Un-homogenized cream has coarse globules—cannot penetrate easily. Homogenized Pond's Dry Skin Cream has fine, even texture. Your skin can absorb it better.

**Rich in LANOLIN**



Start your Pond's Dry Skin creaming tonight—see your skin become softer, younger-looking!



**NEW, enticing, appetising SANDWICHES**

Tired of these same old sandwiches? Try these unexpected and delicious fillings, made the Keen's way. Simple to prepare and so satisfying, they're deliciously different and refreshingly new!

● Roasts, chopped fine and spiced with mixed Keen's Mustard.  
● Chopped, salted peanuts blended with mixed Keen's Mustard.

● Combine 2 cups grated cheese, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon Mustard, dash cayenne, 2 well-beaten eggs, 1 cup milk. Cook and whip mixture until creamy-thick and smooth.

● Blend 1 cup peanut butter, 1 cup chopped pickle, 1 teaspoon Mustard, 1½ tablespoons hot water, pinch of salt to taste. Beat ingredients until light, spread on white, brown or rye bread.

**KEEN'S MUSTARD**



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# Fashion PATTERNS

## BARGAIN PATTERN

F3355.—Beginner's pattern for easy-to-make shorts and separate sleeveless top. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Special price, 2/6.

F3350



F3350.—Small high-collared one-piece has a front-buttoned bodice and graceful skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3351

F3351.—Pretty sun dress designed with a draped halter neckline and short matching bolero. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3352.—Small girl's party frock combines a pretty bodice, tucked and lace-trimmed, and full skirt. Sizes, lengths 20in., 23in., 27in., and 31in. for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2yds. 36in. material and 3yds. lace edging.

F3353.—Three-piece lingerie set designed with flattering, form-fitting lines. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 7yds. 36in. material. Price, 4/9.

F3354.—Slender-line button-up coat-dress. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3353



F3352



F3355

F3354



FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 445 Harris Street, Millmoe, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 44-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers to Box 466, G.P.O., Auckland.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 734.—INFANT'S NIGHTGOWN AND MATCHING JACKET. The garments are cut out ready to make and include easy-to-follow instructions. The material and color choice available are a good-quality white flannelette and a rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pale pink, and pale blue. Nightgown, flannelette, 12/6; jacket, 8/9; postage and registration, 1/2 extra. Nightgown, rayon crepe-de-chine, 26/9; jacket, 11/8; postage and registration, 1/- extra.

No. 735.—NIGHTGOWN SACKET

Unusual heart-shaped sacket is obtainable cut out ready to make with easy-to-follow instructions. The material is luxurious slipper satin obtainable in magnolia, pale blue, pale pink, and white. Size 11in. wide with a 1in. frill. Price, 9/2; postage, 16d. extra.

No. 736.—LUNCHEON SET

The set is clearly traced ready to embroider, with serviettes to match. The material and color choice include cream and white Irish linen, sheer linen in blue, lemon, and green, and cotton lawn in sky-blue, pink, green, and lemon. The centre mat measures 15in. by 19in., plate mat 11in. by 9in., and cup and saucer mat 9in. by 9in. Serviettes, 11in. by 11in. Nine-piece set, including 1 centre, 4 plate, and 4 cup and saucer mats in linen, 19/11; lawn, 14/6. Postage and registration, 1/3 extra. Thirteen-piece set, including 1 centre, 6 plate, and 6 cup and saucer mats in linen, 23/6; lawn, 17/11. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra. Serviette in linen, 1/6; lawn, 9d. Postage, 2d. extra.

No. 737.—DRESSING GOWN

The gown is cut out ready to make and is a very simple garment to make. The material is pin-spot summer crease obtainable in blue and white, pink and white, and green and white. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 45/9; postage and registration, 2/7 extra. Sizes 36in. and 38in. bust, 48/11; postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 10/- sent by registered post.



734

735



736



737

## FACTS ABOUT MOYGASHEL

1  
'Moygashel' is not one fabric but a group of fine fabrics. Some purest Irish linen, some richly-textured spun rayon. All classics.



MOYGASHEL  
REGD



One spray daily stops perspiration odour!

Only Odo-Ro-No guarantees continuous 24 hour protection with only one easy application.

Rely on double action ODO-RO-NO

- \* STOPS BODY ODOUR INSTANTLY
- \* CHECKS PERSPIRATION SAFELY
- \* AND SO EASY TO USE

63



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(Automatic Defrosting)

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£243' - ' \*

\* Prices slightly higher in country areas and in Tas. and W.A.

£198'10'\*

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## BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

*ALL THE MAKINGS are here for a simple but successful party without too much work or fuss for the hostess. The contents of the tureen, piping hot and savory, make or mar the party. Seafood supreme, made with salmon and prawns, is featured at right, but there are other savory suggestions on this page.*

● A party, even for a large number of guests, does not need to be an elaborate affair.

THE keynote of most modern entertaining is simplicity—with the emphasis on foods which are easy to prepare and simple to serve.

Your next party can be a combination of elegance and simplicity if you follow the pattern we suggest—a main dish plus hot savory scones, salad, and dessert.

Make the main dish appetising and satisfying and serve it importantly in an old-fashioned tureen if you have one or can borrow one—or use a big earthenware casserole.

Pile the hot savory scones, well buttered, of course, into a basket and mix up a salad, varying the makings according to the season and the taste of your guests.

For dessert choose a simple assortment of fruits in season and nuts.

Of course you can ring the changes with this type of party. There are dozens of savory dishes to serve in a tureen. Hot rolls, toast, Melba toast, yardstick bread, cheese biscuits, crumpets, savory pikelets, and muffins are just a few of the things you can serve instead of scones. Wedges of any firm cheese make a very Continental finale for the meal.

Incidentally, if you want something more substantial than a fruit dessert you can serve your favorite pie or cake—it can be made ahead of time so that it does not add work or fuss to the party preparations.

But what goes in the tureen really makes the party—on this page we suggest savory dishes and sweets you may like to serve.

Spoon measurements in all our recipes refer to level spoons.

### SEAFOOD SUPREME

Three tablespoons butter or substitute, 4 tablespoons flour, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 2 cups milk, 1 cup evaporated milk, salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 16oz. tin salmon or fish cutlets, 1 lb. prawns, 1 cup concentrated tomato soup or puree, baked croutons.

Melt butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Blend curry powder with some of the milk, stir into flour and butter mixture with balance of milk, evaporated milk, salt, cayenne pepper, and sauce. Stir until boiling, simmer 3 or 4 minutes. Fold in drained flaked salmon, shelled prawns, and tomato soup or puree. Reheat, but do not allow to boil. Turn into serving bowl, top with baked croutons. Serves 5 or 6.

### BRUNSWICK STEW

One fowl, 3 lb. to 3 1/2 lb., 1 teaspoon salt, 1 medium sized onion, thin strip lemon rind, 3 large tomatoes, 1 cup whole kernel corn, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon butter, pepper, chopped parsley.

Wash and joint fowl, cover with boiling water, simmer 1 to 1 1/2 hours or until almost tender. Add salt, finely chopped onion and lemon rind. Simmer 1/2 hour longer. Drain, reserve liquor for broth, cut all flesh from bones in chunky pieces. Skin and chop tomatoes, place in saucepan with corn, sauce, butter, and pepper. Add chopped fowl, simmer over low heat 20 to 25 minutes. Serve in tureen, top with chopped parsley. Serves 5 or 6.

### CHOCOLATE MERINGUE PIE

One 8in. biscuit pastry-case, cooked and cooled, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons flour, 4 tablespoons sugar, 3oz. grated dark chocolate (or 3 tablespoons cocoa), 1 1/2 cups milk, pinch salt, 2 eggs, 4 extra tablespoons sugar for meringue.

Melt butter or substitute, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Add milk and sugar, stir until mixture boils. Fold in grated chocolate (or cocoa blended with a little extra milk), salt, and beaten egg-yolks. Fill into pastry-case. Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add extra sugar, beat to meringue consistency. Spoon on to tart, return to very moderate oven until meringue is set and lightly browned.

Biscuit Pastry: 8oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 4oz. good shortening, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 2 or 3 tablespoons milk.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt, add

sugar. Rub in shortening. Mix to a dry dough with beaten egg-yolk and milk. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, roll thinly. Cut to fit an 8in. tart-plate, lift carefully into plate. Trim and decorate edges. Fill centre with paper and dried beans or peas, or prick base and sides very thoroughly with a fork. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. Remove paper and beans or peas; cool.

### CURRIED VEGETABLES WITH MINCEMEAT

One and a half pounds topside steak, minced at home, 1 tablespoon bacon fat, 1/2 teaspoon salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons grated onion, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 2 cups diced cooked vegetables (carrot, potato, onion, celery, swede), 2 cups thick white sauce, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, squeeze lemon juice, soft bread-crumbs, butter.

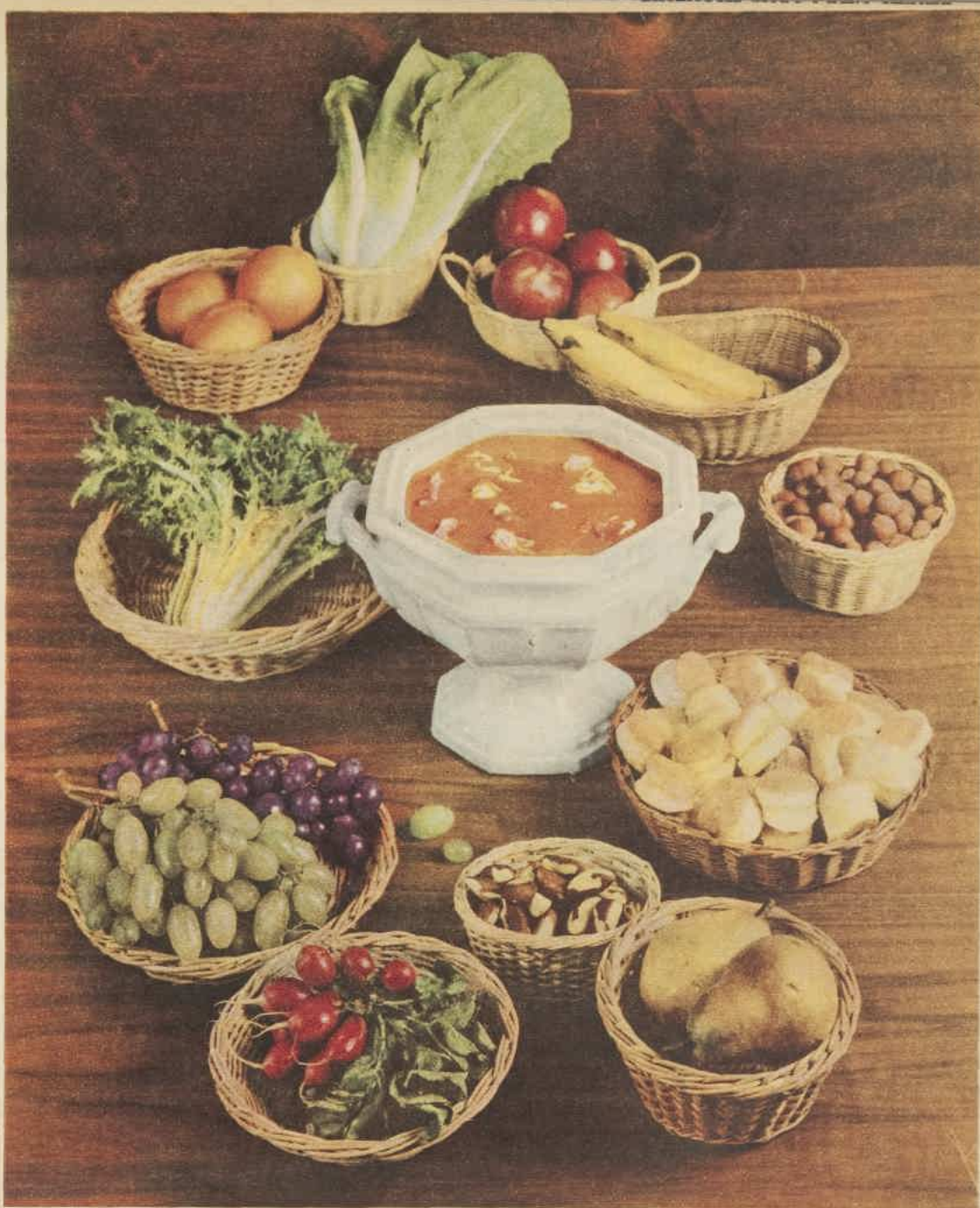
Combine steak, bacon fat, salt, pepper, onion, and flour. Stir over medium heat

5 to 10 minutes or until mixture leaves sides of saucepan; add parsley, keep hot. Fold vegetables into freshly made hot sauce, add curry powder and lemon juice. Turn meat mixture into serving dish, cover with curried vegetables. Top with crumbs, dot generously with butter. Bake in moderate oven until browned on top. Serves 5 or 6.

### STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

Two cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 1/2 cup sugar, good 1/2 cup milk, 4oz. butter or substitute, strawberry ice-cream, strawberry topping.

Sift flour, salt, and baking powder, add sugar. Cut shortening into tiny pieces, cut into flour. Mix to stiff dough with milk. Knead slightly on floured board, press out to fit greased 8in. tin. Lift into tin, glaze top with milk. Bake in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes. When cold, split, fill with strawberry ice-cream. Spoon strawberry topping over and serve immediately.



# Easy Entertaining



# New A Meal in 7 Minutes!

# "KRAFT DINNER"

— a nourishing meal  
in a packet!



Always delicious—  
alone or with other foods

Here's a complete meal of  
macaroni and cheese! Ready in 7  
minutes! Four generous servings!

Now! Serve hasty week-day meals and tasty  
week-end snacks—from one packet—the KRAFT  
DINNER way!

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serve a big, steaming dish of macaroni and  
cheese.

So tasty! Here's tender macaroni, rich with a  
delightful cheese flavour. KRAFT DINNER is  
macaroni and cheese—at it's very best!

So economical! Four generous servings in  
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shopping, look for KRAFT DINNER—in its  
bright red and yellow packet. Take it home for  
delicious, nourishing family meals and snacks.



KRAFT DINNER Supper . . . Only 7 minutes from  
packet to plate . . . just the thing for a hasty, tasty  
Saturday or Sunday night supper—alone, or garnished  
with tomatoes or vegetables. New KRAFT DINNER  
brings you macaroni and cheese the way you like it best!  
You'll serve the KRAFT DINNER often, because it's so  
inexpensive, delicious and satisfying.

Costs  
only a few pence  
per Serve!

# KRAFT DINNER

in the RED and YELLOW packet



SERVED cut in wedges, this cake will meet with approval on  
any afternoon-tea table. See prizewinning recipe below.

## Prize recipes

Spiced apple cake, which wins this week's  
main prize of £5, can be served as a cake  
or it may double as a sweet with cream.

**A RICH** butter-cake  
mixture provides the  
base for apples and frost-  
ing. For a change, try the  
cake served as a sweet with  
whipped sweetened cream.

All spoon measurements in  
our recipes are level.

### APPLE SPICE CAKE

Four ounces butter or sub-  
stitute,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup castor sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$   
teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs,  $\frac{1}{4}$   
cups self-raising flour, pinch  
salt, scant  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk.

Cream butter or substitute  
with sugar and vanilla. Add  
eggs one at a time, beating  
well after each addition. Fold  
in sifted flour and salt alterna-  
tely with milk. Fill into  
greased 8in. recess-tin. Bake in  
moderate oven 45 minutes.  
Cool. Top with spiced apples,  
coat sides with frosting.

**Spiced Apples:** Boil  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup  
sugar and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water to-  
gether until mixture forms a  
soft ball when tested in cold  
water. Add lemon juice, spices,  
and peeled apples cut into  
eighths. Cover closely, cook  
over low heat until apples are  
soft and syrup thick. Arrange  
apple sections on top of cake,  
spoon syrup over.

**Frosting:** Boil 1 cup sugar  
and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup boiling water to-  
gether until mixture forms a  
soft ball when tested in cold  
water. Pour on to 1 stiffly  
beaten egg-white and pinch  
salt. Beat over boiling water  
until mixture holds its shape,  
add  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla. Color  
pale pink.

**First Prize of £5 to Mrs.  
K. Halton, 46 Montague St.,  
New Norfolk, Tas.**

### HONEY CONTEST

THE third of four pro-  
gress prizes of £5/5/-  
in our £250 honey recipe  
contest, which closed on  
September 1, will be an-  
nounced next week.

Judging and testing of  
the thousands of recipes  
entered by readers in  
this contest is still con-  
tinuing, and the major  
prizewinners will be an-  
nounced in October.

### COCKTAIL CREAMS

Four ounces flour, 1 tea-  
spoon baking powder, pinch  
salt, cayenne, 2oz. butter or  
substitute, 4oz. grated cheese,  
1 egg-yolk lemon juice, cream,  
anchovy paste, walnuts, olives.

Rub butter or substitute into  
sifted dry ingredients, add  
cheese. Mix to a soft dough  
with beaten egg-yolk, lemon  
juice, and a little water if  
necessary. Roll out to water  
thickness on lightly floured  
board, cut into circles with  
lin. cutter. Place on greased  
oven-tray, glaze, bake in mod-  
erate oven 10 to 15 minutes  
until lightly browned. Whip a  
small quantity of cream, mix  
smoothly with anchovy paste  
to flavor, season with salt and  
cayenne. Pipe or spoon a swirl  
of mixture on to each biscuit,  
decorate with a walnut half or  
a slice of stuffed olive.

**Consolation Prize of £1 to  
Mrs. J. Woodside, Boree Plain,  
Griffith, N.S.W.**

### Feeding baby

By Sister Mary Jacob,  
Our Mothercraft Nurse

IN spite of better mother-  
craft training, many babies  
are unnecessarily weaned too  
early.

In most cases, adjustments  
in natural feeding can be  
made and the needless  
reasons for early weaning  
eliminated.

One of the most common  
reasons for early weaning  
occurs when a mother has  
an over-supply of milk and  
the baby is overfed and gets  
its food too quickly.

This causes restlessness,  
wind, and indigestion. The  
mother is often told that her  
milk does not "agree" with  
the baby and to change to  
artificial feeding.

A leaflet discussing this  
and other simple causes of  
early food upsets, with ex-  
planations of how to deal with  
them, is obtainable from The  
Australian Women's Weekly  
Mothercraft Service Bureau,  
Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Note: A stamped, addressed  
envelope must be sent.





GLOXINIAS, beautiful and exotic flowers from Brazil, are gaining in popularity in Australia. Gloxinias make excellent indoor decorations, either in pots or as cut flowers, as the great variety of their coloring tones with almost any color scheme.

## Lovely gloxinias

In recent years gloxinias have come into the limelight. These lovely flowers, as exotic as orchids and as delicate as hyacinths, come from the humid Brazilian jungles, but they are not difficult to grow in Australia, provided they are given the necessary warmth.

GLOXINIAS are essentially suited to pot-plant culture. In the warmer States they do well in any protected place in indirect sunlight; in colder climates they need the shelter of a warm window or a glass-house for best results.

Direct sunlight is too strong even in cooler climates, and some shade must be provided.

The big spectacular bell-shaped flowers are borne singly and held upright so that it is easy to see into the flowers' throats.

The main flowering time is usually at its height about Christmas.

Gloxinias may be grown from seed, tubers, or leaf cuttings, or flowering plants may be purchased.

Seed is sown in early spring, and from it will grow plants that will produce tubers that will certainly flower in the second year.

Seed is, of course, the most economical method of growing gloxinias. A high percentage of seedlings usually is obtained if the right method is followed. Moreover, results are obtained quickly.

Tubers grow bigger each year with a proportionate increase in the number of flowers. At the first flowering there may be only four or five blooms, but four-year-old tubers may have as many as 50 per plant.

The seed is very tiny, so must be sown in a very finely sieved weed-free soil mixture made up of two parts of good rich garden loam, one part leaf mould or very old animal manure, preferably cow manure, and one part of sand.

Select a shallow seed-box or pan and make ample provision for drainage with plenty of holes and at least a

one-inch layer of crocks over them.

Use broken flower-pot or large pieces of charcoal or burnt coke for crocks. Cover these with a thin layer of partly decayed leaves to save the soil washing down and blocking the drainage.

Almost fill the box with soil, then saturate it well before sowing by suspending the box in a tub of water, keeping the water level just below the top of the box. The water will seep up from the bottom through the drainage holes.

Make sure that the surface of the soil is quite level or it will be impossible to distribute the seed evenly. Sprinkle the seed on top of

are growing sturdily, is to a five-inch pot, allowing only one plant to a pot.

Tubers, which can be bought from nurserymen, also should be planted in the soil mixture previously recommended. Choose a six-inch pot and set the tubers so that their tops just miss being covered.

Water sparingly until the leaves appear from the top of the tuber, and then keep up the supply so that the soil is always damp — never slushy. Be careful not to water the leaves or they may rot.

Never let the plants get pot-bound. It is far better to transplant them into bigger pots half-way through the season, although it is preferable to select large pots at first.

During the growing season give the plants a weekly application of very weak liquid manure to increase the quantity and quality of flowers.

If they are grown properly, gloxinias may bloom twice in a season, lasting until well into the autumn. After the first flush of flower, cut back the spent blossoms, transfer the pots to a cool bush-house and cut down the water supply considerably until new buds appear.

Then repeat the earlier procedure of warmth, plenty of water, and weekly liquid manure applications.

When all flowering has finished reduce the watering progressively, finally stopping altogether.

The leaves will fall off and the tubers should then either be pulled up and stored in loose dry material or they can be left in the pots, which should be placed on their sides.

Store in a cool dry place, and give an occasional sprinkle with water to prevent the tubers shrivelling.

When the tubers start to sprout in spring, they should be re-potted in fresh soil.

## GARDENING

the soil. This is easier to do if the seed is mixed with an equal quantity of fine sand.

Don't cover with soil, but place a sheet of glass and then a piece of paper over the box.

Seedlings will appear in 10 to 12 days, when the paper should be removed. They are very tiny and delicate at first, and in the next few days may be attacked by the disease "damping off."

Unfortunately there is nothing to be done about this, although it is sometimes beaten if the seedlings are not watered. However, the cure may be as disastrous as the disease.

Seedlings soon harden. Four or five days after they emerge, the glass should be removed.

Water the tiny plants with an atomiser when necessary.

As soon as they are large enough to handle, transplant them into another box of the same soil mixture, spacing them three inches apart each way.

The next move, when they

RAISIN JOE Says-

"Sprinkle SULTANAS on your breakfast cereal for good health vitality and added flavour"



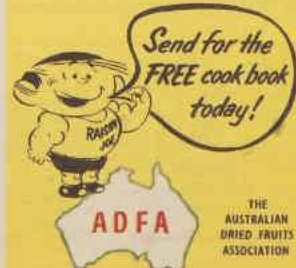
CURRENTS, SULTANAS & SEEDED RAISINS ARE FRUIT IN ITS FINEST. MOST ECONOMICAL FORM

— Eat some every day for better health added vitality and stronger teeth!

For more new uses apply for this

**MAGNIFICENT FREE COOK BOOK**

Send this coupon & 3½d. in stamps (to cover mailing costs) to The A.D.F.A., Box 4524, Melbourne.



Send for the FREE cook book today!

Please mail me your free book of prize-winning uses for Currants, Sultanas and Seeded Raisins. I enclose 3½d. in stamps to cover mailing costs.

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# ZINNIA DECORATIONS

## MOTIFS FOR NEEDLEWORK



TRANSFER No. 219B has five lively animal motifs that children will love embroidered on their clothes. The designs are also styled so that they can be used for kitchen linen. Size of the sheet is 23in. x 33in., price, 1/-, plus 3d. postage. Send orders to our Needlework Department. See address page 71.

Zinnias are easy to grow and are colorful, prolific bloomers, but many people consider them too stiff for room decoration.

**BERIN SPIRO**, New Zealand flower expert, shows below a quick and easy arrangement of dwarf zinnias in mixed colors.

He used a brown earthenware trough with a narrow top and no flower holder.

Long, slender-stemmed zinnias, especially those with some inclination to curve, form the extending lines to left and right of the container; shorter-stemmed blooms were used to fill in as shown.

The striking vertical design shown on this page uses brilliantly colored giant zinnias and

variegated leaves of the N.S.W. A weighted needlepoint holder was used in a shallow white dish for this arrangement.



ABOVE: Effective design for a mantelpiece, using scarlet zinnias and the variegated leaf of the oleander. Dwarf zinnias in a narrow-mouthed trough are shown at left. Both arrangements are quick and easy to do.

## NET HOLDER WINS £3/3/- FOR READER

Mosquito nets are a necessity for many months of the year, but when in use they often detract from the neat appearance of a room.

**MRS. C. I. Davison**, Box 22, Section 2, Maclean, N.S.W., wins the £3/3/- cash prize in our weekly homemakers' contest with her suggestion for a tidy holder for a net.

"I had a large wire lamp shade," she writes, "which I covered with a remnant of my curtain material and trimmed with a scalloped edge."

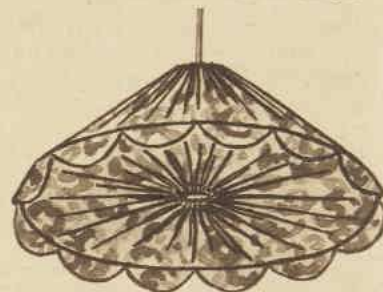
"Along the inside edge of the shade I sewed a straight skirt

with a drawstring hem, and attached the net inside, and at the top of the frame.

"When not in use the net is rolled up in the frame and neatly covered by tying the drawstring cord. By day the holder looks like an attractive lamp suspended over the bed."

Each week a cash prize of £3/3/- is paid to the reader who sends in the most interesting entry on how to make something new from something old.

Address your entry to The Editor, Homemaker Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



SKETCH showing underneath the shade and how the skirt is drawn up to hold the net neatly in position when it is not being used. Scalloped edge trim to the shade is optional.

# BREAD 'N JAM!

school's out! energy needed...

JAM gives it!



Remember how you used to make straight for that big slice of bread and jam when you got home from school. Melon and lemon! Blackberry! You never knew—or cared—that the jam on your bread was packing 100 calories into you! Fuelling you up with energy. Let your youngster celebrate "school's out" the way you did. It's the snack they love. It saves you time. Jam saves you time with so many things.



JAM IS PACKED WITH ENERGY



**BUY JAM IN ANY SIZE**  
It stays usable. Buy an extra flavour or two this week to have variety. Tins, jars or cartons—so you can buy jam in every size.



**HOT SCONES AND JAM**

For afternoon tea! Have you been making scones lately? Hot from the oven with strawberry jam... or apricot or apple jelly. That wonderful hot scone smelt on a chilly day is heaven. Umh!



**JAM ON ICE CREAM**

Heat some blackberry or raspberry jam in a saucepan and pour it over ice cream. Delicious. Or use it straight from the container.

\* Remember how you loved bread and jam or jam tarts when you were a youngster?





# Mother! PLAYTIME IS DIRT-DANGER TIME!



HANDS BLACK  
WITH GROUND-IN DIRT

30 SECONDS  
AFTER USING SOLVOL ...  
CLEAN, HEALTHY HANDS

Dirty hands  
can be dangerous...

Clean hands are healthy hands, say Health Authorities.

You never know where children have been playing ... or what dangers lie in the dirt on their hands. So, Mother, play safe! Leave Solvol where they can use it, after play and before meals. Only Solvol is specially made to remove all ground-in dirt from skin pores, around fingernails and knuckles ... grime that ordinary soaps often miss. Yet speedy Solvol is amazingly gentle, soothing even to a toddler's skin.



CLEANS DIRTY HANDS IN 30 SECONDS

S.176.WW1024

## Why? DO MOST AUSTRALIAN HOUSEWIVES DEMAND Kwit

Because "KWIT" does a better job for every household washing task from greasy overalls to dainty undies. "KWIT" washes cleaner, quicker—saves time and money. Now available everywhere in AUSTRALIA.



CONCENTRATED  
FOAMING DETERGENT

TEST PILOT

By Neville Duke

Conspicuously successful as a pilot in World War II, Duke follows up with a distinguished career testing jet-propelled planes. This is his personal story.

Price, 15/6. From all Booksellers.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 8, 1954

Continuing

## Grandma's Girl

from page 69

and shining. Like something slain that had lived. He put her off with a shake of the head.

"Your Dad would go mad. He might even kick me out. And where else round here would I get board? This is the only place within sight of the school, even. I'm not walking miles every morning and evening just for giving in to your fancies."

She laughed, and tossed her head at him. She went into her room and came back with a mirror, and found a place for it on the wall.

"Grandma wouldn't ever have a mirror in the kitchen," she said, "because it made for sloth." She picked up the shears and took a strand of hair in her other hand. Dermot went out of the room in a hurry.

It didn't take Dermot long to find his way round the district. He had come to the Creek with a certain date fixed firmly in mind—the end of first term, when he could return to civilisation. In the meantime, he liked the local children, the food was excellent, and there were tennis and football for recreation in Arrowee. So he told his anxious mother.

Even in the sleepiest bush village, however, eventually time passes. Dermot woke one morning to the thrilling realisation that the week's end would set him free for ten whole days. He carried his good suit into the kitchen and approached Phina.

"Friday! Back to the big smoke and the bright lights at last!" he revelled. "Only five more days—I was wondering, could you run the iron over my good pants and press my shirt and sew the button on my jacket, do you think? Any time between now and Friday? Good girl. I'll bring you something nice back from the city. If I've any money left after we've finished celebrating."

Phina laughed at him. "You and your promises!" They were good friends by now, always teasing each other. She would do anything for him, nothing was a trouble. Dermot, for his part, had taught her to dance and had taken her to local dances on his new motor bike.

When Dermot came in that evening, Phina had the ironing-board out and was pressing his suit most carefully, putting a stitch in here, a button on there. He stood watching her, struck by her care as she folded each garment. Worshipfully ... His breath caught at the thought. Suddenly he was sick at heart.

She turned to smile at him as he stood quietly in the doorway. He thought how well she looked after him, and how little he could give in return. She was a very special person, and he wanted her to be happy; he wanted her not to be hurt because of him. And he hadn't any idea how to warn her, how to explain.

He went and put an arm round her shoulders, and then he kissed the curve of her cheek. She drew away quickly.

"Never do that!" Her voice low, her words slurring. "It wouldn't ever do—I haven't the book-learning for you. You'd be sorry, after—"

"After?" he repeated blankly. "After what?" Phina blushed deeply and looked down. "After we were married," she said.

Dermot couldn't speak for a minute or two. He wasn't very experienced in explaining to the girls he kissed that he had no anticipation of marriage.

"Why, Phina," he said at last, gruffly, "was I the first?"

She looked at him an instant, then again hid her radiance. He saw her dimples come and go. "They all knew Grandma

too well to dare come trying for me. And I never had the time to go out."

"Your Grandma was a real old devil," he said. "You should have had hundreds of kisses by now. Or how can you tell one from the other? Kisses like that don't mean anything, Phina, only that you're young and alive, and there's a pretty girl in reach of your arm."

She was looking at him now. Or at his lips, not into his eyes. Her face was red and white, her pride turned to the shame of presumption.

"I've got a girl already in the city," Dermot said. "We did our training together. One day when we can afford to, we're going to get married. She's a smashing blonde, smart—plays a good game of tennis, too. We might get engaged at the end of this year, if I can get a school that's somewhere near civilisation."

Phina didn't say a word. She didn't pause in her work or put in a stitch less carefully. The only thing he noticed was that the kitchen seemed to be more than usually quiet, and his own voice unnecessarily loud and fast. He stopped speaking, thankful that that was over, and just stood there watching her firm brown hands move with quiet and certain grace.

A week later, Dermot returned to the farm. He had been given a lift from the city most of the way on a returning timber jinker, then had managed to catch a bus out to Arrowee, where he had left the motor bike. He was late, the milking would be done long ago, the tea over.

Dermot ran the bike into the implement shed, then turned to walk slowly up to the house. Evening was falling like a filmy veil, the sky still lightened by the last daffodil glow from the west.

How quiet it is up here, he thought, and how clean the air. He remembered the city's hustle and bustle, the showiness, and the greed. Then he laughed at his own conceit, the mood that he was in, bred of a girl's treachery. Wearing another man's ring because it was so much bigger and brighter than any he could hope to provide.

Well, when he had finished suffering, had recovered from his resentment and hurt pride, probably he would be thankful. And pity her from the bottom of his heart because she chose for money's sake and not for love. Just now, though, all he really wanted to do was to go smashing and wrecking through life.

Phina met him in the doorway. She had heard the phut-phut of his magic carpet, hardly believing her ears. They stood, both wordless. She hadn't known him so near, he hadn't known her so beautiful. Phina saw from the shame in his eyes that he had been hurt. Her pity rose.

"You're late—" she said, hesitating. "You must be tired, too—all that long journey. The kettle's on, come, and I'll make fresh tea for you."

Yes, he thought. All that long journey. He stood there and looked at her. Her hair that she hadn't cut off after all but had left to be braided round her head, becoming her womanhood well. He thought, Grandma should see her now.

"Phina!" Dermot said. "I've come home—I think I must have left my heart behind." He thought, how queer to find home in this quiet place! But how satisfying.

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## Mandrake the Magician



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician,  
with  
**LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian  
servant, and  
**PRINCESS NARDA** venture  
into a mysterious mist-filled  
jungle valley to investigate  
rumors of giants. The local  
native population is terrified

of the valley and believe it  
is cursed. Hungry natives  
driven from their valley  
home ambush the party to  
rob them. In the struggle  
Narda, carrying a large ring  
she has found, is chased into  
the mist of the cursed valley.  
**NOW READ ON:**



TO BE CONTINUED

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 8, 1954



## Dancing tonight?

Mind if we speak frankly and to the point? No matter how carefully you bathe or shower beforehand, that alone will not ensure dainty freshness.

You see, everyone perspires (some more than others) and that is, of course, a perfectly natural, healthy function. Unfortunately, when perspiration comes in contact with the air, a bacterial change takes place, which becomes unpleasant.

A safe way to make sure that you are "nice to be near" is to eat one or two Chloro-**PHILLIES** deodorant tablets. Pleasant-tasting Chloro-**PHILLIES** stop perspiration odours before they start, and a special instant-acting ingredient helps give you a sweet and wholesome breath. Be flower-fresh in breath 'n' body with Chloro-**PHILLIES**—and you'll have a wonderful time!



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# TEENA

by Linda Terry



LIFE IS REAL! LIFE IS EARNEST!



YOU'D BETTER START APPLYING YOUR MIND TO SERIOUS MATTERS. YOUNG LADY OR YOU'LL FIND YOURSELF LEFT AT THE POST!



## "Soaping" dulls hair—HALO glorifies it!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or cream shampoos hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film.

Halo — made with a special ingredient — contains no soap or sticky oils to dull your hair. Halo reveals shimmering highlights... leaves your hair soft, fragrant, marvellously manageable! No special rinses needed. Scientific tests prove Halo does not dry... does not irritate!



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HALO BUBBLES - 11c

Halo glorifies your hair with your very first shampoo!

## Jane Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"JANE" AND "JANET."—A pretty mother-and-daughter two-piece featuring matching one-piece frocks made in check gingham with a white pique trim. The color choice includes blue and white, red and white, green and white, and black and white.

Ready to Wear: Jane, sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 58/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 59/11. Postage and registration, 3/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 42/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 43/11. Postage and registration, 3/- extra.

Ready to Wear: Janet, length 18in. for 2 years and 20in. for 4 years, 27/6; 23in. for 6 years and 27in. for 8 years, 28/11. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Length, 18in. for 2 years and 20in. for 4 years, 16/11; 23in. for 6 years and 27in. for 8 years, 18/11. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 72. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.



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